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HECTOR MACKINNON



Portrait of a man with a mustache

HECTOR MACKINNON

A MEMOIR

By
HIS WIFE

Martha Jean Mackinnon

SECOND IMPRESSION

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TO
ALL,
EVERYWHERE,
WHO LOVED HIM
THIS MEMORIAL
IS
DEDICATED

PREFACE

THIS Memoir of Mr. Mackinnon has been written for those who loved him, at the earnest request of very many of them. It cannot claim to be an exhaustive record. All I have tried to do has been to tell simply, and in brief outline, the story of a beautiful life, as showing what God can do with a heart and will fully yielded to Him.

It has likewise been a solace ; and I confidently anticipate that readers will overlook the lack of literary ability in the book.

To the ministers, and all other friends in Scotland, who have helped me in any way, I would here express my very grateful thanks. To my husband's friend, Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean, of London, I am also deeply indebted for much encouragement and sympathetic interest in the work.

Many laurels have been laid on Mr. Mackinnon's grave ; this last—"greener from the brows of him who

uttered nothing base"—is intertwined in all its pages with the prayer that God will use it for His own glory, and make it one of the many "channels of blessing," flowing from the life whose story it tells.

M. J. M.

OVERDALE,

MOUNT VERNON,

GLASGOW, 1914.

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CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY DAYS

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!”

IT is now eleven months since he was taken from us —time enough perhaps for many to be beginning to forget. But for the generation who knew him, there can be no forgetting of Hector Mackinnon, the universally loved minister and friend. Numerous requests have been made to us in these months to publish, at least, his later sermons; and on its becoming known that this is impossible, we are still urged to give to his many friends some token “for remembrance.”

It is well known what he *did* in his twenty-two years of Christian service as a minister; but only to those near and dear to him is it known what he really *was*—“a man tender and strong,” a deeply loving and truly lovable follower of the Master he served.

He was born on August 4, 1866, in the Island of Tiree, “the little kingdom just emerging from the waves.” It seems only a short time since we all wandered together there, on happy holiday, and he drew our attention one day to the spot where stood the house in which he was born. Within a stone’s throw of the place are to be seen the well-preserved ruins of two Columban churches, silent but eloquent

memorials of a time when the Island of Tiree was closely associated with Iona, then the centre of learning and scholarship. Often had he told us of the beauties of his native island ; and as we wandered, now knee-deep in gorgeously coloured summer flowers, now traversing a soft carpet of green, white, purple, blue and gold, while a gentle breeze wafted the sweet scent of wild thyme, myrtle and heather, we felt it was good to be there—a “lovesome spot” of nature’s own making.

Hard by, and still beneath the shadow of the old churches, and within sound of the surges of the Atlantic, is the homestead he loved so well, known as the Lodge Farm, to which his parents removed when he was quite a child, and where his mother, brothers and sisters still live. He was the eldest of a family of eleven, four girls and seven boys ; and his mother used to say, in Gaelic, how she “brooded” more over this one, her first-born, than over all the rest.

Both his parents were God-fearing people ; and he sometimes told how as a boy he had often been brought to a standstill in the midst of his play around the farm by overhearing his father praying aloud in the barn *for him*. All his life he never forgot that, and was tenderly reminiscent over it.

His father, as the writer knew him, was a gentle, saintly old man ; and the sight of him at evening worship, standing erect, with uplifted face and arms outstretched, pleading, interceding, *reasoning* in the soft, plaintive Gaelic tongue, was something to be remembered. His stalwart sons knelt around him, and, worship over, all talked together in the most natural, unrestrained manner on topics religious or otherwise. But the centre of the group was always the Minister-son from the city. It is not too much

to say that he was looked up to and adored by all his brothers and sisters.

One other vision of his father cannot be shut out. The morning of our departure having come, the horses ready waiting, and all gathered outside the door for leave-taking, in the hushed, mysterious stillness of the early dawn murmured regretful good-byes would be spoken, and then quite suddenly the old man would be missed from the group. Those who cared to look could see him round the corner of the house, wiping his eyes in a shame-faced, furtive way. Presently he would join the others, and wave a bright farewell as we drove out of sight. It always happened so. The same unspoken thought was in each mind, and the Minister would clasp his own little sons all the closer as we journeyed on. By and by there came a day when, in the midst of his many labours, the swift message was brought to the manse that the Minister's father had been called home. Then he wept like a little child. And between the pages of his Bible, the one he kept for private use, there lies, just as he left it, his father's photograph, along with a newspaper appreciation of him.

When Hector Mackinnon was seven years of age, he was sent to school at Scarnish, two miles distant from his home. On the first day of his attendance he was carried to and from the school on his father's back! Later on he attended the school at Cornaig, much farther away. Sometimes he would ride thither on one of his father's horses, and on reaching their destination, the horse's head would be turned, and it would find its way home alone, returning again for him in the afternoon. He was a bright, diligent scholar, eager to learn, and loved his books. In all his studies at this time he had the able and sym-

pathetic assistance, and encouragement of the schoolmaster, Mr. Donald Mackinnon. He never forgot in after years how much he owed to his early teacher. It was like a fairy tale to hear him tell his own boys of his early school career, which he did, however, only on very rare occasions. There was no boasting; and when he mentioned the fact that he had gained bursaries amounting in all to very nearly £500, he would add, "But you know, sonny, it was not because of any special cleverness in Daddy; it was just that he worked hard."

At the age of fifteen he won his first bursary, and was sent to Raining's School, Inverness, for two years. Here he lived in lodgings, and when he felt lonely or dull, he would take his books and wander up and down on the banks of the Ness, reciting and committing to memory. He had a marvellously retentive memory, and never forgot what had once been carefully committed. Some few years ago we stood with him outside his old lodging, and on the banks of the river, where as a boy he had been wont to roll off his pages from the poets. How it all came back to him! And how little we dreamed it was to be for the last time.

It was during his schooldays at Inverness that he formed friendships the golden links of which were never broken. Writing from England three days after Mr. Mackinnon's sudden home-call, one of his boyhood's friends says:—

"The duration of my hero-worship (I use the phrase in its literal sense) goes back to the Raining's School days, at which place I arrived on the eve of his departure for Edinburgh University. The kindness and generosity I experienced at that time made a lasting impression upon me; and always since those times—at your home in Campbeltown or in Glasgow—contact with him but in-

creased the gratification I felt in being a friend of Mr. Hector Mackinnon."

And amongst our most cherished possessions are the tributes paid to his memory by others who were his schoolfellows at this time.

At the end of two years he left Raining's School for the University, with a certificate from Dr. McBain, the head master, stating that he was the best equipped boy who had ever entered Raining's School, and one of the best scholars to leave it. No account of his Inverness schooldays would be complete without mention of the late Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Kingussie, who showed him much kindness, and with whom a life-long friendship was maintained.

It was a proud and happy day in the far-off island home when the boy returned from school with the news that in two months' time he was to go as a student to Edinburgh University. And the busy mother worked early and late to get his "things ready" for life in the great city; and, like all good mothers, she would have much in her heart of which she could not speak. His father, fearing his son's health might suffer through overstudy, would often send him out to the hills to look after the sheep. On such occasions he would invariably be found lying amongst the heather, deep in the study of Homer or Virgil, while the sheep were straying! But afterwards, when he had been called from the sheepfolds to be a shepherd of souls, thank God, he kept through all the years untiring and faithful watch to the very last.

CHAPTER II

UNIVERSITY

“ Follow the Christ, the King ;
Live pure, speak truth, right wrong, follow the King ;
Else wherefore born ? ”

HECTOR MACKINNON'S university career must have brought joy to the hearts of his former teachers. He was prizeman in several classes in Arts and Divinity, medallist in the Celtic class, and held the Gillian Maclean, the John Mackay, and the Highland Society of London bursaries. His certificates from year to year tell of class work “ faithfully and well done,” “ in a highly satisfactory manner,” and “ in all respects to my entire satisfaction.” Industry, perseverance, and an intense interestedness are clearly shown in all his college notebooks. Genius, we are told, is a “ transcendent capacity for taking pains,” and is “ no use without grit.” He had both, and—something more. And knowing all, it was easy to understand the deep pathos with which he would sometimes, in after life, repeat the lines—

“ Oh, lone Tìree, yet dear to me,
Thy rock-bound coast and stormy sea,”

for here it was he had listened in the solitudes and had heard the sound of that wind which “ bloweth where it listeth,” and “ thou canst not tell whence it

cometh or whither it goeth." He had been "born of the Spirit"; and with the quick impulsiveness which characterised him, he had thus early laid at the feet of his divine Master time and talents, all he was, and all he might ever hope to be. The deep, abiding joyousness of his whole life had its springs here:—

"Once for the least of children of Manasses

God had a message and a deed to do,

Wherefore the welcome that all speech surpasses

Called him and hailed him greater than he knew;

"Asked him no more, but followed him and found him,

Filled him with valour, slung him with a sword,

Bade him go on until the tribes around him

Mingled his name with naming of the Lord."

F. W. H. Myers.

That he exercised a lasting influence for good over his fellow-students is abundantly set forth in letters written by many of them after he had passed away. Amongst hundreds of others none are more precious. The following are extracts from some of them:—

"Your husband and I were fellow-students during our whole College course, and were always the best of friends. Stationed far apart, we have not seen much of each other since we left the University; but on the few occasions on which we met it was always a pleasure to see him again and talk of old times. The last occasion we met was in June of last year, when he presided so ably and genially at our class reunion dinner. How little did we think that of that happy gathering he would be the first taken! By all his fellow-students he was always liked and esteemed. We all recognised his intellectual abilities, and his sterling Christian character, and looked upon him as the most distinguished amongst us in pulpit oratory, and general ministerial work. God has taken him early, and his passing is a real loss to the Church he served so well. But no doubt higher work is given him to do where he is gone.

* * * * *

"In common with most of Mr. Mackinnon's fellow-students, I had a sincere personal regard for him, and we all felt some measure of satisfaction at the position which one of our number had taken, and was increasingly taking, in the work of the Church. During the sitting of last Assembly, the students who passed through the Divinity Hall together, and who finished their curriculum in 1891, met together in a social capacity; and we counted ourselves happy, through the circumstance of his being the senior ordained man among us, in having Mr. Mackinnon in the chair. Little did any of us imagine that before another Assembly had come round, our dear chairman's work on earth would be over.

* * * *

"I think of our college days together, and the happy, breezy, strong personality of your husband, our fellow-student—the unalloyed pleasure it was to know and meet him. Then his rapid promotion from one sphere to another—all so deserved and so blessed, and yet taken so humbly and unaffectedly. Nothing gave me greater pleasure to come to Glasgow than to meet him and again renew our friendship. He was just the same old 'Hector' of his college benches—a big-hearted, happy Christian man."

In 1889 the young student had his first experience of ministerial work, on his being sent to conduct a summer mission at Melness, in Sutherlandshire. His services were so much appreciated, that the following summer he was again in charge of the same mission. In the manse of Tongue he found warm friends whose kindness and hospitality he never forgot. Writing of him some time ago, the minister of Tongue said, "He was the kindest man I ever knew."

Six years ago it was a great joy to revisit the scene of his early labours, in order to assist Mr. Lundie with the Communion services at Tongue and Melness. We spent a perfectly happy week in the manse, but the boisterous weather made it impossible for the ladies

to accompany the ministers across the ferry to Melness, as we had so much hoped to do. By the people of Melness he is still, at the distance of twenty-three years, "lovingly remembered"; and it is noteworthy that amongst his books was found a large copy of the latest revised edition of the Gaelic Bible, on the flyleaf of which was written, "For use in the pulpit at Melness."

In the summer of 1891 he was sent to Lochranza, in Arran, as a student-missionary. He had a genius, not only for making friends, but for keeping them. Amongst those he met here was the Rev. William Hutchison, of Coatbridge, who, with his wife and family, was holidaying at Carradale.

Walking one day with Mr. Hutchison on the pier at Carradale, the young student remarked what a fine place it would be to speak to the people—just like the place where our Lord spoke from a boat. Mrs. Hutchison tells how her husband took the matter up:—

"The parish minister, Mr. Levack, was consulted, and it was arranged that an open-air meeting should be held next day, at three o'clock, at the pier head. I see the scene vividly before me; the fishermen and the summer visitors sat on the rocks as in an amphitheatre, tier above tier. Sir David Carrick Buchanan, Mr. Levack, Mr. Hutchison and Mr. Mackinnon stood on the level ground. It was a broiling hot day, and Sir David sheltered the heads of the speakers with his umbrella. Hector Mackinnon prayed in Gaelic, and it was as if an electric shock passed over the people. Every heart was touched and bowed to melting heat. To this day the fragrance of that meeting remains in Carradale. But all those who then stood as witnesses for the truth, Sir David, Mr. Hutchison, Mr. Levack, and Mr. Mackinnon, have each passed within the veil."

In the diary of Lady Victoria Campbell, written during this same year, as we see from the Memoir¹ by

¹ Page 228.

Lady Frances Balfour, we find that her ladyship makes similar reference to Mr. Mackinnon's power in prayer :—

“ . . . Mr. Hector Mackinnon prayed ; one felt it was a prayer in which he carried the people with him. The proof of this was emphatically given in the almost involuntary ‘ Amen,’ unfortunately too little heard in our Scottish silent gatherings.”

And we remember, as in a far-off time, a dreary, dingy mission-room in a squalid part of a great city, where some forty or fifty broken men and women were gathered, with here and there the wan, wondering face of a little child. And into this vitiated, unholy atmosphere stepped a young Highland student, like a fresh cool breeze from the hills. And the withered faces of the women brightened, and the men sat up, for his voice had an arresting ring, and the soft cadence as of a mother with a wayward child, while he read out the opening paraphrase—

“ Come, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return.”

And when he rose to deliver his message, what they seemed to grasp most at was that God had power, not only with the sins that are *past*, but with the sins of the *present* and the *future* ; and that only as we allowed God to work in us by His power, could we hope to overcome and live clean, pure lives. It was a new thought to some of these baffled men and women, who were treading the devil-haunted paths of life ; and voices here and there were shaky as they sang the closing hymn—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”

Then the speaker stepped down from the platform, shook hands shyly with the men and women, smiled on the children, and passed out into the sweet air of Heaven as swiftly as he had come, for the mountaineer loves not the murk. And the people said, "would he come again?" But he came not again, for the isles were waiting for him, and God had much to teach him in the deep silences of the far-away places.

The same liberality of spirit which characterised Mr. Mackinnon in later life was manifested by him in his student days. He did not confine himself to the ministrations of his own Church, but sought out and attended those of the most efficient preachers and teachers he could find, of whatever denomination, and he used often to tell how much he had been helped by some of these.

CHAPTER III

MINISTRY IN TIREE

“ I will steer my rudder true.”

IN 1891 Mr. Mackinnon was licensed, and the following year was unanimously chosen minister of his native island of Tiree, in succession to the Rev. John Campbell. It must have been with a peculiar pleasure that the young minister took up residence in his first manse, which is distant from his father's house less than a mile, the church being midway between.

In the rather irksome matter of choosing furniture he had the kind assistance of the wife of a Glasgow minister, who, not being particularly strong, afterwards declared that there “ was not another person in the whole world she would have done it for except himself.”

Scarcely had he settled down, when it became necessary to turn his attention to church repairs. The late Duke of Argyll, the proprietor of the island, was most sympathetic and kind towards him always, as indeed were all the members of the ducal household. The Duke, on being consulted with regard to the repairs on the church, replied as follows :—

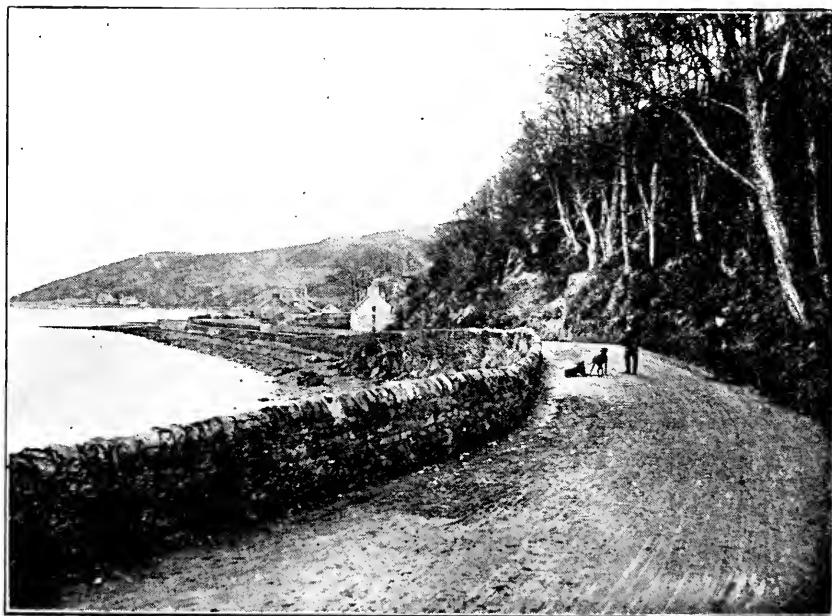
“ ARGYLL LODGE,
“ KENSINGTON,
June 8, 1892.

“ DEAR MR. MACKINNON,—

“ I shall be very glad to help in your church changes—pulpit, etc.—if you will tell me the total you contemplate



TIRREE : MR. MACKINNON'S BIRTHPLACE AND THE SCENE OF HIS
FIRST MINISTRY.



ON THE KILKERRAN ROAD, CAMPBELTOWN.

expending. I do think the congregation should help themselves a little, and hope that you will get them to do so.

"I quite agree with you about pulpits which are *strait-jackets* to the speaker.

"I am sure from all I have heard of you that you will do what you can to support the ordinary moral obligations of Christianity among the people.

"Yours very truly,
"ARGYLL."

Four months later the Duke, writing from Inverary, says :—

"DEAR MR. MACKINNON,—

"The position you are in seems to be a hard one, and I have had pleasure in directing that a sum of £50 be paid to you in advance.

"I am very glad to hear that you are getting on so well. There was some risk to a 'Prophet in his own country,' but on the other hand there are some advantages where no such prejudice exists. So far as I am personally concerned, I am *very glad* to have a native of Tirée in your position.

"Yours very truly,
"ARGYLL."

And again in December of the same year the Duke writes :—

"DEAR MR. MACKINNON,—

"I have told Mr. Wyllie to subscribe for me the sum of £20 towards your expenses on the church. I hope you will be easily able to get the rest. The alterations sound very nice. They were certainly much needed, although I judge only from the recollection of some thirty years ago when I attended a service there. . . . It has given me much pleasure to hear of your acceptability with the people.

"Yours very truly,
"ARGYLL."

To one with Mr. Mackinnon's intellectual abilities, and activity of mind and body, the quiet parish of

Tiree would offer small enough scope for service. But from the very beginning he does not seem to have allowed the grass to grow beneath his feet, seeing that during this, the first year of his ministry, he preached at the following places, at many of them indeed twice and three times :—Bunessan, Cornaig,* Melness, Farr, Ardnamurchan, Tobermory, Hylipol,* Baugh,* Caoles,* Vaul,* Dervaig, Scarnish,* Ruaig,* Balevullin,* Miltown, Morvern, Kilfinichen, Carradale, Durness, St. Columba's (Glasgow), and Free Argyll (Glasgow). The manse of Tiree, a large white-washed building close to the sea, and standing out so prominently in the general flatness as to give the impression of being "always there"—a landmark indeed to the stranger—would offer the best of facilities to the earnest student—quietude and immunity from interruption. From its study windows, stretching out, out as far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but the boundless rolling sea. Would it be here, we wonder now, that there came to him the first inspiration of the "vision splendid," of which he was afterwards to write; and, like the prisoner of Patmos, in his lonely sea-girt isle, were there given to him also visions of the time when there would be "no more sea"?

He was no recluse, but visited his people faithfully, entering into their joys and sorrows with that largeness of sympathy which so characterised him.

"His was no ordinary common life," wrote one of these early friends; "his great gifts, wonderful personality, and genial big-heartedness set him apart as a man among men. To us who knew him from his early boyhood, and who were so long and closely associated with him, his loss indeed is very great. Outside our own immediate family

* Those marked with an asterisk are townships of Tiree.

circle, no friend ever will be so deeply and truly mourned by us all as Hector Mackinnon.

* * * * *
“ This seems like a bad dream which I want to forget,” said one whose Sunday School teacher he had been ; “ am I never to see him again ? What a friend I have lost ! We mourn for him, and we are proud of him.”

He had been greatly influenced by the religious teaching of the Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, Baptist minister in Tiree, with the members of whose family he was on terms of the closest intimacy. The life-long friendship, unbroken and unclouded, which existed between himself and one of Mr. Macfarlane's sons, now the minister of Kingussie, is almost too sacred to be commented on. Amongst his books a little while ago, we came across one, *The Book of the Kindly Light*, on the flyleaf of which is written, “ Hector, in memory of October 5-11, 1910, from D.” It was their last communion season together.

In an interesting work entitled *Outer Isles*, by A. Goodrich Freer, published in 1902, the authoress gives a graphic and true picture of some incidents in Tiree life.

Readers will have no difficulty in identifying the portrait so artlessly drawn, in the following extract from the book. Describing the landing from the steamer, and commenting on the fact that there is no pier, the writer proceeds :—

“ How we were to get to shore was not obvious, but we cared little, so absorbed were we in the novelty of the scene. On the rocks above us some fifty people at least were collected, and with much shouting, laughing and gesticulating, two small boats, apparently already quite full of people, were boarding our little vessel. The tiny mail boat heaved and tossed in the water below—it seemed to us as if the very letters would upset it, but in went the bags. The parcel post, a great institution in the island,

followed ; could she possibly survive ? we wondered ; and we modestly declined when courteously asked if we would care to take our places in her, instead of waiting for the cargo boat. Being Glasgow Fair, we were told, the boats were 'rather full.' The cargo boat certainly was. Large baskets, like laundry travelling baskets, full of Glasgow bread, we learned, went in first, then sundry crates for the 'Mairchant,' then some luggage, including ours, then all our fellow-passengers ; finally half a dozen sheep. We remained modest and retiring. We knew that the handsome young Minister who had come on board would have to get on shore somehow, and that another boat would surely appear from somewhere. By and by the cargo boat returned, more cargo went in, but few passengers—only the Minister and the men who had come on board. The purser advised us to take our seats ; the kindly captain shook hands with us, obviously perplexed as to our business there, since we were no off-shoot from the Glasgow Fair, and we were off. We drew up at a perpendicular rock upon which some scratches were pointed out to us as steps. Many kindly hands were offered to help us to shore. The dog was hauled up, and we found ourselves standing beside our luggage in a wilderness of sand, with not the faintest idea of what to do next. Most of our companions had already climbed into carts and disappeared, and a group of men shouting in Gaelic over the 'cargo' at a little distance, alone remained.

"The Minister had looked at us, paused, looked again, and with true Highland shyness walked rapidly away. It was no time for ceremony. I ran after him, and breathlessly presented a piece of paper on which was written the address of the house where, so we had been told, we might hope for shelter. I had written some days before, I explained—was it likely any one would come to meet us ? The polite young Minister smiled at our simplicity. The letter was probably in one of the bags still lying on the rocks, or perhaps, if it arrived last mail, in the post office waiting to be fetched ; the farm in question was nine miles off, there was no road for most of the way, there was no vehicle to be had, and being Glasgow Fair they were 'likely full.' We began to feel anxious, not so much for shelter on so glorious an evening as for food. Could we

telegraph anywhere? we asked, glancing at a single wire overhead. No, that only went to the mainland; but the minister would send a message for us from the post office, whence it would be taken with the letters, or the bread, and meantime could we not go to the hotel? We looked around at the wilderness of rock and sand and short, scant herbage, at the group of men still shouting in a strange foreign tongue, at the funnel of the little *Fingal* disappearing in the blue distance, at some tiny huts scarcely distinguishable from the rocks among which they seemed to hide, at the 'road' a foot deep in loose white sand, at the bare-legged boy driving a herd of cows which clambered awkwardly among the rocks, and found the notion of an hotel somewhat bewildering. He would go with us, this kind young Highlander, and turning back, soon conducted us to a large unenclosed house overlooking the harbour, where a kindly landlady, a quiet sitting-room, a clean bedroom and a welcome tea soon made us feel that home life in Tiree had begun."

On reading the above, we recall at once the story of the lady who was sending her new footman to the station to meet her soldier son returning from abroad. Never having seen the officer, the footman inquired how he would know him. "Oh," replied his mistress, "if you see a gentleman helping some one else, that is he." And surely enough by this sign the stranger was identified. The "kind young Minister" referred to by Miss Goodrich Freer was *always* helping some one else. It was his joy to be doing so all his life. He was one of God's courtiers. At crowded stations, as elsewhere, we have frequently heard him referred to as "a treasure" by distressed individuals, whose experiences and feelings were similar to those of the old Scotch lady, of whom Dean Stanley tells, who had lost her luggage at Perth station, and would not be consoled. The Dean endeavoured to assure her that it would certainly turn up, to which she replied, "Eh,

sir, meenister, I can stand ony pairtins but pairtins wi ma luggage ! ”

But the young minister was not to be allowed to remain long in his native island, for at the end of about two and a half years of faithful service there he received a unanimous call to the parish of Stornoway, in Lewis. That he was esteemed and loved by all his parishioners in Tiree has ever been shown in the way in which he and his have always been welcomed in their homes.

CHAPTER IV

STORNOWAY

“ O Shepherd with the bleeding feet,
Good Shepherd with the pleading voice,
What seekest Thou from hill to hill ?
Sweet are the valley pastures, sweet
The sound of flocks that bleat their joys,
And eat and drink at will.
Is one worth seeking, when Thou hast of Thine
Ninety and nine ? ”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

STORNOWAY is the largest and most important sea-port town in the Outer Hebrides, and the centre of the fishing industry of the Western Islands. It had at the time of which we write a population of almost 4,000, but during the herring season this number would be trebled. There is a capacious harbour, and the town, with its well-built houses and air of general prosperity and comfort, presents a welcome appearance to the storm-tossed voyager across the Minch.

The busy season of 1894 had just begun when a small company of us wended our way through the streets of the clean little town to the Sunday afternoon service in the Parish Church. The morning service we had been told was in Gaelic ; but the principal service, in the afternoon, was always in English. The church was crowded, a very large number being strangers and visitors from many parts of Scotland ; and as the young

minister ascended the pulpit steps, it was quite apparent that he was regarded, not only with affection, but with pride, by the members of his flock. "You will be sure to like our new minister," they had said with enthusiasm. And indeed there was something very arresting about this dark-haired, bright-eyed Celt, with his fervour and his freshness. What struck one very forcibly, as the service proceeded, was the spirit of deep reverence, and the largeness of sympathy in the prayers so simply and beautifully expressed. The entire demeanour gave the impression, "I am here as God's messenger; woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." The praise, led by an excellent choir, was hearty and spontaneous; all sang because they wanted to. Then as the young preacher rose to announce his text, there was a hush of expectation which was not disappointed,—“For I KNOW that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.”

It is not possible in written words to convey an adequate idea of the absolute conviction expressed in the word “know.” He *knew*, this earnest young preacher, and he wanted you to know. Nor is it possible, after the lapse of twenty years, to give any detailed account of the sermon, although the memory of it is quite vivid. Sometimes in a flow of burning words, which seemed to come like the swift rush of a mountain torrent, sometimes in slow, softened tones, he reasoned and pleaded with his hearers to believe in God as their personal Redeemer, and not to be ashamed of their belief.

When the service was over, an open-air meeting was held down by the water's edge, for the stranger fisher-folk, at which the parish minister and others gave short addresses, and Sankey's hymns were sung. These meetings were conducted regularly throughout the



MR. MACKINNON WHEN HE BECAME MINISTER OF STORNOWAY.

weeks, sometimes at the market square, sometimes at the quay head, and were very well attended and much appreciated by the fishermen and others. As parish minister, Mr. Mackinnon felt his responsibility with regard to the influx of people during the fishing season, and he moved about amongst them in a free and friendly way throughout the week. "That young man's heart is in the right place," said one weather-beaten fisherman to another after a friendly talk with the minister.

On Sunday evenings it was usual to conduct services in rotation at Laxdale, Knock, Sandwick, or some other of the out-lying districts.

With the close of the fishing season there would begin the "autumn manœuvres," and preparations for the winter's work. Only those who knew Mr. Mackinnon can imagine what a keen disappointment it was to him to be laid aside for nearly three months, as he was, during his first winter in Stornoway. A weak ankle, which had troubled him before, again presented itself as a "thorn in the flesh." It seemed clear, however, that the recurrence of the trouble had been caused by his having strained the leg while carrying a heavy bag from the pier to the manse, which was some distance from the town. There was much pain and ultimately *necrosis*, but he was fortunate in having the attendance of a clever and careful doctor. Ever afterwards he had a deep and most touching sympathy with all who had to suffer physical pain. It was a weary time, but he read and wrote incessantly, received his parishioners, and also made minute and careful preparations for a special mission, which was to begin in his parish in the end of January. When the time arrived he was very thankful to be able to walk about, though temporary lameness prevented him from doing all he would have desired to do.

Of the mission itself one of the missionaries, the Rev. A. C. Watson, B.D., of St. Boswell's, has most kindly sent us a very interesting account :—

“ I went to conduct the first week of the mission. From the outset I was much impressed with Mr. Mackinnon's strong personality. At that time he was suffering from lameness, which prevented much walking, but did not interfere with his work. All the arrangements for the mission had been carefully and thoroughly made, and during its progress every one came under the spell of his earnestness and lofty enthusiasm. It was a time of much blessing for all who had enjoyed the earlier part of Mr. Mackinnon's ministry ; and it marked a new departure in the life-work of the young minister himself. I may say we both learned, as we had not before known, the true secret of that power which he possessed in such a marvellous degree—the power of God's Word in hearts that are opened to receive the Holy Spirit, and in lives that are fully yielded to Him. At the distance of twenty years my recollections of Stornoway itself are not very vivid, but I remember the band of hearty, earnest workers whom your husband had drawn around him—the kindness, especially of Mr. Robertson, of the Bank, and the genial spirit of good fellowship, of which Mr. Mackinnon himself was the centre and chief promoter. If ever man served the Lord with gladness and hearty enthusiasm, it was the young Highland minister from the Western Isles, who was one day to win by a brilliant ministry the hearts of thousands for himself and for his Master.”

In a letter, published in the General Assembly Reports for 1896, Mr. Mackinnon himself thus describes the mission and its results :—

“ Our mission time lasted a fortnight, including two Sabbaths. The preacher for the first week was the Rev. A. C. Watson, B.D., of Renton ; and for the second, the Rev. Thomas Millar, of St. Paul's, Leith.

“ Each evening a prayer meeting was held in the church hall from 7.8 to 8.30 ; the evangelistic meeting following

immediately in the church. For a quarter of an hour thereafter we had an after-meeting for prayer, and further guidance of anxious souls. After the first two evenings the great majority of those present at the general meeting remained for the after-meeting, and during the last few nights hardly any went away.

“Our effort has, I am bound to say, been a great success, for which we give God all the praise. I had previously been told by some members of my congregation that owing to the novelty of the movement it might be regarded by many with disfavour sufficient to seriously interfere with a good attendance. But not only was the attendance well maintained from beginning to end—all the Presbyterian churches being nightly represented—but when the mission time came to a close much regret was expressed on all hands that the meetings were not continued for a still longer period; and the earnest hope was cherished that similar meetings might be held as soon as possible again.

“We looked for more than mere attendance, however, and I am thankful to say that we were not disappointed, for we had very definite results. The presence of the Holy Spirit was clearly manifest, and the message so earnestly and pointedly delivered was sealed on the hearts, I firmly believe, of many more than I yet know of. It is within my knowledge that several have made profession of conscious acceptance of, and surrender to, the Saviour, and many more, I am convinced, decided for the Lord Jesus in the secrecy of their own souls. Personally, I can testify that I was much benefited by these meetings, and humbled by their results; and I cannot but express on behalf of my congregation and myself my deep sense of indebtedness to the sub-committee on mission weeks for sending to us in succession the ministers of Renton and St. Paul’s, Leith.

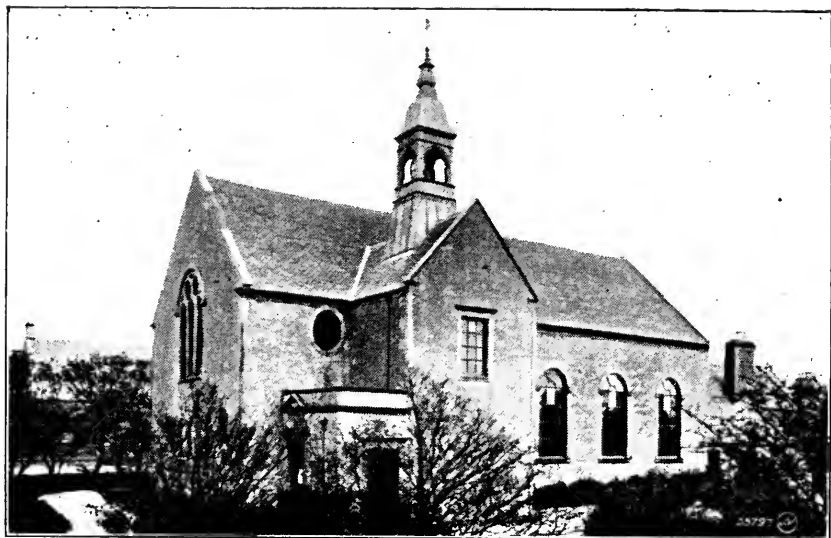
“The booklet by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Banff, was found very helpful by all who read it.

“I may add that some of the meetings were attended by the neighbouring Free Church and United Presbyterian Church ministers, and that a number of East Coast fishermen sojourning at Stornoway at the time were in attendance as often as was possible for them.”

The second missionary, to the great sorrow of all who knew him, was suddenly called home not very long afterwards ; but his brother, the Rev. Gavin Millar, of Methven, recalls with what deep interest and enthusiasm he always spoke of these Stornoway visits.

From the pen of another Lowland minister come the recollections of ministerial work in Stornoway during the fishing season of the following year.

“ In looking back on Mr. Mackinnon’s Stornoway ministry, one feels that he is dealing with the time when he was, as it were, in the making, and was unconsciously being prepared for the effective and powerful ministries which he was to perform in the larger and more influential fields of Campbeltown and Glasgow. At this period of his life, as indeed always, he appeared to his friends to be a man of great physical strength, and one who enjoyed the best of health. His well-built figure, the glowing freshness of his countenance, the sparkle of his keen eyes, the strength and ring of his voice, all induced one to think that many years of usefulness were in store for him. Yet we remember that at this particular time he was laid aside for some months with trouble in his leg. On his recovery, and through the kindness of his people, he was presented with a pony and trap to enable him to visit throughout the parish. On several occasions he preached with the affected leg resting on a chair. But what rousing sermons they were ! We imagine no other preacher of his years could quite move an audience as did Hector Mackinnon. To look at him in his Stornoway pulpit, to listen to him, as with wonderful power he preached the everlasting Gospel, there was not an auditor present who failed to admire him as a typically strong man. Years afterwards, we heard him preach in St. Ninian’s Church, Port Bannantyne, where he was taking duty for a month. The writer was staying at the Hydropathic, and on Sabbath morning the conversation amongst the guests turned as to the preachers in the town. There were three specially mentioned, of whom he was one ; and a prominent Glasgow elder expressed a desire to accompany the writer to St. Ninian’s. The church was crowded, and all were in a state of expectation



THE PARISH CHURCH, STORNOWAY, OF WHICH MR. MACKINNON
WAS MINISTER FROM 1894 TILL 1897.



THE HIGHLAND PARISH CHURCH, CAMPBELTOWN, THE SCENE OF
MR. MACKINNON'S THIRD MINISTRY (1897-1905).

to see and hear the man whom every audience loved. The intervening years had dealt kindly with him, he seemed gladder and happier than of yore, and those who knew him marked how his spirituality had grown and deepened. His text was—‘Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.’

“At the close of the service, we found our way to the vestry, and the Glasgow elder, after congratulating him on his discourse, laid his hand on his shoulder and said twice, ‘Mr. Mackinnon take care of yourself.’ It seemed gratuitous and unnecessary, for he was the very picture of health, but it may have been said out of admiration for his ability.

“But we were writing specially of the impressions left during a visit to Stornoway in the summer of 1896. It was the time of year when the town was busiest. The fleet of herring fishing boats had taken up their position in the harbour, the number being specially large that year. It was calculated there were in all 800 craft, and each boat carried, on an average, a crew of eight men and one boy. Along with this vast concourse of men there were hundreds of women and girls from various parts of Scotland, engaged in the curing of the herring.

“There were ministerial delegates of the Church of Scotland, the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, and the Wesleyan, besides lady workers who looked after the spiritual and temporal needs of their own sex. It is not too much to say that Mr. Mackinnon was the soul of all the work undertaken on this occasion. As he walked along the quay every one looked with respect and affection on him; all felt he was their minister and friend. There was no undue familiarity, but yet a strong tie uniting them to him was undoubtedly formed. When he preached, they listened to him attentively, as to one who spoke with authority and power. Never shall I forget these open-air services, nor my friend’s preaching at them. In the Gaelic he was particularly impressive, and one felt this, though he could not understand much of what was being said. The preacher was evidently winning his way to the hearts of his audience; his voice reached every one in the vast crowd, and the torrent of words that flowed from his lips showed him to be a master of his native tongue. And the same

could be said of his addresses in English. There the crowds were larger, sometimes numbering several thousands. A ring would be formed, and the people mostly stood, but some sat on the empty barrels which were arranged in tiers, so that a kind of improvised gallery was formed. What singing! What enthusiasm on these calm and lovely summer nights! The delegates, with the ministers of the town, were all there, and the parish minister took his place amongst them without any affectation or presumption. He got it in virtue of his own personal qualities. The delegates had each his turn in addressing the crowd, and Mr. Mackinnon usually took some part. One felt proud that the Church of Scotland had such an outstanding man representing her in the Lewis.

“Evangelical in the best sense, his addresses were received with manifest appreciation by people of all denominations. There was not one present who did not feel that the Gospel which the young preacher so forcibly presented was what he needed. For while Mr. Mackinnon was deeply attached to the Church of Scotland, yet his preaching and attitude made him acceptable in all the churches. He was quite at home in any religious assembly, and even in this northern island of Lewis, where denominationalism existed in a very marked degree, he was loved and respected by people of all the churches, from the one end of the island to the other. There was always the kindly, natural, human touch about all that he said or did. There was also that enthusiasm which goes far to defeat the criticism of those who would not otherwise be friendly disposed.

“And all this secured for him a place of deep affection and trust on the part of his own people and the Presbytery of Lewis. Was there ever a minister more warmly loved, more eagerly listened to than he? One had only to be in the town a short time to realise the incomparable position which he had in the hearts of the people. And there was not a minister in the island who did not feel that in virtue of his disposition and gifts he was destined to fill an important position in the Church.

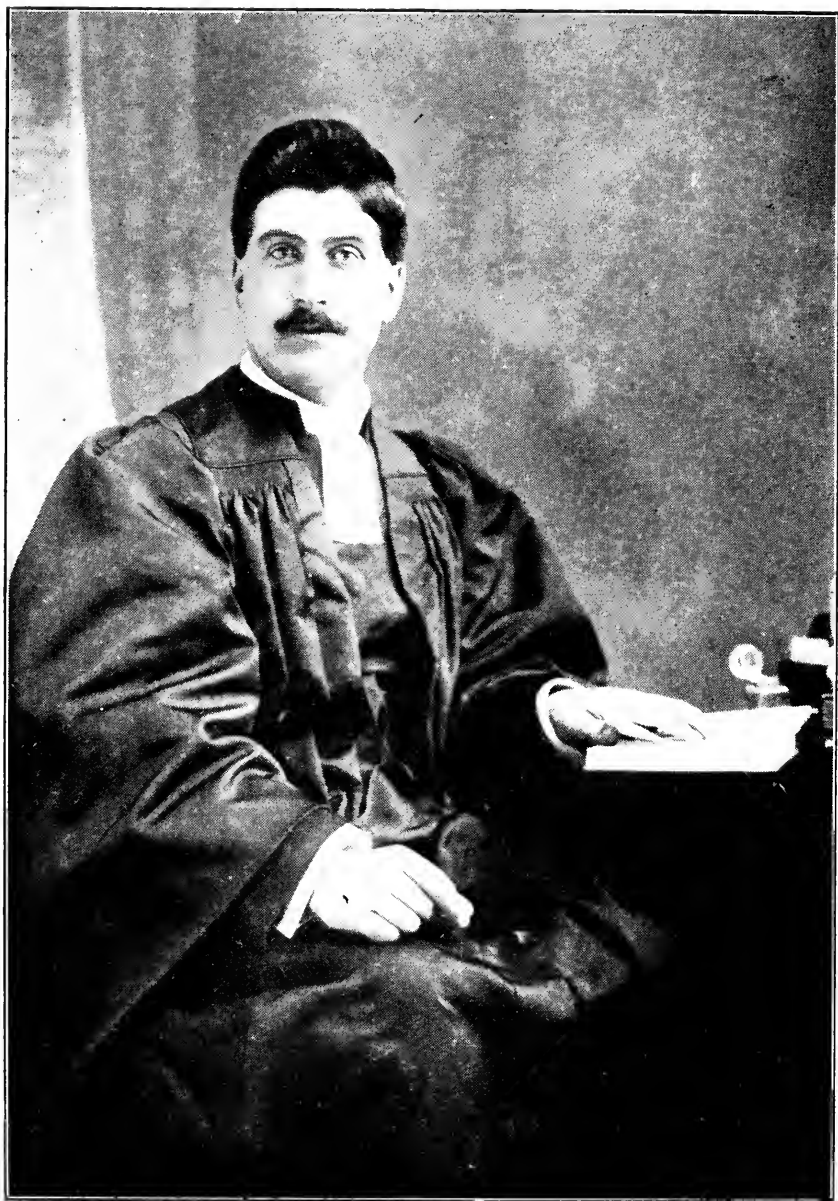
“While in Stornoway he had several opportunities of promotion offered him, and when at length he decided to go to Campbeltown, his departure was received with sincere regret by the people and the Presbytery. If we are not

mistaken, a request was made to the Presbytery to refuse the translation on the ground of the loss with which the Church in Lewis was threatened. No greater compliment could have been paid him than this, but yet this man who, like his Master, could not be hid, had to yield to the call of the Church for service in a wider sphere than the parish of Stornoway.

“One feels that something should be said of his home life during his Stornoway ministry. He always had hosts of friends, but yet to be admitted to the intimate circle who sat with him in his own home was indeed an unspeakable joy. There was freshness and brightness in his conversation, and one always felt the better of being in his company. A kinder host there never was, and the writer can recall the visits which the minister of Stornoway paid to his Lowland parish on several occasions after the summer of 1896. While there was no more considerate host than he, there was likewise no more welcome guest in any home which he visited. Like the typical Scot, you saw him at his best in the home circle. This interchange of visits will ever remain in the writer’s memory as among the pleasantest and most profitable experiences of his life.

“And yet the Mackinnon of Stornoway was the same man in his two succeeding parishes—the same human, kindly man, with his enthusiasm as fresh, but with his power and effectiveness as a minister matured and developed.”

Mr. Mackinnon was deeply touched by the kindness of his people in Stornoway. When they made him the recipient of a handsome presentation in the shape of a pony and trap, it was very difficult to say on which side the greatest pleasure was felt—the givers, or the receiver. And although at times the stable duties, or rather the supervision of them, were apt to be a little irksome to one of his studious habits, it was nevertheless with very keen regret that he was obliged to part with his first presentation on leaving for Campbelltown.



MR. MACKINNON IN HIS PULPIT ROBES.

(From a photograph taken during the early part of his Campbeltown ministry.)

CHAPTER V

CAMPBELTOWN

“ The Father worketh hitherto,
And Christ, whom I would serve in love and fear,
Went not away to rest Him, but to do
What could be better done in heaven than here,
And bring to all good cheer.”

WALTER C. SMITH.

ON the thirteenth of March, 1897, Mr. Mackinnon was inducted to the First or Highland charge of Campbeltown, as assistant and successor to the Very Rev. J. C. Russell, D.D. At the dinner which followed the induction, Dr. Russell remarked, in his address, that Mr. Mackinnon came to the Highland Church of Campbeltown as the thirteenth minister since the Revolution in 1692. Whether that number was unlucky or not, he was sure that Mr. Mackinnon, by his talents, devotion to duty and general abilities, would compel the number to be a successful one. Seventeen years later a member of the Highland church wrote—“ Mr. Mackinnon’s ministry here was one long, glorious triumph.”

On the Sunday following the induction the services were conducted by the late Rev. Dr. Robert Blair, who told the congregation that in their new minister they had got a splendid general, and he did not think that, supposing they had searched broad Scotland, they could have found a better man than his young friend Mr. Mackinnon.

The Highland congregation of Campbeltown took the young minister to their hearts at once, and he had a warm and enthusiastic welcome from all classes of the community.

The Duke of Argyll, in a most kind letter, expressed his very great pleasure with the appointment, and wished him a successful and happy ministry.

The Highland Church in Campbeltown had for many years been ministered to by men of considerable distinction and ability. Dr. Norman Macleod, of St. Columba's, had been minister there for sixteen years, having succeeded the cultured and scholarly Dr. Smith, of whom we read that he was the most powerful and eloquent Gaelic preacher of his day. And as these lines are being written, a letter from Campbeltown tells of the highly appreciated services of the venerable Dr. Russell, ministering during the vacancy caused by the translation of the Rev. J. M. Munro to Edinburgh: "How we did enjoy the sermons and prayers of the good old man. He looked so well and vigorous, and many thought his voice stronger even than in his younger days."

The church, a massive square building, stands on an eminence facing the bay—beautiful indeed for situation. To its quiet and peaceful surroundings we sometimes resorted on summer afternoons.

As in Stornoway, the forenoon service was a Gaelic one, at which the attendance was small. But at two o'clock in the afternoon the large church as a rule presented a spectacle sufficient to inspire any preacher. This was the service from which Mr. Mackinnon expected greatest results, and had them. After he was married we never left the manse without his asking that we should kneel down together and pray that souls might be

given him for his hire. Then he preached as if his lips had been touched with a live coal from off God's altar.

The monthly evening services begun by Mr. Mackinnon were attended by people from all the churches and were very greatly blessed. It was at one of these services that he preached a remarkable and rousing sermon against raffling at church sales and bazaars. It was a courageous thing to do, but he was absolutely fearless wherever Christian principle was concerned; his motto was, "Be ye clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord"; and "his strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." Mr. Mackinnon's sermons on Temperance were not less remarkable. His arguments were always sound and convincing; with infinite care he would marshal all his facts, gather together statistics from every available source, cite judicial and medical opinion of indisputable authority, and crown the whole with an irresistible appeal to the highest and best in the hearts and natures of his hearers. "If you support the cause for which I plead," he cried, on one occasion when preaching a temperance sermon, "you will strike a blow for freedom, for the Church, for God, and for humanity, as well as for yourselves. May each of us have grace to say with a great poet—

" 'The storm-bell rings, the trumpet blows,
I know the word and countersign;
Wherever Freedom's vanguard goes,
Where stand or fall her friends or foes,
I know the place that should be mine.

" 'Shamed be the hands that idly fold,
And lips that woo the reeds' accord,
When laggard time the hour has tolled
For true with false, and new with old,
To fight the battles of the Lord.' "

The week-night prayer meeting in Campbeltown was the best we have ever known. There was always a good attendance, men and women, and young people from the Guild and Christian Endeavour Society. The Minister could call upon any one of his elders, deacons, or endeavourers to engage in prayer, and they were always ready and always reverent. There was a steady glow about that meeting throughout the whole ministry, and we take leave to say that nothing helps a minister so much as a real live prayer meeting.

In July, 1898, the kindly Campbeltown people had another welcome for us when we went down together, and if the Lowland wife had any misgivings as to how she would be received by a Highland congregation, they swiftly disappeared. From first to last, it was lovingkindness all the way. The ties which bind us to dear old Campbeltown are very sacred and tender now, and we thank God we were privileged to be there.

The wedding gift to the Minister from his people was a beautiful gold watch and chain, which were treasured to the last. The watch was never left lying about, and no one was allowed to wind it up save himself. It hangs pathetically just where he always hung it at the close of each day's work, and is still kept going. It bears the inscription—

“ PRESENTED
TO THE
REV. HECTOR MACKINNON, M.A.,
MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHARGE
OF THE
PARISH OF CAMPBELTOWN
BY HIS
LOVING AND DEVOTED CONGREGATION
ON THE OCCASION
OF
HIS MARRIAGE.”

It was here, in Campbeltown, that the golden years were lived, and we both had grown to look back upon them with a wistful tenderness, knowing, somehow, that nothing like them would ever come again in time. How pleasant it was to visit together amongst all the kindly church folk ! “ Can you be ready at two o’clock ? ” the Minister would say ; “ the visiting is as easy again when you are with me.” If we could only have done more to help !

The Sunday evening services at Drumlemble, the Pans, and Peninver were opportunities for getting to know the country people. What kindnesses we received as we went from house to house in town and country ! And how glad the people always were to see their minister. Sometimes in the country two or three, or more, would be gathered together in one house and a short service held ; sometimes there were babies to be baptised, or an invalid to cheer.

With all the other ministers of the town, Mr. Mackinnon lived on terms of genuine cordiality, and it was delightful when one and another of them would drop into his manse, as they very often did. The “ Clerical Club ” of those days met once a month in all the manses by rotation. The ministers gathered in the study at three o’clock on Monday afternoon for religious conference and discussion of any particular paper which had been read by one of them. By five o’clock the ladies had arrived, and all met together in the dining-room for tea. These meetings were a source of much happy fellowship. The Rev. J. A. Baird, M.A., at that time minister of Longrow United Free Church, now of Broomhill, Glasgow, says of them :—

“ I have none but pleasant memories of Mr. Mackinnon. I recall happy days together in Campbeltown, where we

were associated in all sorts of Christian effort. The pleasant afternoons and evenings in the Highland manse ; the hospitable way in which he was wont to welcome us ; his kind and genial manner which at once put the visitors at their ease ; his hearty, ringing laugh which was so infectious ; his anxiety that all should be properly attended to, and made to feel at home. It was always a pleasure when he paid a visit to us on these interesting occasions, when the Clerical Club met at our house, and at other times. Mr. Mackinnon was one of the most regular attenders at the meetings of the Club ; his contributions to the subjects under discussion were always helpful and suggestive, and a distinct want was felt when he happened to be absent. To be in his society for any length of time was a high privilege. One always left feeling the better for the conversation and fellowship."

The coming of his little son was a great joy to the Minister ; all the father seemed to waken in him at once, and his deeply affectionate nature broadened and expanded in this new relationship. The Minister wished him called Donald ; some one remarked that he was the first boy to be born in the Highland manse since Norman Macleod, and without troubling to verify this statement, we called him Donald Norman. And how every one's arms seemed to open wide to the little stranger ! How his aunties hovered over him, and " oh, poor wee thing, poor wee thing," just as if his father and mother were ill-using him ! how he behaved best with his grandfather, and how every one in the old manse, including the Minister, if he thought no one was listening, seemed to go about crooning the lullaby, picked up from the aunties—



Oh! who is this that soft-ly lies At my heart's door with



drow-sy eyes, Whilshad-ows o'er the sun-set skies Steal si-lent-ly and



soon O? Hush - een, Hush - O, Hush and lul - la -



lo. Hush - een, Hush - O, Soft - ly to and



fro! O



It is my treasure noon and night,
It is my heart's love at first sight,
Oh joy! to press that cheek so light,
And to my wee one croon O!

And now the dusky night creeps down,
O'er sleepy stream and heather brown,
As high above the dreamy town
There floats the silver moon O!

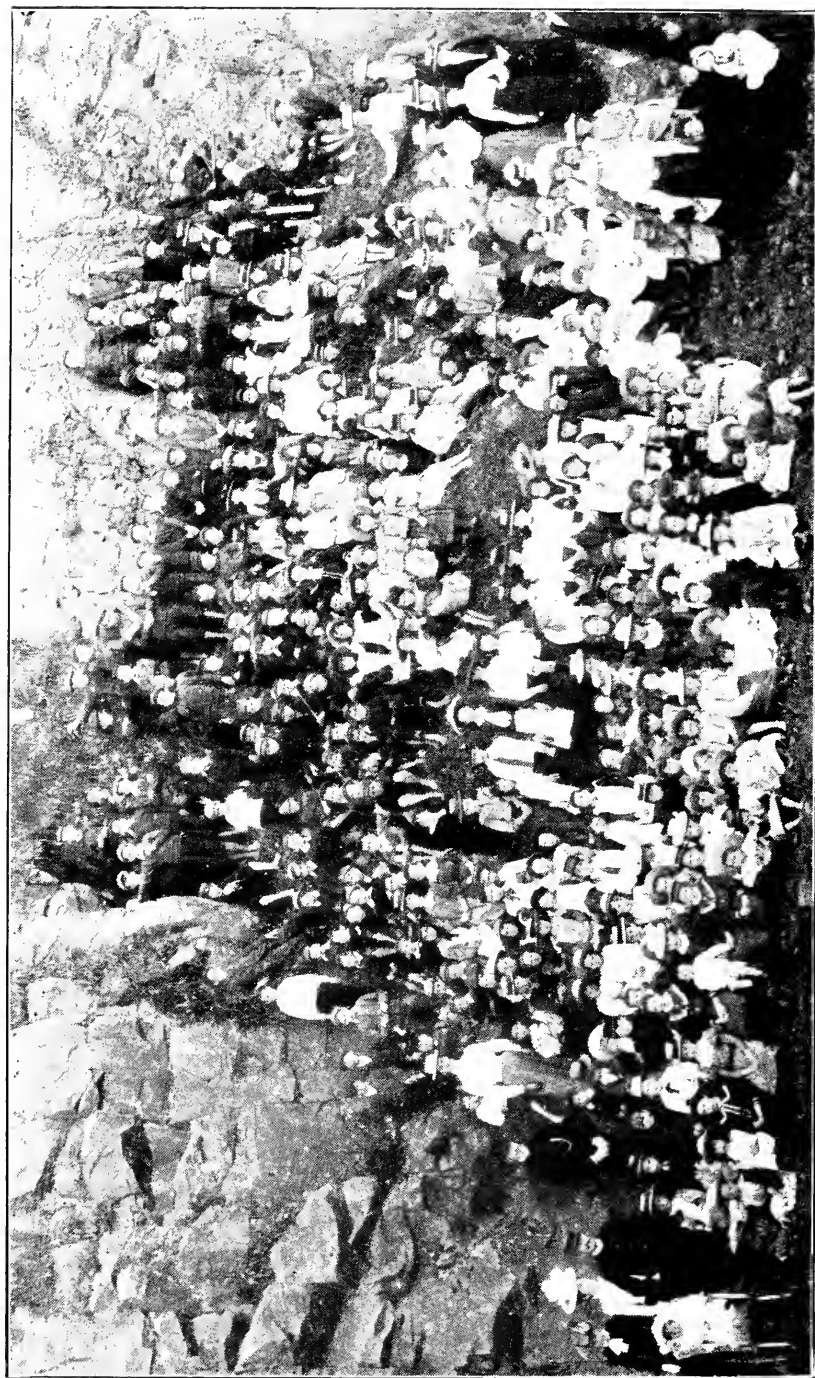
But the angel-visits to the manse of Campbeltown at this, and all its other times of need, were those of the one whose name we speak softly in our hearts, to whom the Minister was as her own son, and whom

“ We have loved long since
And lost awhile.”

Mr Mackinnon always said that never before had he been able so fully to enter into the feelings of the fathers and mothers he visited, whose little ones were ailing, or had been taken away. Often on returning from the funeral of a little child, he would say, “ Oh, these poor people to-day ! I thought of our boy, and of what it would mean to us if he were taken like that.”

And as the child grew, the patter of little feet and the prattle of baby talk filled the big manse with sunshine. And once, when we had to be away for a week or two, the Minister remaining behind, because as he said, he could not leave his work, two or three days in the empty house were enough—“ dreich ! dreich ! ” he wrote, and came after us !

One of the numerous kindnesses we received from our Campbeltown friends was the use of a dear little cottage, most comfortably furnished, for a month every spring. It stood close to the water's edge, about a mile and a half from the town, and had a garden back and front. The Minister cycled to and fro, and the parish work went on as usual. It was a delightful change without the fatigue and expense of travelling, and a welcome relief to be away for a little from the incessant clanging of the manse door bell. We used to leave the quiet cottage a little sadly sometimes ; once when we had finished shutting up, and were ready to start, one of the children, who was just beginning to talk, kept up a half mournful sing-song all the



A CHILDREN'S OPEN-AIR MISSION AT CAMPBELTOWN DURING MR. MACKINNON'S MINISTRY THERE.

way as he was being wheeled home in his perambulator—"vee cott-age away, aw blinds down." But the Minister strongly disapproved of long absences from the manse.

It was about this time that a special Children's Mission was conducted in connection with the Highland Church. The missionary was Mr. John Hutchison, temperance evangelist of the Church of Scotland, and the meetings were conducted mostly in the open air. It is not possible to tell how much good was done, but many, very many, parents expressed their gratitude for the helpful teaching which their boys and girls had received. There are people, no doubt, who think it is useless to try to evangelise children, but Mr. Mackinnon felt strongly that the earlier children were brought under the influence and teaching of religion the better. The writer remembers being asked as a girl of twelve to attend special meetings for children. The missionary was in downright earnest, and captivated us all by his perfectly natural and unstrained talks about religion. The early good impressions still remain, so that such efforts must surely be worth while.

But better still we think than the open-air mission for children were Mr. Mackinnon's own homely talks and short sermons to the little ones from the pulpit on Sundays. One such occasion we recall when the theme was "selfishness." In order to give point to his remarks, the preacher told the story of the little girl who was one day out visiting with her mother, and had two apples given her, one of which was bad. On the way home the child was eating the good apple, when her mother said, "Mary, are you not going to keep some for Charlie?" "Oh yes, mother," said Mary, "I am keeping the rotten one for Charlie!" It was a very broad smile which went round the faces of the

congregation. Mr. Mackinnon used to say he had far more freedom in speaking to children after he had boys of his own. And the little fellows seemed to imitate their father in everything. One of them would sometimes sit for a long time (as children reckon time) holding a book, invariably upside down, under pretence of reading "like daddy." And every Sunday, without fail, a "service" was conducted either in the dining-room or the nursery, while the Gaelic service was proceeding in the church. At one of these "services" Mrs. Hutchison, of Coatbridge, was present, and as the very diminutive preacher appeared, marvellously arrayed in an old black cassock, a pair of bands, and a large white handkerchief folded three corner-wise to represent a hood, and took up his position on a chair in front of a revolving book-case, he gravely opened the proceedings by administering a very pointed rebuke to the two ministers' wives who were "talking in church." Sometimes the "congregation" wished to remain seated during the singings, but no such indulgences were tolerated. The subject of the address on this particular occasion was, "Jesus stilling the storm." It was a wild day, and we were requested to look out at the window and observe for ourselves how the angry waves were heaving and tossing the little boats in the bay. Then followed a very lucid remark on the "walking on the water"—"it was not like little children wading, with their feet down through the water on to the sand, oh no, it was like this" (here the little hands were held up and the open palms made to pass across each other), "walking on the very top of the water." There was absolutely no thought of questioning in the child mind—"He who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand" was quite able to walk on the top of them. So "trailing clouds of glory do we come from

God who is our home." May the child faith never grow dim. After another singing it was abruptly announced, and with somewhat indecent haste we thought, that the "collection would now be taken," and the ministers' wives found themselves in disgrace again, but were allowed to go upstairs for their offerings.

Nothing could have been more pleasing than the affectionate interest the people showed in the manse children. Picture books and toys were continually finding their way into the nursery, and once a very indulgent young lady brought a doll—a boy-doll in full Highland costume. He was straightway named "Onnond Adonand"—Ronald Macdonald—and was lovingly cherished. But Daddy, in whom, notwithstanding all his tenderness, there was much of the Puritan, disapproved of too many toys, and especially of dolls for boys. Coming in late one evening and observing that "Onnond" was in the cot with the sleeping child, "These be thy gods, O Israel!" he exclaimed, and in the morning nothing was seen of Ronald Macdonald, for he had been spirited away.

Another very indulgent lady was one who had followed the Minister from Stornoway and taken up residence in Campbeltown. She had been one of the most active promoters of the Stornoway presentation, and indeed was the first to propose that it should take the form of a pony and trap. Nothing pleased her so much as a talk with the Minister's little boy, who was at this time between three and four years of age. One day he was regaling the old lady with a description of his various horses, each of which had its own name and its own special duties to perform. He was careful to emphasise the fact that they would not "go" unless you pulled them by a string. It was only a "live" horse that would "go"; then with a touch of uncon-

scious pride, "Daddy had a live pony and 'tap in Tor-noway' but (in tones of real disappointment) *it was just a white elephant!*" "Umph," said the listener with a chuckle, "we'll pluck that crow with him the next time he comes." It was as well for the Minister that she was one of his most ardent admirers, in whose eyes "the king could do no wrong."

The Woman's Guild and the Christian Endeavour Society in Campbeltown were each a source of much encouragement to the Minister. None of the organisations indeed ever gave any cause for anxiety. Of the Christian Endeavour Society, which was inaugurated by Mr. Mackinnon himself, one of its members writes :—

"We Endeavourers still regard Mr. Mackinnon as our spiritual father, and speak of him often at our meetings in terms of sincere affection and esteem. It is due to his influence that the Christian Endeavour Society of the Highland Church still exists as a healthy, energetic organisation within the church, whereas the same Societies of the other churches in the town, inaugurated at the same time, have ceased to be."

The Endeavourers were an earnest band of bright young people, and helped their Minister in very many ways.

Mr. Mackinnon opened a class for Bible study in the church hall on Sunday mornings at ten o'clock. This class was the means of great blessing to large numbers of young men and women. He also taught a Bible Class, taking the subjects set for the young Men's Guild; and one year a pupil in this class, a lady, took first place in the examination for Scotland, gaining a gold medal and five pounds. The other members of the class all gained honourable distinction.

The Woman's Guild worked steadily and quietly from year to year; the poor of the parish were their special

care ; and they annually collected from house to house subscriptions in aid of the Women's Association for Foreign Missions. The minister never had to beg for money from the pulpit. Whatever was required was given quite willingly and without any ado.

It is interesting to observe that this ready generosity has always been characteristic of the Gaelic congregation of Campbeltown. In the *Life of Dr. Macleod* we read that when he became minister of Campbeltown, the church had not been completed, and before Communion services could be held, it was necessary to be at the expense of providing a large tent in which to accommodate the people. An announcement to this effect was made, and the people were at the same time informed that the elders and others would call upon the members of the church, and would receive from such as were willing to give subscriptions for the payment of the tent, but that no individual was to give more than *one shilling*. In the course of a few days £14 beyond the cost of the tent was subscribed.

And again, when Dr. Macleod proposed to have the Communion celebrated twice a year instead of once, as the custom then was, the Presbytery opposed him in this, and the heritors refused any allowance for Communion elements. Nothing daunted, he again appealed to the people, upon whose support he could at all times rely. Communion cups and flagons were brought down from Glasgow and a most solemn service was held. The separate collection which was made at the door of the church, for money to defray the expenses incurred, was so liberal that a balance was handed over to the Poor Fund.

And we remember that this liberality still prevailed in Mr. Mackinnon's time ; always something over from year to year, which the people were pleased and proud

to hand to their minister at the annual social meeting. We recall, too, how one year the Women's Association for Foreign Missions had issued an appeal from headquarters for money which was unexpectedly required. What could we do? The session's work was almost over, and the annual contributions to the funds of the Association had already been given. Could we each do an extra piece of work and have a small sale? Then one quietly told another, and soon it was evident that all the women of the congregation, in town and country, were eager to have a share in sending the Gospel to those who "sit in darkness and ignorance." We could never forget how even the poorest came to the manse with their voluntary offerings, and in less than six weeks there was a sum of £40 to send to Edinburgh. It had all been done so quietly, and the Minister was gladdened on his way, more especially as the contributions for the year following suffered not at all.

In Campbeltown we had several special missions; but the most notable was a month's united mission for the whole town, arranged by the ministers of the various denominations in concert. If we are not mistaken, the idea of a *united* mission emanated from the "Clerical Club" already alluded to. But it was quite impossible for Mr. Mackinnon to live and work in other than the most friendly relations with all his brother ministers of whatever denomination. His dear desire ever was that all should work unitedly and harmoniously. Had he been associated in any way with the Bishop of Zanzibar—well, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good"—we should probably not have heard so much of the Kikuyu Conference.

We had in Campbeltown during the mission seasons the services of such men as the late Rev. William Hutchison, of Coatbridge; Mr. Watt, of Powis, Aber-

deen ; Mr. Houston, then of Cambuslang, and Mr. Mackenzie, now of Coatbridge. At the meetings for prayer, the afternoon Bible readings, and the crowded general meetings, the good seed was sown into ground which had beforehand been carefully prepared, and the ministers had their harvest of souls garnered into the Kingdom.

There were no more welcome guests in the manse of Campbeltown than Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison, of Coatbridge. Once every year latterly Mr. Hutchison was the assisting minister at the Communion ; his sermons and addresses at these solemn seasons seemed to lift us all up and draw our hearts and thoughts into the Unseen. We can see him yet as he stood in the large square pulpit for the last time, his face aglow with a light which was not of earth, and held us spellbound with the thoughts and words of the two wayfarers on the road to Emmaus, who had unconsciously accompanied with the Master—"Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked to us by the way."

Of these times Mrs. Hutchison writes :—

"It was always a great joy to my husband to go to Campeltown and assist Mr. Mackinnon in any way, especially at a Communion season. My husband used to say that there was no house he stayed in where he felt so much at home as in the manse of Campbeltown. I remember once, while the Gaelic service was going on in the church, we had a meeting in the manse nursery. We were told to sit very quiet by a wee mite of a minister, who went through the whole service, then lifted up his little hands in blessing and stepped down from the pulpit, telling us we could 'talk now as the people were all gone.' I told his father all about it when he came in, and daddy took his wee boy in his arms, pressed him to his heart, and carried him off to the study. Another time was when one of the wee boys had been naughty, and would not say he was sorry, and the minister went to church a little sad. After

a long time I peeped into the nursery and found him taking some one for a drive with his brown horse and a wooden stool. I tried to get him to say he was sorry, but he said, 'I can't, for I don't feel it here yet,' pointing to his heart. But when his father returned from church, he ran to him at once saying, 'Daddy, I am sorry,' and was in his father's arms almost before the words were out.

"When Mr. Mackinnon used to come to us every one was delighted. He was our preacher once during a special mission in Coatbridge. In all the public works he addressed the men during their dinner hour, the women at three o'clock in the afternoon, and then the church meeting in the evening. The people turned out in great numbers, and many were led to Christ through his words. He won the hearts of the people in Coatbridge, and was more and more beloved by them as years went on. I remember once when he preached for my husband, a doctor in the town said to me, 'I would not have missed that sermon for £50.' He preached as if he stood between the living and the dead. Lady Carrick Buchanan once told me how much she had been helped by his sermon, '*The bow in the cloud.*' He used to comfort so many hearts. We were always sorry when the time came for him to return to his dear ones. He used often to say, 'Oh, I must tell my wife that.' I used to chaff him about his love letters, and he would laugh and say, 'My wife's letters are all love letters.' In the home he was so thoughtful for others and tried to avoid giving trouble. He endeared himself even to the servants during the times he stayed with us. I remember when he and Mr. MacFarlane attended the Bridge of Allan Convention the year my husband and I were in charge of the Ministers' House there. They were as full of fun and frolic as two schoolboys; I said I would have to separate them. But at the meetings Mr. Mackinnon was so much in earnest, and was always the one to inspire his fellows."

It was in March, 1902, that Mr. Mackinnon's second son was born. In the midst of a sudden and blinding snow storm, Donald Norman playing happily in his nursery was told by his father that he had now a

little brother. The big blue eyes opened wide with wonder and the horses were all forgotten, as with eager hurrying feet the two mounted the stairs to see the baby of the snow, who was by this time protesting loudly against everything in general.

Some weeks later, both the little ones were taken to church, and the baby brother, receiving the name of Robert Somerled, was baptised with water from the River Jordan, kindly sent for the purpose by one of the ministers of the town, who had just returned from Palestine. And the Campbeltown people will always remember how soft and tender the Minister's face looked on these occasions, as he kissed his little sons and handed them back to their mother. And the manse nursery was now a happier place than ever; for it was not until its occupants were transferred to the manse of Shettleston that there were "wars and rumours of wars!" The time came when we had to redeem our promise and visit the manse of Coatbridge, and one murky night we found ourselves standing in the smoke and grime of a low level station in Glasgow; into the same carriage with us was brought the infant son of the Rev. Thomas Kearney, of the China Mission, Ichang, both babies about the same age, and both enlivening the journey with lamentations loud and long. Reaching the town, we found ourselves wondering when we would get out of the smoke, and were told that here in Coatbridge there was a perpetual "pillar of cloud by day and fire by night." How glad we were of the warmth and hospitality of the manse on the hill amongst the trees, and the kindly faces of its merry group. Then next day Lady Carrick Buchanan sent for us all to go to Drumpellier, and was so kind and sweet.

The following winter was one of considerable

anxiety. The Minister's throat was giving trouble ; but indeed he had been doing much hard work joyfully and ungrudgingly in various parishes, and had undertaken many a stormy voyage. He had barely recovered when one of the children developed " Ophthalmia " of so persistent a nature, that for many weary weeks it seemed as if it might not be overcome. The little eyes could bear no ray of light, all food was refused, and it was only the wasted form of the merry little boy that was wrapped in blankets each day, and carried in Daddy's strong arms into the darkened study until the sick-room could be freshened. The kindly doctor was anxious too, though he assured us it would all come right. Then one Sunday things looked very, very bad, and when the Minister came in after a day's work harder than usual, we could only look at each other mutely, but dared not say what we feared. And somehow we were on our knees by the little bed in the dark room ; no words were uttered, but the heart of the great pitying All-Father understood. Slowly, very slowly in the weeks that followed the little life was given back with the sight unimpaired.

Then when the sunny days came round, what drives we had into the country, while Daddy visited all the people, and now and again we would come upon a pale-faced mother bending anxiously over her sick child, and we could speak as never before with a great, understanding sympathy.

After this came a visit to Tiree in the lovely summer days, where the little ones revelled in the temporary possession of " live " horses which would " go." How kind all the homely island people were. And Lady Victoria would send for the " Reverend Hector " almost every day to consult him about one or other of the many activities in which she was engaged.

Being devoted to children, she had the Minister's boys with her for hours on several occasions, and their father was so concerned lest they might not behave properly ; but Lady Victoria sent off a note to reassure him, declaring that they were "splendid little fellows !" and that she had "failed absolutely to discover any traces of original sin !"

Driving along the sands next day, we met her ladyship in the Buckboard. Amused at the frantic efforts of a little Jehu to get a big horse to "go faster," she called out, "Well, ——, how are you getting on?" "Oh, very well, thank you, Lady 'Atoria,' but this is just a stupid old mare, you see, it won't go fast !" We could hear her ladyship's merry musical laugh as we cantered along the shore.

Often, too, throughout the Campbeltown years the Minister was cheered by the visits of his early and lifetime friend—then of Glencoe and Arrochar. And you felt you wanted to shake the two of them, they were so frolicsome and light-hearted. But presently, when they had retired to the study, there would be a softened silence, and subdued tones, for these two, whose souls were knit together, could "*dwell deep*" with each other in sacred things. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man's countenance sharpeneth the face of his friend."

The ministers and assistants of the various other bodies in the town all found their way into the Highland manse ; and we like to think that the "fellowship of kindred minds," and the always helpful conference, have still their fragrance in many manses throughout the country. "He was such a big man in every way," says a minister of the United Free Church, "a giant in the ministry, and nowhere was he more beloved than by the men in our church. We

expected so much from him in the future, as we had received so much from him in the past."

"I always associate with Mr. Mackinnon," writes another United Free Church minister, "the idea of manliness. There was nothing weak or small about him. He was absolutely fearless in his defence of what appeared to him to be the truth, unsparing in his denunciations of sin and his exposure of shams, a straight fighter and a hard hitter who did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. At the same time there was also a tender note in his preaching, as he sought to set Christ before the sinner as an all-sufficient Saviour, and pleaded with him to come and find rest in Him. There was the clear ring of conviction in all his preaching. One felt that he was speaking out of his own deep experience of the things of God. That which he had seen and heard he declared unto others. Another characteristic of Mr. Mackinnon was his broad-mindedness. Although perfectly loyal to his own denomination, he was quick to recognise the good in others, and was on the friendliest terms with all the neighbouring ministers in Campbeltown. United Free Churchmen had cause to be grateful to him for the sympathy and support he extended to them in their time of trial. He was always ready to co-operate with any of Christ's servants to whatever denomination they might belong. A truer friend one could not have. He was so unselfish and unassuming, so broad in his sympathies and so optimistic in his outlook upon life, that he drew out the esteem and affection of all who knew him. The memory of his diligence and faithfulness is a lasting inspiration to us."

On the walls of what we still lovingly call "the Study" hangs an illuminated address in the following terms :—

"At Campbeltown, the twenty-ninth day of March, 1905, which day the Kirk Session of the Lorne Street Congregation of the United Free Church of Scotland met and was constituted.

"*Inter alia.*

"It was cordially and unanimously agreed to, that in

view of the approaching translation of The Reverend Hector Mackinnon, M.A., Minister of the Highland Parish Church of Campbeltown, to the Parish Church of Shettleston, the Session place on record their warm appreciation of the kindly sympathy and help which Mr. Mackinnon, from his own pulpit and from that of Lorne Street and elsewhere, has so opportunely rendered to Lorne Street Congregation in their time of special difficulty and trial as a Congregation of the United Free Church of Scotland, and that they express their earnest prayer that his work may be as richly owned of God in his new pastorate as it has been in his former spheres of labour.

“ The Clerk was instructed to have an extract of this minute signed in name of the Session by the Moderator and himself, and suitably prepared and presented to Mr. Mackinnon.

“ J. A. BAIRD, *Interim Moderator*.

“ CHARLES C. MAXTONE, *Session Clerk*.”

Mr. Mackinnon was not a candidate for Shettleston Parish Church, but had been asked by the Vacancy Committee to preach before the congregation, who, after he had done so, were very decided in their choice. But we had not realised what it would cost us to leave the people of Campbeltown; and it was not to be wondered at that when the Minister came to preach his farewell sermon, so overcome was he by his feelings that his voice trembled, and then stopped. On the morning of our departure the people assembled on the pier, but as the steamer moved slowly off not a cheer was raised; in mute silence handkerchiefs were waved, and each one strove to look as brave as possible. But time does not dim the tender memories of Campbeltown, and the dear old home, enshrined as they are “ in the old gold glorious radiance of the happy long ago.”

“ The last time Mr. Mackinnon came down to preach to us,” writes a member of the Campbeltown congregation, “ his text was, ‘ Watchman, what of the night ? ’ The

church was packed to overflowing; his earnestness on that occasion will long be remembered and his words ring in our ears yet. We love our dear old church more than ever now, because it is hallowed by memories of him."

EXTRACTS FROM THE CAMPBELTOWN SUPPLEMENTS (1902)

REVERENCE

I hope to speak to you from the pulpit about *reverence* some time soon, but there is one phase of reverence which I wish to impress upon you by referring to it here. When you enter the church on Sunday and take your seat in your pew to wait for the service to begin there is one duty which you should never fail to perform. That is to bow your head in prayer and ask God's blessing upon yourself, your fellow-worshippers, and the minister. God's house is *God's house*, remember, a place hallowed by many sacred associations in the history of a congregation, and from the moment you enter it to that at which you take your departure your demeanour should be that of one who is conscious that he is in the Lord's own presence. This leads me to ask what you do when the benediction has been pronounced. Do you forthwith pick up your hat and join in a general stampede to the door, or do you first sit reverently down, again bowing your head, thanking God for privilege enjoyed and blessing received, and committing yourself to His care during the week upon which you have entered? I have seen people enter and leave the church as if it were a music hall or a theatre. This is surely not becoming, and what is not becoming should not have a place in the behaviour of any member of the Highland congregation.

H. M.

RAFFLING

I had occasion recently to make a passing reference from the pulpit on the practice of raffling so widely prevalent at sales of work and bazaars. But this subject calls for more than a passing reference, and I feel that I ought to say something about it in our *Supplement*. To condemn raffling at sales is not of course to condemn these sales themselves. Far from thinking that there is anything evil in a sale of

work, I venture to express the opinion that there is no benevolent enterprise which may become a more suitable and efficient channel of mutual goodwill among human beings than such as is furthered when loving hearts and nimble fingers combine to make and fashion useful articles, the proceeds of the sale of which are devoted to upholding a deserving cause. But an enterprise good in itself may be demoralised by its being made the cause or the occasion of practices which are evil, and I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that sales of work are lamentably corrupted when countenance is lent, as is not infrequently done by their promoters, to a method of securing funds so utterly at variance as raffling is with the most elementary principles of righteousness. It has been argued—and this is the only argument worth referring to which defenders of this system have the boldness to advance—that at benevolent sales of work raffling is utilised simply to secure more extensive aid than could otherwise be obtained for objects which are alike worthy and needful of support. It has thus been contended that in this particular instance a good end justifies a questionable means. This argument is very plausible but very shallow. Let us look into the matter. I resolve, say, to build a church, hall, or hospital. To carry out my resolution I need money, and money I do not possess. But I find that there are many sympathisers with the cause I have at heart who, although they cannot subscribe to my enterprise in hard cash, are yet willing to contribute “in kind,” articles the value of which on my disposing of them I shall be at liberty to devote to the purpose I have in mind. I accordingly organise a sale of work, and I get it opened with all possible éclat. I am successful in selling a large portion of my goods. But a considerable quantity remains which cannot be disposed of because the prices asked are beyond the purses of those who patronise my sale. Now what do I do? I resort to raffling as an expedient to get rid of my goods. I furnish the people who visit my bazaar with an opportunity of taking their chance in winning for a trifle articles which previously they were unable or perhaps unwilling to purchase. And thus I manage to clear my tables, or stalls, as the case may be. But I have been guilty of gambling! There is no gainsaying the fact.

In my dictionary I find raffling defined as "a game of chance or lottery in which several persons deposit a part of the value of a thing in consideration of the chance of becoming sole possessor by casting dice or otherwise, the money deposited going to the first owner of the article." And no sane person can detect any difference between that and gambling either in spirit or in method. The whole thing is therefore immoral, whitewash it as you please. The immorality consists in this, that from those who lose in the game I receive money for which I give them nothing in return, and those who gain take from me goods which they have neither bought nor earned. In no circumstances—not even at a benevolent sale—is it honest for a man to take money for which no equivalent has been given, or to possess an article for which he has neither paid nor toiled. How earnestly that great prophet of righteousness, John Ruskin, tried to impress upon the mind of a benighted nation the principle here inculcated. It is a principle according to which all games of chance, raffling included, are essentially dishonest. People in general may not see this, but their blindness does not alter the fact. It has been contended, as I have already indicated, that subscribers to a raffle give their money for the sake of the cause, not for the sake of the raffle, and I am not going to question that in some cases this may be true. But what is implied in this contention and the manner in which it is advanced is that a righteous cause sanctifies an unrighteous means; and according to this doctrine you may trample underfoot every one of the commandments, not only with impunity, but also without blame, provided that in doing so you can show that you have a good end in view. You may rob a man of his property provided you devote the same to charitable purposes. This is the old heresy that you may sin and should sin that grace may abound—a doctrine from which you may deduce justification for all the sins of humanity, not excepting the treachery of Judas. You say the end in view is deserving. What more deserving end, for instance, could a man have in view than the support of his wife and family? Are you ready to admit that this end may be legitimately compassed by exercises in games of chance? If not, no more are you entitled to claim that benevolence as

the chief end of a sale of work justifies the use of a game of chance to enable you or any other person to reach that end. Again, why in the name of goodness and common-sense are the supporters of a bazaar not permitted, or, if need be, persuaded to give their help in a straightforward manner, without the mutual befoolment amongst parties which resort to such a trick as raffling involves? If they are willing to contribute a sixpence or a shilling in connection with a raffle, and that for the sake of the enterprise in hand, why should they not contribute either of these sums without the stimulus and excitement provided by the raffle? As a matter of fact that stimulus is used to extract from them that which otherwise they are unwilling to give, so that the advancement of the plea that they are only supporting the cause while they are really countenancing the raffle is simply one more example of "an organised hypocrisy." It is worthy of note that if, as a private individual, one were to engage in this practice for his own benefit it would soon find for him a bed among thieves within one of the walled areas which the law of the land prescribes for such characters, but because one engages in it in conjunction with others—a congregation or association—he escapes this visitation. And because he escapes he imagines he is free from blame. Just as a limited liability company may commit most of the iniquities forbidden in the decalogue without a single member of it being put under the ban of public opinion, seeing a company is mistakenly supposed to have no responsibility; so a number of individuals may as an association play fast and loose with an essential principle of right, and no one says them nay. This is one of the ways by which the devil drugs the twentieth century moral sense with his sulphurous opiates, killing or vitiating moral feeling. This is how he inoculates the generation that now is with the absurd delusion that wrong may become right provided you have a laudable end in view and provided that in reaching that end you are one of a considerable number of individuals working together. And as Ruskin says, "Men love to have it so." They fail to see that the devil is the devil still, though he present himself as an angel of light, clad with the tapestry of heaven's high chambers. One of the saddest features of gambling practices at bazaars is that young people—

often mere boys and girls—are employed to go round and sell the tickets, and get into a whirligig of excitement over the sums gathered and the destination of the articles. These young people are soon to go out into the world, many of them far from home and home influences. If a temptation to embark upon a career of gambling comes their way, as is quite possible, even likely, will they not find it more difficult to resist that temptation for their having practised raffling at sales of work and thus having that method of obtaining money associated in their minds with commendable enterprises? I may be mistaken, because I have no statistics to go upon; but I entertain a strong suspicion that if the first step taken in gambling on the part of many who have thereby made shipwreck of their lives could be accurately traced it would be found that not rarely it was taken in the shape of interest manifested in raffling at a benevolent bazaar. Surely our young people have enough temptation to withstand when the devil shows himself in his darker hue without their being rendered specially liable to be assaulted by the gilded methods of a transfigured Satan. What then can we do to better a state of things which we must all deplore? There are two suggestions which I venture to make. The first is, never price bazaar articles above their market value. To do anything else is to practise dishonesty at a crucial point and demoralise the whole proceedings. The second is, do not make expensive articles for a sale of work. At least let them not be too expensive for the purse of the average buyer. It is the *dear* articles that occasion the raffling, as everybody knows. If men, and women too, are not prepared to do what in them lies to bring raffling to an end by acting upon such simple suggestions as these, then they must follow their own course, but let them at least remember that “God will bring every work into judgment” and that “every man must bear his own burden.” Before I close let me add that I do not anticipate that it will be an undertaking easy of accomplishment to deal effectively with raffling. The evil has already a tremendous hold. It is fashionable, and the average man and woman would rather die than resist fashion. There are few sane enough or brave enough to make a stand against that which is fashionable. This applies even to leaders,

whether in state or in church. Many political leaders talk and talk and do little else, as if there was little else to do, so that the legislative machinery of the country almost stands still. Ecclesiastical leaders are little better. Few of them consider any interests beyond those of that mighty organisation "the church." As long as "the church" progresses as *they* understand progress, whatever the means may be by which the supposed progress is realized, they are content. "They speak smooth things and prophesy deceits." We rejoice, however, that there are honourable exceptions both in the state and in the church. To these men we look for leading in the holy crusade that will cause such an evil practice as raffling to cease to the ends of the land. A beginning should surely be made at the temple of God whence the rafflers should be driven, with a scourge of cords if necessary.

H. M.

CHURCH SERVICES AND CLOTHES (1899)

We hear a good deal nowadays about lapsed masses, and their existence is all too real and much to be deplored. They meet us not only in our large cities but in our provincial towns. They have come into being owing to a combination of causes. But one cause I believe to be the carelessness of parents in rearing their offspring. "Like priest like people," said the prophet. It might be added, "like parents like children." When the fathers and mothers are guilty of neglect themselves what is to be expected of their offspring? It is only natural that they should neglect religious ordinances. Of course difficulties will present themselves to many who earnestly desire to do their duty in this matter. There is, for example, the difficulty of *clothes* in homes where there are large families and the bread-earner receives only low wages. Oh, these clothes! they are becoming the curse of our modern church life. They have already driven from our churches many of the people for whom salvation was, in the first instance, designed. There was a day—alas that it is gone—when a poor woman with her mutch could enter a church with as much comfort as a rich lady with her feathers—when a boy barefooted and bareheaded was not made to feel by word, look, or gesture on the part of his neighbour

that the two were not made of the same flesh and blood. But nowadays everything is sacrificed to clothes. The whole structure of society etiquette is reared upon clothes. The very rate at which Christ's cause is to advance in the world is made by some to depend on clothes. Surely this is a misfortune. It is of course not wrong to wear good clothes, but the wrong comes in when either the person who has them or the person who has them not ascribes to them an importance which does not belong to them. What does God care about clothes? He looketh not upon the outward appearance of a man. He looketh upon the heart, and we also should strive to form our estimate of a person not by clothes but by character. It is a literal fact that dress is sometimes only a cloak for snobbery and conceit, whereas under a patched garment often beats a brave and noble heart. And in regard to church attendance we should endeavour to stamp out of existence the false ideas abroad in the minds of rich and poor alike with respect to clothes. Men and women should be made to feel that they are as welcome in church clad in threadbare garments as they would be though arrayed in the most gorgeous finery; and as far as boys and girls are concerned I see no reason why they should not attend church in the clothes in which they attend the Sabbath School. All we insist upon is cleanliness and tidiness, and, thank God, these are cheap in the land in which our lot has been cast.

H. M.

UNION OF THE CHURCHES (1898)

In one of the leading religious journals of the country, which has hitherto advocated disestablishment, the following paragraph appeared lately:—"One evidence of the growing friendliness of our Scottish churches is given in the references which have been made in various Free Church Courts to the loss sustained by the Established Church through the deaths of Dr. Caird and Dr. John Macleod. Not so long ago these events would have been passed in silence. But in the Free Church Commission, recently held, expression was given to a feeling of brotherly sympathy, and this example has been followed since in the Free Church Presbytery of Glasgow. *If a re-adjustment of things could be accomplished by mutual consent, without*

having to go through the political agony of disestablishment, there would be cause for thanksgiving." I feel grateful to this journal for such a paragraph. The simple truth is that if ecclesiastics of all churches would pocket their petty ambitions, and have the manliness to disown the sentiments of wrath and jealousy to which they have often given expression, the church question would be settled in a very short time. "The wrath of man will not work the righteousness of God." In no connection is this truer than in connection with the church question. We sincerely trust that expressions of sympathy will continue to be interchanged from time to time between our Scottish churches. We yearn for a united ecclesiastical Scotland. The best men in all the churches are sick tired of this wretched controversy which has often furnished an occasion for the worst possible exercise of the worst passions of which human beings are capable. If the churches would agree about what is common, or at least not alien, to the spirit, if not to the letter, of the constitutions of them all, union would soon be an accomplished fact. At this time we owe it to the Free Church to acknowledge the Christian manner in which her courts have made reference to our loss. And be it mentioned that no more eloquent or sympathetic tribute to the worth of Dr. John Macleod was given than that of his neighbour, the Rev. R. Howie of the Free Church of Govan. We are thankful for these references and tributes, and we pray that the time may soon come when we shall all be one.

H. M.

DUTIES OF CHURCH MEMBERS

At this solemn season of communion it is right that church members should be reminded of their duties towards Christ, the church, and the world, in a manner more permanent, as I hope, in its effects than even an address from the pulpit. I accordingly take the liberty of stating in this supplement some of these duties in the confidence that members of the Highland congregation will endeavour to fulfil them:—

I.—*Have before your mind a high standard of Christian life, and act up to that standard as God gives you grace.* If you are content to remain at the low level which satisfies

some of your neighbours, you will make no progress. Remember that you have been called to be a *saint*, and ponder well all that word implies. Be always a saint, and never anything less than a saint. Let Christ Himself be your ideal. Do not act upon the principle—which is no principle, properly speaking—of giving God as little of your life as possible. Give Him it in its entirety. He gave His whole life for you, and He now gives you His life in all its fullness.

2.—*Be careful to read your Bible every day, and to pray in secret.* Do not read the Word of God with less interest than you read the newspaper. God's veracity is the foundation of your faith. That veracity finds expression in the Bible. Study the Bible therefore. "And when thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee." You can tell God things which you cannot tell a fellow-creature. Always make a clean breast of it at His footstool. You can have no peace otherwise.

3.—*Attend church regularly.* When you are absent without a sufficient reason you deal a blow at the very existence of public worship; you set a bad example to others; you discourage your minister; you harm your soul. In this matter *a sense of duty* and *not inclination* should be uppermost. It is your duty to attend church whether you feel inclined or not. You must not let moods determine the frequency of your church attendance. Be present every Sabbath if possible. And do not expect to have soft and pleasing words always addressed to you. Sometimes you need reproof more than comfort. Do not flare up in anger when your sins are dragged by the preacher into the light of God's countenance, but rather repent in sorrow and humility.

4.—*Attend your own church.* Some one has said that roving Christians are "lean kine." It is very true. Yet there are people who always wander from one church to another. Anything new draws them; but nothing new or old satisfies them. We have not many wanderers connected with the Highland congregation, but warning is necessary all the same. Beware of forsaking the services of your church for the sake of any other services or meet-

ings, whatever they be. If your own church fails you, attend a service at another ; but as long as you feel that on the whole you are getting good in your own church then stick to it. If you are getting no good at all, you had better cut your connection, and go where you think you can get benefit. But while you remain a member of this or any other church bend your energies to serve it. You have a primary duty to perform towards your own church of which no countenance or help you give to other churches or agencies can relieve you. Of course this does not mean that you are to do no Christian work at all outside your own congregation. It only implies that your own church has always a prior claim. I would like to add—Stand by the ordinary means of grace whenever there is a clash between them and extraordinary means. For all clashes of that description the extraordinary means are responsible. There is never any reasonableness in the idea that ordinary means should be neglected or suspended for the sake of extraordinary effort.

5.—*Be present at the prayer meeting as often as you can—the oftener the better.* We do not make attendance at the prayer meeting or any other meeting an essential in your salvation, but we say that the best Christians enjoy the prayer meeting, and that there is something the matter with you unless you enjoy it. Do not come to the prayer meeting merely to pass the time, or because you have no other place to go for a change, so to speak ; but come in an expectant frame of mind, believing that the prayer meeting is the place of spiritual power. The prayer meeting should always be a “previous engagement” in relation to most of the calls made upon your time and attention on Wednesday evenings.

6.—*Do some work for the cause of Christ.* If asked to become an office-bearer, accept with humility, and fulfil your duties faithfully. If asked to teach in the Sabbath School or help the singing in the church, consent at once, even at the cost of self-denial. Visit the sick and the lonely according to your opportunity. Read with them, or pray with them, or sing with them. Or, if you are not equal to any of these, then speak sympathetically to them. You can surely do that. Be kind to strangers who attend your church. Try and get a hold of the indifferent. They

are not far from your door. Persuade them, if possible, to come to church. Make an appointment with them. Tell them you will be glad to call for them if they will accompany you. Go out of your way to suit their convenience. You may thus win their souls. Remember always that there is work for every one to do. Do not stand idle in the market-place. "To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as reasonable as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands."

7.—*Give liberally towards the church collections.* That means give as much as you can. Now just ask yourself the question whether you are giving to the best of your ability. If you find that you are not, then increase your contributions. Remember that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Liberality of spirit on your part is food and drink unto God. To be niggardly is to starve God out. Israel of old robbed Him in tithes and offerings and they did not gain by it. In this connection read Mal. iii. 7-12.

8.—*Be faithful to your church.* Never be a troubler of Zion. Do not make your opinions and wishes the rules for others to follow. Be charitable. Believe that there are other people in the church quite as good as you and perhaps better. Give others the credit of being sincere when they differ from you and defer to the wishes of others where no principle is at stake. It will also do you good to remember sometimes that the cause of God would prosper though you and I were dead and buried.

Never talk down your church. Some people have an eye only to flaws. To hear them talk one would think their church rotten from top to bottom. These people do their best to ruin their church. If they mean to remain in it they should cease from croaking. Croaking within does more harm than cursing without.

Remember that you are a member of a great national institution—the Church of Scotland. Your being so imposes certain responsibilities upon you. Your church has conferred untold benefit upon past generations and it has enormous potentialities for the future. The fact of your

being a member of this institution implies, I hope, that you set some value upon the principles upon which it is founded. Lead your fellow-members therefore to understand that your support may be relied upon in the day in which these principles become the objects of depreciation or assault. Remember that the man who cannot be relied on in one set of circumstances in which principle is at stake is but a feeble reed to lean upon in any other set of circumstances. This, of course, implies that you have a principle worth defending, yea, and worth making a sacrifice for. Surely you regard the principle of establishment and endowment for the Church of Scotland as such.

9.—*Be faithful to your minister.* He loves you. He is very sensitive to indifference. Pray for him; he needs it. Always remember that prayer in the pew makes power in the pulpit. Do not lay on your minister heavier burdens than he can bear. One sometimes comes across church members who would save their own skin by making the minister responsible for lines of conduct of which they themselves are the authors. That is contemptible. It is no doubt written, "bear ye one another's burdens," and a minister is bound to bear the burdens of his flock, but it is also written, "every one will bear his own burden," and in the circumstances before us the latter words are much more applicable than the former.

If you are ill and wish to see your minister send for him. Do not imagine that the birds of the air will carry him news of your illness, or that he will come to hear of it at all unless you adopt means of letting him know.

10.—*Above all, be faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ at all times and in all circumstances.* Be as interested in His business as in your own. Stand by Him come what may. Discard and discountenance effeminacy and cant. Never talk above your experience. Never play the hypocrite. Never deny your Lord. Be even down in all your dealings with others. Young men, be manly with the manliness of Christ. Young women, be tender with His tenderness. And let young and old alike make it the supreme end of life to honour and obey Him. He is worthy of all your regard and all your service.

H. M.

CHAPTER VI

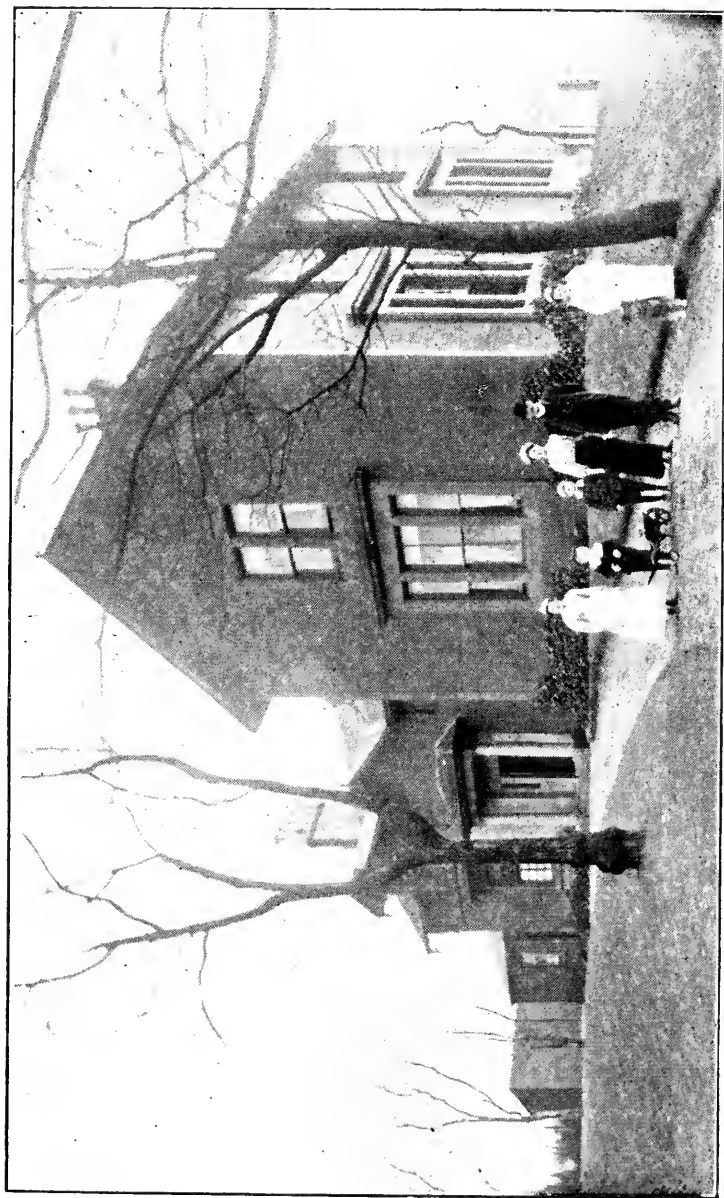
SHETTLESTON

“ He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

“ In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
Our God is marching on.”

THE call to Shettleston was clear and unmistakable, and the Highland minister had a most cordial reception from the Lowland people. The Induction took place on the thirteenth of April, 1905 ; and in the evening there was the usual congregational social meeting for welcome and presentation of robes. The evening meeting was a most enjoyable one, and all the speeches were excellent ; but strangely enough, just as the robes were placed on the minister's shoulders, the writer found herself struggling fiercely with a sudden lump in the throat and vainly trying to keep back tears which would not be stayed. The Minister never knew of this, and often we wonder now, did anything whisper it was to be the last robing but one ? When, late that night, we retired to rest in a Glasgow hotel, we asked if it was true that there was a debt



THE MANSE AT SHETTLESTON, WITH THE FAITHFUL MANSE DOG "BRUCE" ON THE RIGHT.
(From a snap-shot in 1906.)

of £2,000 on the church hall. The Minister knew nothing of it. We had just come from the building of a hall in Campbeltown ; if it did seem a little hard, we remembered that the only way to deal with difficulties was to overcome them, so we laid ourselves down and slept, knowing that the way was all marked out, and that our part was to follow the Guide.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Vacancy Committee, written from Campbeltown, and dated February 25, 1905, Mr. Mackinnon says—" I am deeply sensible of the responsibility which Thursday's vote has imposed upon me, and *I do intend to prove myself worthy* of the confidence which has thus been placed in me." We all know how the vow was kept.

The children had been sent to Crieff to be out of the confusion and discomfort of the " flitting," and it was not until they were brought back that the strange manse could be called " home." We were glad at least that it was surrounded by green fields, and we had the kindest of neighbours in Dr. Hill, of Barlanark, and his niece Miss Grahame.

But long before the manse could be got into order, the Minister was in harness, visiting with his elders and fulfilling many engagements both inside and outside of the parish. The congregation at this time numbered 1,130 members ; in November, 1912, the number of communicants at Mr. Mackinnon's last Communion service was 1,780. At the first and last Communion of the Shettleston ministry, the assisting minister was Mr. Strang, of the Castlehill Church, Campbeltown, who had also baptised both Mr. Mackinnon's sons.

It was not long before we discovered that Shettleston was not to be one whit behind Campbeltown in genuine friendliness and kindness towards its minister, and

those belonging to him. The change was never once regretted, even when the battle was at its fiercest ; for a Herculean task lay in the ministerial work of those eight years.

It was whispered about a good deal after we came, that the people of Shettleston Parish Church “do not give.” Now, without staying to inquire whether there were very many distinctly Shettleston people amongst us, the ordinary observer could not fail to notice that they were continually giving to one cause or another. The first appeal made by the Minister from the pulpit on behalf of a Glasgow church was responded to with ready generosity. Others followed, and were treated in much the same way. The two *quod sacra* parishes at Tollcross and Carntyne were in need of help, which was given cheerfully and without any unnecessary delay, notwithstanding the fact that the Parish Church people were themselves burdened with a debt of £2,000. The treasurer’s financial report never allowed us to forget that £600 at least was required annually for the upkeep of the Church, and if, any year, more was required, or if, owing to extraordinary circumstances, there was a deficit, it was always made up by special effort.

It is true that at first the people seemed disinclined to give to Foreign Missions, and it was a little hard to be told stonily that “charity begins at home.” But we hope to be able to show that a very great change took place in this respect during the years of which we are now writing.

The first two years in Shettleston were marked by rather trying and continuous ill health in the manse. The Minister himself kept well, and indeed seemed to enjoy better health than he had had in Campeltown. But the children had much trouble, and the minister’s

wife ailed sadly. Vivid recollections of the first year are those of lying listening daily to the tinkle, tinkle of the bell on the doctor's horse as it scampered up the avenue. We weathered it all, however, and struggled on for a time. But the manse was difficult to work; there was no gas, and on this account, and also because it was "so lonesome," servants could scarcely be got to remain for any lengthened period. So many fires were needed because of the cold and damp, and this meant hard work and sore hands, and girls are surely not to be blamed if they seek out the houses where the work is easiest. But we were as happy as possible, only it was hard to see so little of Daddy, who was out frequently all day, and not in until very late. Once he managed to come in at five o'clock, and we were all so delighted. The children begged for a "tea party" in mother's room to mark the occasion, and one of them said, "Now how happy we are!" "Yes, sonny," said Daddy; "if mother would only keep well." Nothing clouded his spirit so much as the knowledge that any of his own were suffering.

After this came the bazaar, held in Glasgow, for the *quod sacra* church at Tollcross, to which a stall had been promised. Every one gave what they could quite freely, and there were plenty of willing helpers. But, as we all know, it is one thing to get together contributions for such purposes, and quite another to dispose of them, even at reduced prices. After three or four days going backwards and forwards into town, each one wearily endeavouring to get rid of articles which no human being required, or was ever meant to require, getting home late at night over a long dark road in boisterous wind and drenching rain, one begins to wonder if the cost of some

things is not out of all proportion to their actual value.

That year there was a deficit in the funds of the congregation, and we had perforce to get up another sale of work. It was most heartily supported, and was moreover the means of bringing together a band of workers who were afterwards always in readiness for service. There is something more than a merely subtle difference between a "Bazaar" and a "Sale of Work." Methods are frequently adopted at the former which cannot, or ought not, to be tolerated under the shadow and in the interests of a Christian church.

The congregational treasurer had asked for £30 to meet the shortage in the year's accounts, and out of the efforts of a few weeks we were able to hand over £40. Numbers of new people were coming into the church, and nothing helps strangers to feel more at home in a congregation than to be asked to help in one or other of its many activities. How often help comes from quarters from which it is least expected.

Every one was most anxious that a beginning should be made in the effort to clear off the hall debt of £2,000, so that they might then be able to build a new manse for their minister. But as yet the way was not clear for this. From first to last there was much in the Shettleston ministry to vex the spirit. There are men who would perhaps not have minded very much, but this man was keenly sensitive and highly strung. His mission as a minister was to win souls into Christ's Kingdom; and the necessity laid upon him of continually boring for gold and silver to extinguish debt and for other purposes was alien to his fine spirituality. Yet never once was he heard to complain; he toiled early and late, visited the sick in their homes and in hospitals, and shepherded his

rapidly increasing congregation with unwearied and loving care. As a platform speaker he excelled, and was overwhelmed with requests from societies and organisations in and around Glasgow, while from Sunday to Sunday he preached with a freshness, a vigour, and an intensity which made many marvel. But the secret was that he kept himself low at the feet of God. "The love of Christ constrained him." This was the heart of all.

"Yet it was well, and Thou hast said in season
As is the Master shall the servant be;
Let me not subtly slide into the treason,
Seeking an honour which they gave not Thee.

"Never at even, pillowed on a pleasure,
Sleep with the wings of aspiration furred,
Hide the last mite of the forbidden treasure,
Keep for my joys a world within a world.

"Nay, but much rather let me late returning
Bruised of my brethren, wounded from within,
Stoop with sad countenance and blushes burning,
Bitter with weariness and sick with sin.

"Then as I weary me and long and languish,
Nowise availing from that pain to part,
Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
Forced through the channels of a single heart.

"Straight to Thy presence get me and reveal it,
Nothing ashamed of tears upon Thy feet,
Show the sore wound, and beg Thine hand to heal it,
Pour Thee the bitter, pray Thee for the sweet.

"Then with a ripple and a radiance through me,
Rise and be manifest, O Morning Star,
Flow on my soul thou spirit and renew me,
Fill with Thyself, and let the rest be far.

“ Safe to the hidden house of Thine abiding
Carry the weak knees and the heart that faints,
Shield from the scorn, and cover from the chiding,
Give the world joy, but patience to the saints.”
F. W. H. Myers.

The clouds which had continued to hang over the manse seemed to become just then more threatening. Diphtheria had kept one of the boys in isolation for weeks, and then, just as the anxiety was beginning to lift, but before he was fully recovered, the minister's wife was stricken down with serious illness. At the end of two days, and in the midst of much consternation and alarm, an ambulance wagon was brought, and the Minister went with his wife to a nursing home. How well we remember that journey. It was a dreary winter afternoon; and at intervals as we rolled on through the city there would be anxious questioning—“ Were we all right ? ” “ Was the wagon shaking too much ? ” “ Could he do anything ? ” But all we wanted was that he should just “ not go away.” In the midst of all the pain what hurt most was the spectacle of his anguish, and the dread which only mothers know. The ambulance men were so kindly, assuring us that they “ always took people home again ” ; and as the stretcher was about to be lifted in, one of them gave the order, “ Shut your eyes now.” When we opened them again, there were four or five white-robed figures hovering over us, and smiling reassuringly, as if there was nothing at all wrong. We thought they might be angels, and found out afterwards that they surely were ! Then the Minister came in, but could not speak a word. After a bit, “ I'll come to-morrow ; *now*, it's going to be all right now,” and he was gone. Presently he was sitting down to tea in the manse, with only his little

five-year-old son, as the other was still in quarantine. Long afterwards we heard the story. The house was strangely quiet ; the blessing had been asked, but the father did not begin, and the child did not begin. And the father was having such a struggle with himself that he could not see that the little heart was bursting. " Why don't you go on, sonny ? " he asked, and then caught sight of the downcast face and tearful eyes. With one bound he was up, gathered his motherless bairn to his heart, and together they sobbed. " Now, sonny, it will be all right," said the Minister after a bit, " please God mother will come back." " As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, saith the Lord."

The story of the following weeks can scarcely be told. There was grave danger and sickening suspense : we were now of the number of those " who in the morning say, would God it were night, and at night, would God it were morning." But the burden over all was that there might be no separation from those who needed us. It was then we realised the depth of meaning in the beautiful little poem, entitled "*The Mother*," by Katharine Tynan :—

" I am the pillars of the house ;
The keystone of the arch am I ;
Take me away and roof and wall
Would fall to ruin utterly.

* * *

" I am the twist that holds together
The children in its sacred ring,
Their knot of love from whose close tether
No lost child goes a-wandering.

" I am their wall against all danger,
Their door against the wind and snow.
Thou whom a woman laid in a manger,
Take me not till the children grow."

For three long weeks the Minister missed no day in his coming, except the Sundays ; so that the other patients, too, found themselves watching for him. How he brightened up that room of pain for each of us ! Yet he spoke very little, for all the while he was fighting down the shyness and reserve he always felt in the presence of strangers. The very sight of him in a sick-room was like a breeze from the Highland hills ; he looked so radiant always. And it falls to be told, too, how every day he carried into the city from his manse a can of milk, because the effects of what Robert Louis Stevenson called the "sweet whiff of chloroform" had turned us against all else ; which was in reality but the sick man's longing for the "water that is by the gate at Bethlehem."

And how shall we tell of the heaped-up kindnesses at this time, the anxious and incessant inquiries of our dear Shettleston people ? There was no day when flowers and delicacies were not sent, until the room was like a bower. And those who went daily to the manse because their hearts were sore for the Minister, and kept things going ; guiding the house and looking to the little ones while he was out at work ! Not until memory leaves us can we forget any of these things.

Then quite suddenly one day the doctor said we might go home, and we wondered greatly, for as yet there was not even strength to turn. Did he mean that we might just as well be allowed to die at home. "Oh no !" he exclaimed ; it only meant that recovery would be prolonged and tedious—a year or more perhaps—and we might wish to be spared needless expense. So the ambulance was brought again, but this time the Minister's face was beaming. What preparations had been made in the manse ! Mother's room had been

got ready almost entirely by Daddy and the boys, and how lovely it all looked. But we have no language in which to express the deep, deep, thankful joy of restoration to loved ones.

There were yet other three weeks of extreme weakness, during which no hired nurse could have done better, nor half so tenderly, what the Minister did. He was so strong and gentle ; so pleased and happy because we thought him a "jewel of a nurse" ; so proud and glad when at last his patient was able to walk from room to room. But he had another patient, he said, who was alone and dying he feared, and could not take the food which was being brought to her. Did we think we could manage to make anything for her ? So things were brought upstairs, something made which might tempt a sick person, and sent down all wrapped up to keep it warm. And the poor sufferer was so surprised, for she knew all about the trouble in the manse, and told her minister next day that it was the only food she had relished for a fortnight. Nothing made him so happy as to be able to help people in these and other ways. Some one told us a little while ago how he had gone to see a Highland lad in his lodgings in Glasgow, and finding him ill in bed had lit the fire and tried to make the room less dreary. It was just like him.

We can hardly go farther without introducing to our readers "Bruce," the manse dog, and faithful, affectionate friend for eight years. Bruce was a handsome black and tan collie, with a noble head, soft liquid eyes, and a face full of intelligence. He had been most kindly given to us, when he was only five weeks old, by a member of the congregation, shortly after we came to Shettleston ; and his upbringing was a matter of great concern. As he grew

older, his attachment to his master was most touching ; yet he knew quite well, although he had never been told, that he must not follow the Minister when he went out ; but he could not be stayed from following every other member of the family. In the same way he would lie perfectly still on the grass, and, with a look of abject resignation, watch us walking off to church on Sundays. He had a welcome, a little elephantine sometimes to be sure, for all who came to the manse, especially for aunties, ministers, and assistant ministers ! But he could not tolerate bicycles or vehicles of any kind on the road leading past the manse, and was frequently on this account guilty of glaring misconduct. But was any member of the family ill ? Then Bruce's place was beside the sick-bed until restoration came. When he was taken on holiday with us, he never failed to rebel vociferously against being put into the *van* of the train ! How his master laughed once at a far north railway station, to hear the station-master, as he moved up and down the platform at six o'clock in the morning, expostulating with delightful good humour, "*Noo, Bruce, if ye dinna be qweyette, ye'll be pit 'oot !*" Alas, poor Bruce !

No one knew better than he did that there was something very far wrong in the manse when, at the last, his master had to be taken away in an ambulance. And although he was temporarily shut up and saw nothing of what came and went afterwards, he whined and whined and sniffed at the closed door of the quiet, quiet room. He never held up his head after this, and when, on several occasions, he was missed from Buchanan Gardens, he was always found lying prone on the cold doorstep of the deserted manse, and within less than four months afterwards he sickened and died. For days previously he had lain, unable even

to lift his head, but always answering with a deep groan, when we would say mournfully, "Oh, poor Bruce." "Bruce broke his heart," said some one near by; and by a strange coincidence, just at this very time we came upon the following story:—

"Where in the whole world is there anything so beautiful as devotion, whether of man to God, or man to man, or dumb creature to his master? During 'the White Winter,' as any one may read in *Bob, Son of Battle*, they found old Wrottsley, the squire's head shepherd, lying one morning at Gill's foot, like a statue in its white bed, the snow gently blowing about the venerable face, calm and beautiful in death. And stretched upon his bosom, her master's hands, blue and stiff, still clasped about her neck, his old dog Jess. She had huddled there, as a last hope, to keep the dear dead master warm, her great heart riven, hoping where there was no hope. That night she followed him to herd sheep in a better land. 'Death from exposure,' Dingley, the vet., gave it; but, as little McAdam, his eyes dimmer than their wont, declared huskily, 'We ken better, Wullie.' "

The time was now approaching when arrangements had to be made to assist the members of the *quod sacra* church at Carntyne with their bazaar in aid of endowment. Active help could not be given from the manse on this occasion, but there were always willing and ready helpers, and the work was carried through with great efficiency, and much appreciation from the minister and congregation of the church at Carntyne.

Mr. Mackinnon's labours as Secretary of the Bridge of Allan Convention were a delight to him. When he was sadly over-weighted, as he too frequently was, the clerical work in connection with the Convention would be handed over to others. The congestion of duties was such, that no sooner would he have arrived at Bridge of Allan, than, unfailingly, the manse tele-

phone bell would ring, and with breathless eagerness he would call out a list of things which he had forgotten, or been unable to see to, and beg us to arrange for them. The standing wonder was how he remembered so much ! Yet no one at the Convention could sing with more meaning or fuller realisation :—

“ Like a river glorious
Is God’s perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.

* * *

“ Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
Touch the spirit there.

“ Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest ;
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.”

In the spring of 1908 we accompanied him to the Irish Convention, in the lovely lake-district of Killarney. There were many earnest speakers, but our best memories of this Convention are—the chairmanship of Mr. J. D. Crosbie, the Bible Readings of the Rev. J. Stuart Holden, and an early morning address by Mr. Mackinnon on “The New Song.” We found our own notes of this latter only yesterday, and it seemed like the reawakening of exquisite music :— (1) “The Note of *Redemption* ;” (2) “The Note of *Royalty* ;” (3) “The Note of *Consecration*.” The address itself was like the morning song of birds, and was immediately followed by the slow and impressive singing of—

“ How I praise Thee, precious Saviour,
That Thy love laid hold of me !
Thou hast saved and cleansed and filled me,
That I might Thy channel be.

“ Channels only, blessèd Master,
But with all Thy wondrous power,
Flowing through us, Thou canst use us
Every day and every hour.”

From Keswick Mr. Mackinnon always returned refreshed in spirit, and never failed to “pass on” to those about him, and to his people on Sundays, the helpful spiritual teaching he had himself received.

A very strong bond of unfeigned affection existed between him and the Episcopal brethren with whom he was associated at Keswick. Mr. A. A. Head, chairman of the Convention, says :—

“ I had long cherished the deepest regard and personal affection for him ; and in his passing I am conscious that something has gone out of my life. My prayer is that God will raise up others to take his place, and that out of death there may come life to his brethren in the ministry—to workers in the field—and indeed to all to whom he was known, and who have valued his ministry, his example, and his influence.”

“ He had greatly endeared himself to many of the Keswick brethren,” writes the Rev. Evan H. Hopkins, of Woburn Chase, Surrey, “and was much valued as one of the faithful champions of the Cross. There are few men in Scotland whose loss would be more deeply felt.”

“ One of the most lovable and unselfish men I have ever met,” writes another English Church clergyman, “his life and character were an inspiration.”

The two appreciations that follow appeared in *The Life of Faith* of February, 1913, and are given here as linking Mr. Mackinnon with Keswick.

THE SUDDEN HOME-CALL OF A BELOVED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE MASTER.

It is difficult to understand why some men are cut down in what seems the prime of life and in the midst of all their activities, and when some man whom we think cannot be spared is suddenly removed to higher service, we can only bow the head and say in awed humility, “Thy will be done.” These are the feelings which possess our minds

to-day, when we think of the sudden home-call of the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, M.A., minister of Shettleston Parish Church, Glasgow. A fortnight ago he appeared well and strong. Then he caught a chill, pneumonia supervened, and on Tuesday of last week he passed from the service of earth into the presence of the Master, whom he loved so well and served so faithfully. To the widow and two young boys left alone in their terrible sorrow our hearts go out in tenderest sympathy ; may the Divine comfort be their portion, and may it be abundantly realised in their experience that God is indeed a Friend to the widow and the fatherless.

A splendid example of the Highlander, Mr. Mackinnon was only forty-six years of age, and to look at his tall, manly figure and robust, vigorous frame, one could not but think that there lay before him many years of blessed service. For he was a happy worker in the vineyard of his Master, and loved to preach the Gospel in all its rich and glorious fullness. He had no sympathy whatever with the modern tendency to make the pulpit the medium through which purely social doctrines are proclaimed ; it was ever his aim and ambition to make full proof of his ministry, and to so present the message of salvation that sinners would turn to God for pardon and acceptance. Burning with Celtic fire, Mr. Mackinnon preached with such eloquent earnestness that in the early days of his ministry he became known as the " Spurgeon of the North "—a title which was not misplaced, for the power of the young Highlander was felt over a wide area, and attracted large congregations wherever he preached. As an illustration of the fruits of his faithful ministry, it is told of a Highland girl that, when asked how she became a Christian, she answered, " Since I was a child I have been taught the Scriptures, and longed to be the Lord's, but when I came to Campbeltown, I went to Mr. Mackinnon's church. He made the way of salvation so plain that I accepted Christ, and every time I heard him speak after that he brought me near to God."

Mr. Mackinnon, in addition to the heavy duties of a wide parish and a large congregation, took a leading part in every good work. For the past twelve years he was a regular attender at the Keswick Convention, and, on

occasion, his voice was heard from its platforms. He loved the truths for which the movement stands, and his last contribution to the pages of *The Life of Faith*, a few months ago, was in the nature of a testimony to the value of the "Keswick message." As secretary also of the Bridge of Allan Convention, he exercised a useful and valued ministry, and the fact that last year's gathering of the Scottish "Keswick" was the largest and best since its institution in 1892, was due in no small measure to his untiring energy and consecrated tact. Mr. Mackinnon, at our request, wrote for us an account of these meetings, remarking in the course of his article that it was a "wonderful Convention," and that it had accomplished a "deep and lasting work."

And "now the labourer's task is o'er," and he stands in the presence of the King. But the memory of his beautiful life and his whole-hearted service will linger as a sweet and gracious influence, and the fragrance of the memory will be an inspiration to all who knew and loved him.

J. K. M.

Readers of *The Life of Faith* who were acquainted with the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, of Glasgow, as a Convention speaker, and through his occasional articles in our columns, will read with astonishment and regret the announcement of his death which appears on another page. Mr. Mackinnon was a brother greatly beloved, and in many circles his presence will be sadly missed. Painstaking and conscientious in all the work which he undertook, he spared no effort to give of his best and to fulfil all his obligations. He was always ready and willing to go the "extra mile." An experience of our own may be mentioned in this connection. Mr. Mackinnon was a speaker at the Keswick Convention of 1911, and going on holiday to the Western Highlands of his native land, the proof of his address (to be revised for "Keswick Week") followed him to his quiet retreat. Knowing the necessity of haste and the importance of returning the proof without delay, Mr. Mackinnon at once corrected it, and then found himself in a difficulty, for there was only one collection of letters in the twenty-four hours, and that had already been taken. But he was not so easily daunted. Engaging a rowing-boat, he set

out for a village five miles away, where the postal facilities were more up-to-date, and that, too, in the teeth of a gale which eventually drove him back and defeated his purpose. The writer will ever have happy memories of an afternoon spent in the manse at Shettleston, and of the gracious courtesy and love that pervaded the home-like incense from the altar of God.

A REFERENCE TO THE KESWICK CONVENTION, FROM MR.
MACKINNON'S OWN CHURCH SUPPLEMENT.

. . . A meeting which always affords me special pleasure is a Christian Endeavour Rally held in the Keswick Methodist Church on the occasion of every Convention. It was inspiring this year again to hear the responses from district representatives according to the alphabetical order of the names of the district from which the Endeavourers came. Responses were given from cities and towns in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, the United States, Australia, India, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain. The Spanish Endeavourers gave their response in Spanish and although few of those present fully understood what the Spaniards said, the Holy Spirit used their response as a means of blessing to the whole meeting. I tell you it filled one's heart to think that the Lord Jesus Christ had disciples in so many countries, and of so many nations. He is already seeing of the travail of His soul. I ought perhaps to mention that the Lord's Supper was dispensed on Thursday morning of Convention week in St. John's Parish Church, Keswick, according to the order of the Church of England, among the officiating clergymen being Prebendary Webb-Peploe and Rev. Evan Hopkins. I was one of some 400 ministers who partook of the Communion, and I left that beautiful building saying within myself that "this was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven." If you want your paltry denominationalism consumed, go to Keswick. You will see there that in all the churches the Lord has His servants and followers. It has to be confessed with regret that in some quarters there exists a prejudice that cannot be fully accounted for, against what is called Keswick teaching. For my part, I consider that the best way to deal with such prejudice is to attend or persuade one to attend the Convention. I am

much mistaken if any person who ever went thither with a mind open to conviction came away without having all prejudice removed and much enthusiasm evoked. The fact is, Keswick teaching is scriptural to the core, and according to the standards of all Reformed Churches, including our own, the Scriptures are the supreme rule of faith and morals. Keswick teaching is all in the Bible. "Holiness unto the Lord" is the keynote of all the addresses delivered, and if this teaching be found unpalatable and, therefore, unacceptable by many, it is, I fear, because they are unwilling to meet God's demand upon their lives.

They simply do not want to consecrate their lives unto the Lord. The call given at Keswick is to full personal self-surrender to Christ Jesus and an acceptance by faith of the Holy Ghost—an experience as possible to-day surely as it was in apostolic times. This is the message which Christians of our age require. They have all been at Bethlehem, and have recognised the helpless Babe as God Incarnate; they have been at Calvary, and have seen there a Saviour dying to wash away sin's guilt. But they have not all, I fear, visited the empty grave in Joseph's garden, and seen the emblems of the Redeemer's victory and the proof that sin's power has been destroyed. Oh the selfishness, the flippancy, the vanity that mingle with modern so-called Christian service. Well did a distinguished Highland minister of a past generation—the late Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall—say that an apparently active and successful church may sometimes be only the embodiment of a great practical lie. We have scores of such churches in our land. The true motive is not behind the service. It is performed in the energy of the flesh, not in the power of the spirit—to gratify man, not to glorify God. What a revolution it would cause in our church life and activity if our members opened their hearts daily to the filling of the Spirit; if in all their undertakings they would wait upon the Lord, and when He has given the lead and prescribed the method they would follow these, come what may. We read in the Epistle to the Hebrews that all things are to be "put in subjection under His feet," and if we are to be His servants in anything but the name, that must be our position. Then will He use us to fulfil His purpose, and make the place of His feet glorious. It is

when we fall in utter prostration before Him, as did John when a prisoner in the island of the Ægean Sea, that we see His right hand extended to befriend us, and hear His words inspiring and comforting us—"Fear not, I am the First and the Last and the Living One, I became dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death." Thus, emptied of self, freed from the bondage of self-trust, we shall be filled with all the fullness of God. How many of those who read these words will be led, even in the reading of them, to yield themselves and theirs—persons, and purses, and purposes—to Him who is so worthy of being their Lord?

"In full and glad surrender
I give myself to Thee,
Thine utterly and only
And evermore to be."

H. M.

"Sit down for a little," said the Minister to us one day after his return from Keswick, "I want to tell you this story; it is a true story; I heard it from the lips of S. D. Gordon himself. A New England clergyman had an only son named Phil, a lad of fourteen, who was attending school. One day the minister was surprised to receive a visit from the boy's teacher. In the course of conversation, the teacher said, 'Is your son well enough?'

" 'Yes,' said the minister. 'Why do you ask?'

" 'Because he has not been at school to-day.'

" 'We thought he was,' said the minister.

" 'Nor yesterday,' continued the teacher.

" 'Oh!'

" 'Nor the day before that.'

"When the visitor had gone, the minister sat down at his desk as usual, but he could not work. By and by he heard the garden gate open, just at the time his son should return from school. Going to the door, he admitted the boy himself. 'You come with me,

Phil ;' and the father and son found themselves alone together in the study.

" ' Were you at school to-day, Phil ? ' asked the father.

" The boy hung his head.

" ' Or yesterday ? ' "

" ' Or the day before ? ' as the boy's head dropped lower.

" ' My boy,' said the father, and his voice was husky and broken, ' you let us think you were.' After a few minutes' silence the father continued, ' Now, Phil, we'll get down and pray about this.' This was worse and worse ; Phil could have borne anything else better, but father and son got down on their knees. Phil did not know what his father said in that prayer, but he knew he was weeping, and his own eyes were not dry. When they rose the father said, ' Now, Phil, my boy, there is a law which cannot be broken ; all wrongdoing must be followed by suffering. You will go up to the attic for three days and nights, just the time you allowed your mother and me to think you were at school when you were not.' Then Phil took his punishment like a man, and made his way to the attic, where a little bed was made up, and his meals brought to him. In the evening the minister and his wife were strangely silent and sad ; at tea-time they could not eat anything, and afterwards the minister could not see to read, and his wife could not see to sew. And so they sat on until the hour for retiring, but neither wished to go to bed. Ten o'clock came, eleven, twelve, and at one they slowly rose and went upstairs. But it was no good ; after an hour's tossing the minister said, ' Why don't you sleep, mother ? ' ' Oh, I'm sleeping,' said his wife, ' why don't you sleep ? ' ' I'm just going to sleep now,' said he. After another hour's tossing, the minister said, ' Mother, I can't stand this any longer, *I'm going up to Phil!*'

And to the attic he went, where in the darkness, with wide-open eyes and tear-stained cheeks, lay his boy Phil. Now father and son had always been friends—chums—so the father got down beside his boy, and locked in each other's arms, they passed the night, and the next night, and the night after that. And so the father shared his son's punishment."

Long before Mr. Mackinnon had finished this story, he had had to stop, for both himself and his wife were crying like two children. You see, *God's love is like that*. And if the Bible teaching of Keswick succeeds in bringing men and women to a true understanding of the great Father-heart of God, what we need is a "Keswick" in every parish. We have told Mr. S. D. Gordon's story from memory, and think that it concludes by saying that "Phil" is now telling the story of the Cross, with heart and tongue of fire, in the midst of heathenism.

There is included in this Memoir Mr. Mackinnon's last address at Keswick. The Rev. F. B. Meyer spoke immediately after Mr. Mackinnon on this occasion, and prefaced his address by saying: "I thank God for my brother's address, and I thank God that men like him are being raised up, that when the older of us are removed the Ark of God will still be borne on living shoulders."

During the winter of 1909 Mr. Mackinnon was sent by the Keswick Council as a speaker to the Convention at Clarens in Switzerland. It was an experience which he most thoroughly enjoyed, and we shall never cease to be grateful that he had this welcome respite, at least, in the midst of his strenuous work, for he loved travel, and was keenly interested in other countries and peoples.

Some time before this Mr. Mackinnon had been

strongly urged to become a member of the Shettleston School Board, he having served the community in Campbeltown in the same way. We did all in our power to prevent his undertaking more work, protesting that it was not fair to keep "piling the agony" on to one man ; for he already served on innumerable committees and societies, and was either president or secretary in a goodly number of them. But the Minister felt he must do his duty, and all his duty. Once in the olden days we had both been much amused by a sage remark from the kitchen, to the effect that "*popularity* was a great snare !" So it seemed indeed, for the results of the amazing popularity thrust upon Mr. Mackinnon everywhere were more work, and still more work. He himself was absolutely unaffected by this popularity ; he never sought it, never went out of his way to win it, and seemed indeed to think nothing of it beyond endeavouring to justify any confidence which was placed in him. Over and over again he showed plainly that he thought far more of the good opinion of the little company at home than of the world outside.

No sooner had he been elected a member, and chosen chairman of the School Board, than there seemed suddenly to come into existence an incredible number of persons from various places, all desirous of obtaining situations of one kind or another under the Shettleston School Board ! No one ever seemed to grudge the long tramp up to the manse, unless indeed some one was disappointed in not finding the Minister at home, which happened as often as not. The chairmanship of the Board added tremendously to his already heavy correspondence, and at the end of two years he was compelled to relinquish his duties as a member.

Immediately after his passing, a year ago, the mem-

bers of the Board met, and unanimously placed on record their "deep appreciation of his high qualities as a chairman. Kind and courteous at heart, he ever brought that influence to bear on the ordinary duties of the chair; and yet, when occasion required, he proved that he could rule with dignity and authority, if the true interests of the Board, or any of its concerns, were at stake. He had the educational interests of the district always before him, and was continually doing what he could to help their prosperity. . . ."

It happened that just as the School Board Election was proceeding, the manse was being converted into a sort of fancy fair! We had begged the Minister to allow us to hold a Sale of Work in aid of the Freed Slaves' Home of the Sudan United Mission, of which he was a director.

At first he would not hear of it, because we were not strong, and he was afraid the people would not come such a distance for a sale. So we told him that sometimes when he was pleading for Foreign Missions we could scarcely sit still in the pew, and it was hard to listen to such preaching and do nothing. Then after a while the Minister gave in, on condition that there would be plenty of helpers, to get whom was the easiest thing in the world. Those willing to help were asked to *volunteer*, and the result was surprising! The next thing was to ask each one to make the undertaking a subject of prayer. Do we Scotch people not carry our reticence in these matters a little too far? Then there was the weather! If it rained we could not possibly expect people to come such a long way. So we petitioned about that too. The contributions, in quantity and quality, far exceeded our expectations, so that extra tables had to be arranged outside. The day came, one of beautiful, unbroken sunshine, and the

people gathered in groups until there was quite a small crowd. Every one seemed so thoroughly happy, especially the ladies who had worked very hard, and at the end of three hours the treasurer reported having received a sum of £36. We had thought of £20, or £25. The result of this enterprise has been that six of the orphan freed slave children handed over to the missionaries by the British Government have been ever since, and still are, supported by friends in Shettleston Parish Church. How dear to the Minister's heart was the work of trying to spread "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" over the whole earth! Let us not forget.

The following summer Mr. Mackinnon took holiday duty during the month of August at the beautiful little St. Conan's Kirk, Lochawe, which lingers still in our memory with its quaint benediction of peace sung at the close of each service.

"Grant us Thy peace, O God of peace and love,
Who dwellest in the shining worlds above;
Grant us with Thee for ever to abide,
Our shade at noon, our light at eventide,
Till that day break when all our wanderings cease,
O God of peace and love, grant us Thy peace,
Thy peace, Thy peace."

There were frequent journeyings to and fro between Lochawe and Shettleston, on account of School Board meetings, funerals and marriages. We were very strongly opposed to preaching engagements during the Minister's holiday; but it made no difference even when we went to some little hired house of our own—he was sought for.

For a long time the Debt Extinction Scheme had been in operation, and strenuous efforts were being

made from week to week in order to have the money paid off. The people *worked hard*, for they were eager to relieve their minister of this burden, and impatient also to get begun with a new manse. But £2,000 is a large sum of money, in addition to the ordinary claims on a congregation, and all concerned are no doubt very glad to forget what they passed through. The Minister did his share of the "begging," and his friends were most kind, for in one week alone he had subscriptions amounting to £150. At last, in 1910, with the aid of a most welcome grant from the Baird Trust, the hall debt disappeared for ever, and the most indifferent amongst us breathed a sigh of relief.

We now come to the story of a winter which was the darkest but one for the manse and its occupants. One of the boys had again been laid aside with diphtheria, and the Minister's sister had come for medical advice about a knee which had long been the cause of grave anxiety, while other members of the household were apparently far from being in a state of good health. After some weeks the diphtheria patient was set free; but the knee remained obdurate, in spite of the very best surgical treatment. By the end of January the pain had become so severe that the surgeon counselled removal into town for an operation, which, afterwards, was happily successful; and this had no sooner been accomplished than the Minister himself was laid aside with fairly serious illness. "You will be next," he said to us, as he lay down. He was so patient, so anxious about his sick parishioners, and the other members of his own household. We were just holding out, and no more, until he could recover, after which the worst collapse of all came, and for many weeks there was utter prostration with acute sickness, giddiness, and *complete* loss of hearing. Again

the Minister was the tenderest and best of all nurses. What could be more touching than the sight of this popular preacher struggling in a sick-room with the directions on a tin of Benger's Food ! Mastering them too, and abjectly apologising because he had allowed the "*Bishop's toe*" to get in ! And looking so glad and happy when it was pronounced " just lovely ! " Nothing seemed quite so bad when he was by. But we had to submit to another removal into town. An operation, " just as serious as any one could pass through," we were afterwards told, was performed, and the doctors were quite hopeful that hearing would be restored. And although they were wrong, it has yet been given to us to realise that " My grace is sufficient for thee " ; and we wait with patience in the silence, knowing well that the next sound we hear will be the triumphant notes of the " New Song."

It will thus be seen that this beloved minister, who mingled daily with all classes of the community, " radiating happiness " wherever he went ; who toiled unceasingly in the dark places where " the poor of the earth hide themselves together " ; whose visits were like rays of sunshine to the weary sufferers in city hospitals and elsewhere ; who was rejoicing and sorrowing with his people all day long ; and whose pulpit ministrations from week to week were an undiminished source of spiritual inspiration, moral uplift and good cheer, was himself not infrequently carrying a secret load of care. Yet we do not remember that he ever once used the expression " it is hard," although his deeply affectionate nature was charged with that quick and ready sympathy for the sufferings of others which must always mean pain to its possessor. The sight of any one enduring physical or mental pain which he could not alleviate unmanned him ; but his habitual

and unfailing eagerness to point to the bright side of even the darkest experiences was in itself a true consolation. It was as if he stood, a radiant figure, in the midst of us all, calling always, "Be of good cheer, I see land!"

Having completed a course of lip-reading lessons, the teacher in dismissing us had said very pointedly, "Now there is no excuse for *you*; I went to hear your husband preach last night, and you can *literally see the words falling from his lips!*" And the first Sunday in church afterwards we could make out very nearly the whole of the sermon; but it is right to state that it had been read by us on the Saturday night: throughout all the years we had enjoyed that privilege.

The text on this occasion was taken from Acts xvi. 9, "And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us." The whole sermon was, of course, a powerful advocacy of foreign missionary enterprise, and before closing the preacher reminded his hearers that this was—

"No self-imposed task, but a Divine command. The Apostolic and Sub-Apostolic Church had understood and sought to obey it. Were we entitled to stand aside and ignore it? Were we entitled to give unto our Lord in this matter anything less than the most we can, whether in sympathy, prayer, work, or liberality?"

"Is not the fulfilment of this command essential to the best life of the Church? Why are we not prospering better at home? One reason is because we do not obey this injunction: ease, selfishness, luxury, materialism and low ideals are the peril of the Church. These are impossible only where the duty of world-wide evangelisation is recognized, and an attempt made to perform it."

Now, our duty with regard to Foreign Missions had been kept before us unceasingly; but there was some-

thing so arresting, so urgent on this particular occasion, that it would have been strange indeed if no results had followed. Gradually thereafter the change came, and just the year before their minister was taken from them, the women of the congregation had *doubled* their contributions to the cause of Missions ; and a year thereafter there was no diminution. Could there be a more fitting memorial of such a ministry ?

In 1907 Mr. Mackinnon was appointed chaplain to the Glasgow Regiment of the Highland Light Infantry, in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Robert Blair, of Edinburgh. Preaching before the Regiment for the first time, in the St. Andrew's Halls, Mr. Mackinnon's opening words were :—

“ I stand here as the successor of one whose memory I fondly cherish, and by whose example I desire to walk. There was no public duty to which the late Dr. Blair looked forward with greater interest and eagerness than the conduct of this annual service. He had a warm attachment for the Glasgow Highlanders, was proud of its traditions, and rejoiced in its prosperity. I hope it is not out of place for me to say that I highly value the honour of being appointed his successor as chaplain of this noble Regiment, and that I shall endeavour to discharge the duties of my office to the best of my ability, and in a manner that will in some measure justify the confidence which through my appointment has been reposed in me.”

The Glasgow Highlanders will not soon forget his burning words, preached from the text, “ Quit you like men, be strong ” (1 Cor. xvi. 13).

Nor can we ever forget the honour the Regiment showed him as he was borne over the “ last long mile.”

At a meeting of the Glasgow Highland Club, held on February 11, 1913, the members unanimously placed on record their deep sense of the loss which the Highland community had sustained

through the passing away of the chaplain of the regiment. In moving the resolution, the president, Colonel W. G. Fleming, referred to "the distinction Mr. Mackinnon gave to the proceedings on all occasions on which he was present at the meetings as an honoured guest." Colonel Fleming also said that they all knew what a "high type of true Highland gentleman Mr. Mackinnon represented," and added that "when to that were united the best qualities of a Highland minister, the result was a very perfect man indeed."

No account of Mr. Mackinnon's life-work would be complete without mention of the deep interest he took in the *children* of his flock, and in young people generally. Very soon after he came to Shettleston he organised a "Children's Guild of Honour," which has proved to be one of the most successful organisations in connection with the church. "The rules of the Guild are:—

1. To speak the truth at all times.
2. To honour my father and mother.
3. To be kind to everybody.
4. To abstain from strong drink as a beverage.
5. To be good and do good always.

The attendance of children averaged 200 ; the meetings are held once a week, in the evenings, when the superintendent, with his band of bright young monitors, has always an instructive and edifying programme in readiness for them. All these children attend church with their parents, also the Sunday Schools, of which there are two in connection with Shettleston Parish Church."—*Church Supplement* (1906). Mr. Mackinnon had always "a word" for the children at the Sunday forenoon service, with a children's hymn. At one time a series of short addresses, prepared for the little ones, had as their subjects the *animals* of the Bible,

taken alphabetically—the ant, bee, coney, dove, eagle, fox, grasshopper, horse, etc. ; and at another time the precious stones of the Bible. The older people looked forward to these sermonettes with as much interest and pleasure as the children themselves.

We have just been reminded that the children of the church are looking forward with great eagerness to reading the story of their minister's life. In one way, at least, it is possible for even the youngest to emulate his example—*he was so kind*. It does not appear that he started out to do anything *great*, but all his life he was in earnest ; he worked hard, and kept scattering "seeds of kindness" all the time. A picture which will be sure to interest the children is that of their minister during the last months in the manse, sitting at his own fireside, late at nights, busily writing, or reading, and, climbing up his arm, or perched on his shoulder, a kitten would be frolicking. Now and again the Minister would stop writing, look up, and smile with much amusement at the antics of this happy little kitten, now rubbing herself against his cheek ; while Bruce lay on the rug, with averted head, and a look which plainly meant, What right has that silly little creature to be on my master's shoulder ! As a boy, and as a man, the Minister had always been kind to dumb animals, and they were all devoted to him.

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small.

"For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

In still another way all the boys and girls who knew him may imitate their minister's example—*he was*

always willing to help, even with work which was entirely out of his sphere. If the maids were off duty, or on holiday, or had gone away unexpectedly, as they *will* occasionally do, the Minister *always* came and said, "Now, what can I do to help?" And then, in the cheeriest manner possible, he would do what he could. We have heard a story of him, how, when he was a boy, he used to rise very early in the morning to his studies, and would first of all light the fire and make his mother a cup of tea. Whatever he did, he tried to do well. It was very touching to observe how all the boys and girls recognised him on the street, whether they belonged to his church or not. And we know of children and young people who have gone many, many times and laid flowers on their minister's grave; often we have seen them there, pathetic little bunches, quite evidently tied up by a child's hand. And the tributes of the little ones are precious indeed.

In a very remarkable degree Mr. Mackinnon possessed what has been called "*the evangelizing power of the hand.*" Widespread testimony has been borne to his influence over men and women in the manner of his handshaking. "He helped me a lot," said one who had never heard him preach at all. "I used to meet him often on my way to work," said another, "and he always stopped, shook hands, and spoke so kindly and encouragingly; my day's work in the city seemed easier if I met him on my way to it." He had a beautiful hand, as may be seen from the photograph taken while he was minister of Stornoway—a *reliable* hand—and when men and women were in difficulties and fighting their unseen battles, his hearty handshake and sunny smile made them feel that things were not quite so black as they seemed. Here at least was a man who

really cared about their welfare. A touching instance of this came to us only yesterday in a letter from Australia, which speaks for itself:—

“UPPER BEACONSFIELD,
“VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA,
“January 25, 1914.

“DEAR MRS. MACKINNON,—

“I am a Shettleston man, now under the scorching suns of the East—nearly 100 deg. to-day.

“I have just been resting in my bungalow away up here almost on the summit of the Beaconsfield Hills, nearly 2,500 ft. above sea-level, from which we can view the sea, and the passing steamers from Melbourne to Sydney, Tasmania, etc.

“Yet how one's thoughts can return over the vast stretches of water, and you, as it were, *feel the touch of the hand*. Yes, I feel the touch, and the power on me, which your beloved husband gave me, when bidding me God-speed some eighteen months ago. You may remember me coming to the manse. Little did I think he would so soon be taken away; so young, so useful; but it is only a removal for higher service, God has said.

“I have been reading the life of Henry Kirke White, and the tribute paid to his memory comes to my mind at once, as I look at the picture of your dear husband hanging on my wall here. When I received the news, with his portrait in the paper, I cut it out, put it into a frame, and wrote underneath, ‘A man I knew, and loved much.’”

“Here is the tribute:—

‘Such talents and such piety combined,
With such unfeigned humility of mind,
Bespoke him fair to tread the way to fame,
And live an honour to the Christian name;
But Heaven was pleased to stop his fleeting hour,
And blight the fragrance of the opening flower;
We mourn, but not for him, removed from pain;
Our loss we trust is his eternal gain;
With him we'll strive to win the Saviour's love,
And hope to join him with the blest above.’

"This is my tribute to your dear husband, and I felt, as it were, impelled to write you. . . .

"Yours sincerely,

"W—— R——."

And away, far away, in other distant places, where the home mails are so eagerly looked for, the young men in their offices read to one another the newspaper accounts of his life and work ; and those of them who had never known him, never heard his name till then, spoke softly of him for days afterwards, and said wonderingly, "What a good man he must have been !" Who shall say his work is done ? Does it not rather seem that his best work is but beginning ? Is it not enough that men and women everywhere in speaking of him, "mingle his name with naming of the Lord ?" "Who was he, to begin with ?" asked some in those far-off places. He was only the son of a small farmer, in a lonely little wind-swept isle ; but as he stepped into his young manhood, he took Jesus Christ with him, and never faltered or turned back from his allegiance.

"If Jesus Christ is a man—

And only a man—I say

That of all mankind I cleave to Him,

And to Him will cleave always.

"If Jesus Christ is a God—

And the only God—I swear

I will follow Him through heaven and hell,

The earth, the sea, the air."

Disappointment will doubtless be felt because this narrative includes none of the sermons which were helpful to so many people. But by Mr. Mackinnon's will all his sermons were to be destroyed, as having done their work. Even had it been possible to publish them, there would still have been disappointment—readers would have missed the inspired preacher behind them ;

the glow and the fire would have been wanting, for so often "the thoughts that breathe and the words that burn" came to him just as he stood before the people. Many have recalled the way in which he used to walk across the chancel to the pulpit—the head and shoulders bent forward as if weighted with his message; the footsteps eager, almost hurried, suggesting that "the King's business requireth haste." But he was never anything less than absolutely natural in his conduct of the services of the sanctuary, and was singularly free from affectation and artificiality at all times. He never went to the pulpit unready; sermons were always patiently thought out, written and re-written (even if it meant sitting far into the night)—so that when he came to deliver them, he was almost independent of his manuscript. But the secret of his power as a preacher lay, not in any studied eloquence, but in his earnestness—*his intensity*—"too sore on himself," the Campbeltown people said. It was not possible for him to be otherwise; in his preaching he seemed to pour out his whole soul on the people, and the after-exhaustion was sometimes very great. He was gifted with a strange power in the pulpit; he could subdue, soften, shrivel, melt and move to tears those of us who listened to him. May we not think that this intensity, this soul-yearning over the people, was specially given him because in the foreknowledge of God the time allotted to him for the doing of his work was to be short? He read and studied incessantly, and dispensed to his people a mental wealth fed with the Bible and the best literature of the day. Many of his hearers have testified to the help they received even from the quotations which he sometimes introduced into his sermons. It is by request that a few of these are given here; "he had a way of saying things which

made them keep ringing in your ears all the week," said one, "and it is hard when you can't remember it all."

An Easter sermon some time ago concluded with the verses :—

" I say to all men far and near
That He is risen again,
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

" And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

" The fears of death and of the grave
Are 'whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

" He lives, His presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife ;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life."

One of his brother-ministers says that " in the inflections of his voice there was that touch of Celtic plain-tiveness which gives the Highlander such a command over his fellow-men." Who did not feel this in his rendering of Whittier's beautiful lines ?—

" I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

" And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

* * *

“ And so beside the Silent Sea
 I wait the muffled oar ;
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

“ I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air ;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.”

Or again :—

“ Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
 What may Thy service be ?—
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following Thee.

“ We bring no ghastly holocaust,
 We pile no graven stone ;
 He serves Thee best who loveth most
 His brothers and Thy own.

“ In vain shall waves of incense drift
 The vaulted nave around ;
 In vain the minster turret lift
 Its brazen weights of sound.

“ The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,
 Thy inward altars raise ;
 Its faith and hope Thy canticles,
 And its obedience praise ! ”

In a sermon, the texts of which were—“ *The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord* ” (Rom. viii. 39), and “ *We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us* ” (v. 37), the love of God in Christ Jesus, and the sense of victory which this brings, were set forth with great power and beauty in the simplest possible language. “ I like that word *more than conquerors*,” said the preacher, “ it is oftener on my lips in preaching than any other scripture expression. When shall we understand that *the conflicts* of life evoke the latent

faculties of the soul, and bring out its strength and beauty, and fit it for flights and felicities far beyond our most ardent dreams? O beloved, whose feet have still to tread the fiery embers, be not discouraged, do not lose hope, let the words of our text uplift you now."

"This hath He done, and shall we not adore Him?

This shall He do, and can we still despair?

Come, let us quickly fling ourselves before Him,

Cast at His feet the burthen of our care,

"Flash from our eyes the glow of our thanksgiving,

Glad and regretful, confident and calm,

Then thro' all life and what is after living

Thrill to the tireless music of a psalm.

"Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro' sinning,

He shall suffice me, for He hath sufficed;

Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning;

Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ."

F. W. H. Myers.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," closed with the words of a hymn, which, however, requires the music to bring out its full power:—

"My Saviour, Thou hast promised rest,

Oh give it then to me,

The rest of ceasing from myself

To find my all in Thee.

"O Lord, I seek a holy rest,

A victory over sin,

I seek that Thou alone should'st reign

O'er all without, within.

"In Thy strong hand I lay me down,

So shall the work be done,

For who can work so wondrously

As the Almighty One?

“ Work on then, Lord, till on my soul
 Eternal light shall break,
 And in Thy likeness perfected
 I ‘ satisfied ’ shall wake.”

“ In all their affliction He was afflicted ”—“ Does
 God care ? ”—

“ Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
 And thy Maker is not by ;
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,
 And thy Maker is not near.
 Oh, He gives to us His joy,
 That our grief He may destroy ;
 Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.”

William Blake.

To some of us this last line has been rendered luminous.

“ I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me ”
 (Is. xlv. 5), was a beseeching of young men and women
 especially not to leave God out of account in their
 lives.

“ Children of yesterday,
 Heirs of to-morrow,
 What are you weaving—
 Labour or sorrow ?
 Look to your looms again,
 Faster and faster
 Fly the great shuttles
 Prepared by the Master ;
 Life’s in the loom,
 Room for it—room.”

“ Children of yesterday,
 Heirs of to-morrow,
 Lighten the labour
 And sweeten the sorrow.
 Now—while the shuttles fly
 Faster and faster,
 Up and be at it—
 At work with the Master.
 He stands at your loom,
 Room for Him—room.

"Children of yesterday,
 Heirs of to-morrow,
 Look at your fabric
 Of labour and sorrow,
 Seamy and dark
 With despair and disaster,
 Turn it—and lo,
 The design of the Master !
 The Lord's at the loom,
 Room for Him—room."

How clear was his teaching as to *Conversion*—he had passed through it himself, he told his people once. It was not new light—he had known the Gospel from childhood ; what happened was "the creation of a new personal relation to God, a great reconciliation with God, a birth into sonship, a permanent change at the centre of his spiritual being, which had been the dominant element of his consciousness ever since.

" 'I have no other argument,
 I want no other plea ;
 Jesus died for all mankind,
 And Jesus died for me.' "

It was to be expected that personal holiness would be the one thing longed for in such a life.

"Search me, O God ! my actions try,
 And let my life appear
 As seen by Thine all-searching eye—
 To mine my ways make clear."

"If we offer this prayer sincerely, we shall get answers that will startle us," he told his hearers. But there would be "no victory without conflict."

"Then welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but go !
 Be our joys three parts pain,
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe."

But the most insistent note in Mr. Mackinnon's preaching, and one which seemed to ring out more and more clearly in all the Shettleston sermons, was the sure hope of immortality through our risen, glorified Redeemer. Only one who believed with his whole heart and soul, as he did, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, that He is alive for evermore, and that therefore He has "*abolished* death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel," could have become the means of suffusing into countless other lives the unspeakable joy of the same glad hope. "Because Jesus Christ has revealed immortality and exemplified it," he cried, "I am absolutely certain that I cannot die. We have an instinct of immortality, and although it is not a mathematical certainty, like death, yet instinct is reliable within certain limits. But we have more than an instinct—*we have Christ's empty grave!* No fact of history is better attested than this, which is 'the cardinal point of our Christianity,' and—

'I intend to get to God;
It is to God I speed so fast;
And on God's breast, my own abode,
Those shores of dazzling glory past,
I'll lay my spirit down at last.'"

Often, too, he would speak to his people of the revelations of Science and Philosophy, the mysteries of Astronomy and the fancies of Astrology, but only to show further how all things are "working together for good" to those who love God. But "read your Bible, read your Bible," he would say—"a Bible laid open, millions of surprises" (George Herbert).

The writer can never forget the light which shone in his face when, some years ago, he quoted to her for the first time—

“ The face of Death is towards the Sun of Life,
 His shadow darkens Earth ; his truer name
 Is ‘ Onward ’ ; no discordance in the roll
 And march of that Eternal Harmony,
 Whereto the worlds beat time, tho’ faintly heard
 Until the great Hereafter.”

Tennyson.

Nor again, when both had been reading a book by a friend on “ Christian Theism,” and we asked if he had seen the following note which occurs in it :—

“ It is hoped that it is not out of place to state here that, shortly after the MS. of this book¹ had been sent to the publishers, the writer had the misfortune to lose a devoted wife. She was deeply interested in this subject, and before she passed away the writer promised to cherish her spiritual presence, and asked her (if it was right and not hurtful) to try and manifest her presence to him. He feels bound to say he believes she has done so.”

“ Yes,” was all the Minister said, but his face was shining.

To the above testimony we can now, humbly and reverently, add our own, expressed in the following lines :—

“ Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it !
 Oh, could I only say what I have seen !
 How should I tell, or how can ye receive it,
 How, till He bringeth you where I have been ? ”

Mr. Mackinnon was unconscious of the way in which his own faith and example were making other men and women strong. “ He helped me in my spiritual life more than any other man I know,” said one ; “ all I am I owe to his preaching and example,” wrote a bright, earnest young Christian. And it was good to be told how much he had been to many of his brother ministers.

¹ Page 443 of *Christian Theism and Spiritual Monism*, by the Rev. W. L. Walker, D.D.

"I loved him, for he was one of the most lovable of men," wrote an Edinburgh minister. "Just a few weeks ago I had a long chat with him, and after we had parted, I said to another friend, 'There is one man in the world whom I love and reverence—Mr. Mackinnon, of Shettleston.' His faith quickened mine, and his beautiful character inspired me. In my memory I hold him, and I thank God for what he was to me. It will comfort you to know that he helped me in my Christian life. . . ."

He was not "goody-goody." No one could have mourned over personal faults more than he did ; he could be made angry, very angry ; some of us in Shettleston Church can remember having seen him more than once as one of "God's angry men"—"from his right hand went a fiery law for them—yea, he loved the people ;" but he simply could not keep his anger for five minutes. Never once in his own home was he known to speak a hasty word without immediately afterwards saying he was sorry and showing that he was so. What attracted and won the admiration of all who knew him was a moral robustness, a magnanimity of soul, a sort of sanctified naturalness in all he said and did. He was what God wanted him to be, a true man. Like every other faithful minister, he had his times of stress and strain, but in that great, generous heart there were no unloving thoughts of any one.

The last two years—1911-1912—were those during which the strenuousness of Mr. Mackinnon's life had begun to tell. In 1911 he suffered much from nasal catarrh, which threatened to become, and ultimately did become, chronic. Every known remedy was tried, and many doctors consulted. Much was said and written after his passing which was calculated to have given the impression that Mr. Mackinnon did

not take care of himself, that he deliberately overworked. It is enough to say here that all such impressions are utterly and entirely wrong. Mr. Mackinnon took every care to keep himself in good health recognizing that it was his duty to do so. Very pathetic were the patience and perseverance with which for two years he tried to rid himself of the malady which must have undermined his constitution. That he was overworked, sadly so, is only too true. But it was not of his own choosing; in a peculiar way he was "bound to the wheel." He seemed to be the property of all the churches, and was so happy in the midst of all his toil. Yet he refused an incredible number of requests for speaking and preaching; almost every week he would bring us a pile of letters, ready for posting, and say with a twinkle in his eye, "Now these are refusals; that will please you!" In June, 1911, we suggested a two months' holiday; the Minister said he could not conscientiously leave his parish for two months, but if we would take a house he would go backwards and forwards, and take a clear month if possible. So we quietly made up our mind to take a house sufficiently far away to prevent him wearing himself out with going and coming. At Rhu, five miles from Arisaig, we found the quietness and retirement which he so much needed. He had five weeks' rest here, and although it was necessary for him to go south four times, it was an almost perfect holiday, as was also that of the following year spent at Eigg. It was here, at Rhu, that Mr. Mackinnon wrote the "Voices from Patmos," now treasured by many of his people, and which it is hoped may be included in this *Memoir*, by the courtesy of the editor of *The Life of Faith*. On the hills at Rhu, and by the sea-shore, the writing-pad was always at hand; and

when we remonstrated, the Minister said gaily, "Oh, but it is all in my head, it is just coming out as fast as I write!" There was a beautiful little sandy bay, where he taught his boys to swim, and was as happy as a boy himself in the water. If the weather was calm we went fishing, and frequently also rowed to Arisaig. The dogs, Bruce and Major, were an unending source of amusement, and enjoyed the holiday as much as the rest of the party. It was here, one lovely evening, we witnessed such a sunset as we had never seen before, nor have since. Away in the west there seemed to open up a land of golden glory, which deepened and drew nearer until we too were encircled in the glow. In a silence of wonder and awe came the thought, "Surely it is the coming of His feet!" Not yet it may be, but "I will meet with thee there, and commune with thee above the mercy-seat."

One day the parish minister of Arisaig, for whom Mr. Mackinnon had taken a service, very kindly drove us all to Borrodale, to see the cave which had been poor Prince Charlie's hiding-place from his enemies, and the little bay close by, from which he sailed away from Scotland for the last time. Then we entered Borrodale House—beautiful with a glory of summer flowers and climbing creepers covering its quaint-looking walls;—where there were two dear little children, and a sweet young mother—who laid her baby down and went to make tea for the whole party, afterwards showing us the rooms which the Prince had occupied. It was a day to be remembered, with the beauty of land and sea, and the rugged grandeur of the surrounding hills, bathed in the warm August sunshine. Returning to Arisaig, we were most hospitably entertained at the manse before setting out on our homeward journey across the bay. Our small boat had

not gone very far, when the wind suddenly rose in a contrary direction, so that, in spite of much energetic rowing, little headway was being made, and Arisaig refused to recede into the distance. Dusk was falling, and gradually the wind had increased so that our frail bark was now tossing and tumbling in the midst of the angry waters. Not a word was spoken, although to one at least the strain of the situation was becoming almost unbearable, and was not in the least mitigated by seeing the look of wicked exultation on the faces of the young would-be mariners. For this was grand, of course, to be in a storm at sea ! Then to our intense relief the Minister, who had been watching all the while with the quiet alertness of the expert boatman, gave the order to turn back. The boat was then run into a creek, and after some difficulty we got ashore, and walked home, one of us with a deep sense of deliverance. “ We *could* have done it, boys,” said the Minister, “ but mother was getting very white.”

Next day a bare-footed Highland boy brought a telegram which summoned the Minister to go south for the third time. When he returned two days later, the farmer in whose house we were, very kindly said that we might remain a week longer after the end of the month, as the Minister’s time had been so broken. But telegrams continued to come, and before even the month was finished we suddenly gathered everything together one day, and were on our way home at 4.30 next morning. For the Minister had lost another of his elders—making the seventh during the Shettleston ministry. He felt these losses very keenly, both on his own account and on behalf of the bereaved families. So Rhu with its beautiful memories abruptly closed in shadow. For a time thereafter Mr. Mackinnon was much better in health, although

catarrh was still present more or less. One remedy after another was patiently tried for its removal, but even when relief was afforded it was only temporary. His work, both inside and outside of the parish, seemed to grow heavier each year, but he rejoiced in it all, like a strong man ready to run a race. In a brief Foreword, written for the congregational report of 1911, we find him expressing thankfulness that the membership of the church had grown so much and still continued to increase. He goes on to say:—

“As regards our members, all I would like to say specially is that the great majority of them are quite regular in their attendance at public worship. There is no sight more inspiring to me from week’s end to week’s end than that of our morning congregation. I have now conducted divine service in a good many churches in Glasgow and elsewhere, but in few have I seen a larger, and in none a more attentive assembly of worshippers than I usually have the opportunity of looking in the face from my own pulpit. . . .”

Some time previously he had issued a pastoral letter to all the non-church-goers in the parish urging upon them the duty and privilege of church connection. “The finest sight in Shettleston,” said a local United Free Churchman, just shortly before Mr. Mackinnon’s last illness, “is the skailing of the Parish Church on a Sabbath day.” In their visitation, he and his brother ministers of the United Free and other churches always informed one another when they came across new-comers to the district who were in danger of lapsing. The Foreword concludes:—

“I take the liberty of adding that I am deeply sensible of all the kindness and sympathy shown me and mine as we go in and out amongst you. The ties that bind together congregation and minister become more numerous and strong year by year, and, if God spares us, we shall yet render useful service to our great Head, not only in

this parish and district, but wherever our grand old Church endeavours to fulfil her commission."

As a congregation he seemed to bind us all together into one great family ; and it means so much to a minister and his wife in their often difficult and trying work, when they are able to read on the faces of their people not only loyalty but love.

In May of 1911 Mr. Mackinnon had, at the request of his native islanders, visited Tiree, for the purpose of dedicating, in the church of his earliest ministry, a tablet in memory of the Lady Victoria Campbell, whose life had been consecrated to the people of the islands, and to whom Tiree was specially dear. On his return home, Mr. Mackinnon crossed to Ireland, to conduct in Belfast the Annual Services of the Central Presbyterian Association. The following account of the services is taken from the *C.P.A. Monthly Magazine*.

ANNUAL SERVICES AT BELFAST OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN ASSOCIATION

VISIT OF REV. HECTOR MACKINNON, M.A.

When our annual sermons were being arranged for this year the choice of a preacher fell upon the minister of Shettleston Parish Church, near Glasgow, and a right good choice it has turned out to be. As we have already given a brief description of the man and his work in a previous issue, we shall not add anything more about him at this time, except to say that his appearance amongst us has fully justified our anticipations.

The morning service was held in Duncairn Church, which was exceptionally well filled. The praise was led by the church choir, under the leadership of Mr. W. J. Walker, B.A., and the assistant minister, Rev. W. F. Shepherd, B.A., took part in the service.

Mr. Mackinnon, after reading portions of the 40th chapter of Isaiah and 11th chapter of the Gospel according

to Matthew, chose as his text the two last verses of the chapter in Isaiah he had read—"Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." In the course of his remarks the preacher pointed out that these words were addressed to a people in captivity, for Israel was at that time in Babylon. Everything had gone against them, a section of the community had given up God altogether, and they had become affected by the worship of those around them. To that section the prophet had addressed the centre portion of the chapter, and asked for an answer, which they could not give. There was a section that was not drawn towards idolatry, but they were beginning to doubt God's love and care, and to these the prophet addressed the words of the text. Applying the words to the present day, Mr. Mackinnon pointed out that while Christians are not in captivity, yet they are very prone to be weary in well-doing, and tempted to give up their religion and at times their very belief in God. He then considered the text under three heads—namely, this weariness was applicable to all, even the young; there was therefore a renewal which all needed and which all might receive; and the outcome of the renewal in life and action.

The evening service was held in Fisherwick Church (Rev. Charles Davey's), when Mr. Mackinnon made a deep impression upon those who heard him. Mr. T. H. Crowe, the popular organist, played the introductory voluntaries, overture "Athaliah" (Handel) and "Pastorale" (Lemare), while the members of the Fisherwick Young Men's Choir and the Church Choir used their voices to good purpose.

We have pleasure in drawing attention to the special report of the remaining service which follows:—

AFTERNOON SERVICE

IMPRESSIONS AND NOTES

In the afternoon Mr. Mackinnon addressed an immense gathering in the Assembly Hall. Area, first gallery, and second gallery were crowded, some having to be content

with standing room. Such a gathering must have been an inspiration to the preacher ; it certainly was an opportunity and privilege which he must have appreciated. Sir William Crawford, J.P., presided, and the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. Megaw. The praise was led by the Assembly Hall Choir, under Mr. F. J. Moffett's direction, and the chorus, "Steal away to Jesus," was exquisitely rendered by them. The Misses M'Burney and Middlemore, with Messrs. Scott and Hogg, gave a beautiful rendering of "God is a Spirit" (Bennett).

It would be a hard thing to define the features which go to make Mr. Mackinnon an attractive preacher. It is not his manner : he has none of the recognized tricks of the elocutionist. It is not his voice : for, except when it assumes the pleading note, it is inclined to be somewhat hard. What is it, then ? This, first of all : he is a man who has a message, and *knows* it. You know it, also, when you listen to him. He has something to say to you which you know you need to hear ; and whenever a man has a message for the people, the people will ultimately find it out and be there to hear him.

This, also, marks him off : his *intensity*. He is in earnest ; he would have you in earnest, too. He is on fire ; he would kindle others. He has the "second sight" of the spirit ; he would tell you what he sees—would have you see "the vision splendid" with him. So the people crowd to hear him.

His subject at the afternoon meeting was "Christian Service," and what was then given was more an address than a sermon. A sermon in the stricter sense was given by him to the great congregation that gathered in Fisherwick in the evening, and few will soon forget the impassioned appeal with which it closed, that the young men and the young women present should realize the greatness of their manhood and womanhood, and place it in the hands of Him who was able to transfigure it beyond their highest dreams. But it is of the afternoon service we specially write.

The address was simple, easily remembered, very practical. The preacher illustrated the subject of "Christian Service" by drawing attention to the various shades

of meaning attached to the Greek terms used by New Testament writers when referring to the matter. We shall omit the Greek words, but try to retain the ideas.

There was, first of all, that term by which St. Paul loved to describe himself, the "slave" of Jesus Christ. The underlying idea was that of a person bought in the open market, and unreservedly a servant of the person who thus bought him. That marked the difference between the man of the world and the servant of Jesus. The latter had been redeemed, by the precious blood of Christ, from the slavery of sin. He was now not his own ; he had been bought with a price ; and his life should be a life definitely, decisively, unreservedly devoted to the Lord who had bought him.

' Then there was the idea lying beneath the word "deacon." The term came from a verb which signified "to pursue," "to pursue closely." It set up before them the ideal of diligence, of concentration, of whole-heartedness in their Christian calling. Many people seemed to be under the impression that their usefulness depended upon the number of irons they had in the fire ! The primary consideration, so far as efficacy in connection with their service was concerned, should not be related to the wideness of the ground they covered so much as to the intensity with which they covered it ; not how much the area over which they moved in their service, but whether they gave to the work they undertook their whole heart and soul and strength and mind. What a revolution would be wrought in their churches if the grace of concentration were general, if the various workers pursued their tasks with diligence, with concentration, with whole-heartedness !

Next, there was that expression used by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where he says, "Moses was faithful in all his house." This idea was closely related to the foregoing one of concentration : faithfulness to the trust reposed. What counts in Christian service is not so much the level upon which our service is rendered—not so much whether the service is great or small : what does matter is that the faculties and capacities with which we are endowed (and for which, in a sense, we are not

responsible) should be used to the utmost of their powers. It is not greatness that is wanted ; it is faithfulness.

Another term used by New Testament writers to describe the servants of Jesus signified "home-slaves." The term, originally, may have related to those slaves who were in personal attendance on their master, as compared with those who were engaged in his fields, or working in remote parts of his estate. The latter knew nothing of their master's character, of his mind, of his personal life. So was it with "Cyrus, My servant" ; he accomplished God's purpose, but had no knowledge of God whose will he worked. The people of Israel were the "home-slaves," those to whom God was well-known, to whom He had revealed Himself, and by whom He was consciously and willingly served. It was in this close relationship Christ stood to His people. He had drawn them into communion with Himself ; they had sat with Him at His table ; they were joint-heirs with Christ. What a privilege was theirs : access to the Master ; communion with Him ; liberty to speak with Him—to tell Him about their work and their weakness, their failures and their follies, their faults and their sins—and to know that He was interested.

There was yet another term he would refer to, which meant "assistant to the master." It was customary for the masters of earth to leave the rough work, the "dirty jobs" (if he might use a vulgar expression) to their apprentices. Not so with the Lord Jesus : He never asked His servants to go where He had not been Himself. He Himself bore the Cross, despising the shame ; He sweated blood in Gethsemane ; He endured the baptism of Calvary ; He was forsaken by Heaven and earth. Never did He ask His servants to tread where His foot had not first been. In one very real sense His people were not slaves, they were assistants. He shared their work with them ; they were "labourers together."

The address concluded with a stirring appeal to the young men and young women to present themselves—their whole manhood and womanhood—living sacrifices to Jesus Christ. Christianity, declared the speaker, was the only propaganda that bore relation to the whole nature

of man,—his body, his mind, his spirit—and it was only by the consecration of that complex nature to the Lord Jesus that its high possibilities could be realized and its aspirations met.
D. L.

Mr. Mackinnon had often preached in Belfast, and was much struck by the earnestness of the people, and greatly touched by their warm-heartedness. On this occasion he brought home a gold-mounted umbrella, bearing his name and the inscription, "From the C.P.A., 1911." How little did his Irish friends think that it was to be their last parting gift to him !

"You will have the prayers of thousands whom you have never known," wrote a doctor in Belfast, after Mr. Mackinnon had been taken away.

Mr. Mackinnon devoted himself with great earnestness and untiring zeal to his duties as convener of the "Life and Work" Committee of the Presbytery of Glasgow ; he was also one of the directors of the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association, and was looking forward with much hopefulness to the work of the Chapman-Alexander Mission. How he longed to see the strongholds of evil pulled down, so that the highways and by-ways of life might be made cleaner and sweeter for the young to tread in. Along with others, he took a prominent part in petitioning the magistrates to have the Burgh Police Amendment Act applied to Glasgow, and the following letter, which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* at the time, shows how fearless he was in the cause of righteousness and purity.

ICE-CREAM SHOPS

THE MANSE, SHETTLESTON, *May 22, 1912.*

SIR,—Several of the correspondents who have communicated with you regarding the application to Glasgow of the provisions of the Burgh Police Amendment Act

have attempted to fasten upon ministers of religion all responsibility for the effort which is being put forth to secure that ice-cream shops be henceforward closed on Sundays and by 10 p.m. on weekdays. They make this attempt presumably under the impression that if it can be shown that ministers alone are the troublers the effort referred to would not carry so much weight as it would otherwise do either with the Town Council or with the community.

This, however, is not good enough. It is quite true that the clergy of the city are deeply interested in this question, and even if the movement for Sunday closing had been organized and prosecuted only by them, it would still be an important factor in relation to the decision at which the Town Council may arrive. But while the parties that have taken action include the Presbyteries of the various Churches and representatives of non-Presbyterian religious bodies, the great majority of the organizations that have appeared before the Magistrates are not distinctively Church organizations at all. There is the Parish Council, for instance, in the membership of which there are only one or two ministers, but whose appeal for Sunday closing was as insistent as that of any. And representing other organizations there have been present before the Magistrates some of the most highly esteemed and most hard-headed business men in Glasgow. It is to be hoped accordingly, that neither the Town Council nor the public are to be hoodwinked by the insinuation that the movement now in progress is clerically engineered, because this is simply not the case.

My chief reason in seeking the hospitality of your columns is to call attention to this feature of the controversy, but perhaps you will allow me to add one or two considerations which are central in relation to the administration of this Act.

First, what actuates the parties that ask for Sunday closing is the deep conviction that whatever inconvenience (and I for one do not believe that the inconvenience will be nearly as great as some of your correspondents would have us think) may result to a section from the Sunday closing of places of refreshment generally, it is trifling in comparison with the injury which will be inflicted upon the community

at large by the continued opening of ice-cream shops on Sunday and after 10 o'clock on weeknights. Nobody but a fanatic would object, I fancy, to opportunities of refreshment being afforded, within limits, at temperance hotels and restaurants on Sunday. But if the choice is to lie between the opening of all places and the closing of all places no one with any regard for the highest well-being of our citizens would hesitate to choose the latter alternative. Ice-cream shops have already done unspeakable harm to our young men and young women. That has been proven to the hilt, the most damaging demonstration having been provided not by ministers, mark you, but by men prominent in municipal and parochial administration, and those in our community who might be disposed to regard the testimony of ministers as prejudiced will surely not dispute that of these others. If only a fraction of that testimony is true the sooner the facilities for demoralization which have hitherto been at the disposal of ice-cream shops are curtailed the better.

Again, is the need to which some of your correspondents have called attention a real need—I mean for the opening of places of refreshment on Sundays? Certainly no appearance has been made before the Magistrates on behalf of any persons who feel it. No one has tried to prove within the Municipal Chambers that closing would impose hardship, and anonymous correspondence in the press is of little or no value here. The parties appearing in support of Sunday opening are those whose primary interest in this question is avowedly their pockets. One petition purporting to be from customers favouring Sunday opening was presented by the agent of some restaurateurs, but the very fact that it was presented by him warrants the inference that the initiative in connection with it was taken not by those whose signatures were adhibited to it, but by those whom said agent represented before the Bench, and this of itself robs it of all value. The truth is that restaurateurs have no palpable grievance. They have still six days of the week on which to follow their calling, and those of them who have appeared before the Magistrates are simply claiming that while those who follow other callings are to have only six days a week on which to work and acquire means, they ought to have seven days, no matter what

the consequences through ice-cream shops may be to multitudes of our population. My impression is that they will not find in Glasgow many who are prepared to yield that claim. Without a seventh day for work—work by the way which they would probably do not themselves directly but through employees—they still have equal opportunities with the rest of our workers.

Further, if, as has been stated, and I feel with perfect accuracy, by your correspondent “Giustizia,” attendants in ice-cream shops are in most cases hired servants, surely they are entitled to immunity from work on Sundays in common with the great bulk of our toilers. Why should any section of the citizens insist that the services of these people should be at their disposal on the seventh day as well as on other days? Have they any right to do this? Or, if they have, is it fair, is it creditable on their part to exercise it? It is all very well to reply that the municipal authorities have sanctioned Sunday cars in connection with the running of which their servants have to work on Sundays. The case of ice-cream shops is impossible of comparison with tramway cars, but even supposing it were, two blacks or twenty blacks cannot make one white, and the *tu quoque* argument is at best only a paltry one.

In closing, let me point out that the best opinion in the city undoubtedly favours Sunday closing, and to yield to the grumblings of a small section in a matter like this would be to ignore its greater good in a very rash way.

I am, etc.,

HECTOR MACKINNON.

Early in 1912, Mr. Mackinnon had promised to preach under the auspices of the Greenock Total Abstinence Society. The service was to be held in the Greenock Town Hall on Sunday evening, February 4th, and the journey thither was to be accomplished by motor. The Minister seemed anxious that we should all accompany him on this occasion, which we were only too pleased to do. On arrival at Greenock, the motor-man was requested to be in readiness outside the hall punctually at 8 o'clock for the

return journey. There was a very good service ; one was glad to see large numbers of working men and women, as well as many business men. At the close, and after waiting patiently for more than half an hour, some of the gentlemen went to inquire about the conveyance. At the garage he was told that our driver had "gone for a walk," and would not return until "about ten !" There was no help for it, of course, but it was bitterly cold, and we remembered that the boys had to leave for school at 8.15 next morning ; but we were very glad we had gone ; things are never so bad when all we are together. Fortunately we had relatives, to whose house we repaired, and spent the waiting time until shortly before eleven o'clock, when the motor turned up. It was a night of keen frost, and when we reached the manse, between two and three in the morning, we were glad to see a good fire, and faithful Bruce watching. Each one was given a dose of lemon, hot water and sugar, and off to bed. In the morning we laughed over it all, for no one was any the worse. But we never recall the experience now without reflecting on the all-pitying Providence of God, which mercifully veils the future from us. For it was far, far beyond our knowing that exactly a year hence that very night we would again be driven through the silent city, three of us—alone.

Shortly afterwards the Minister had to go to London to attend a meeting of the Sudan United Mission Executive. Quite suddenly one day he said he would like to take us all with him. We had never been there, nor had there been any previous talk of our going, so that it was a pleasant surprise, and we spent our last Easter together in the great city of London. How eager he was to show us everything, and how he hurried from one place of interest to another, just as if he

knew—so we think now—that it would be the last time he would have the opportunity of showing his boys the great sights. And although he had no such knowledge, yet many things he did and said during this last year would lead one to believe in the reality of what learned men call “subliminal consciousness.”

In London we attended the morning service in the City Temple on Good Friday. How simple it all was, and yet how grand ; and with what child-like earnestness the Minister listened to the sermon—“Magnificent !” he wrote on the fly-leaf of his Bible before it was finished. Then in the evening we were of the vast crowd who listened to Dr. Campbell Morgan as he discoursed, with the aid of his blackboard, on the “Great Hallel.”

And less than a year afterwards, when the Minister had left us, amongst other telegrams from London was one from the Ladies’ Guild of the Clan Mackinnon Society there . . . “The Ladies’ Guild will never forget his earnest and helpful words to them, and the hymn *“Work for the night is coming.”*”

In May Mr. Mackinnon preached in Belfast again, for his friend the Rev. John Pollock, of St. Enoch’s there, with whom he had had an annual exchange for some years. Writing from Canada this week, Mr. Pollock expresses the hope that he may yet be in time to “lay his humble sprig” on the grave of his friend, and encloses the following tribute :—

“While it is true that you can never add one to the number of your *old* friends, there are cases in which a new friendship has all the aroma of the old. I can at least speak for myself when I say that the friendship of a very few years’ standing which existed between Hector Mackinnon and myself was of this type. I fell in love with him at first sight, and my affection deepened every time we met.

"If you want to know a man, live with him. It is a severe test, and comparatively few may abide it. What a delight it was to sojourn under Shettleston Manse roof! What a glorious privilege—he and I being both convalescent—to spend hour upon hour in the study with that prince of talkers! I suppose he had the rare knack of making himself of kindred spirit with every man; certainly I never found myself in more congenial company. He impressed me—despite all my old voluntary convictions and prejudices—as an ideal parish minister. Had his spirit been dominant of old, there would have been neither Secession nor Disruption. For he was a large-souled man, accustomed to put himself in the other's place, and having sympathy with the conscientious position of every fellow-disciple of the one Lord, whom he loved supremely. He was a saintly man, albeit there was little "sough" about him, and no vestige of that most offensive of all cant, the clerical. With him presbyter was not priest writ large. He met every man upon level ground, and called him brother.

"It is a grief to me to know that I shall not again see his strong face and sunny smile, or feel his big hand enveloping mine. But if earth is poorer by his removal, heaven is richer, and the anticipation sweeter. He was a good man. He is a better man to-day than ever he was, or ever could be in this world of hindrance and handicap, a world in which no man ever yet reached his best.

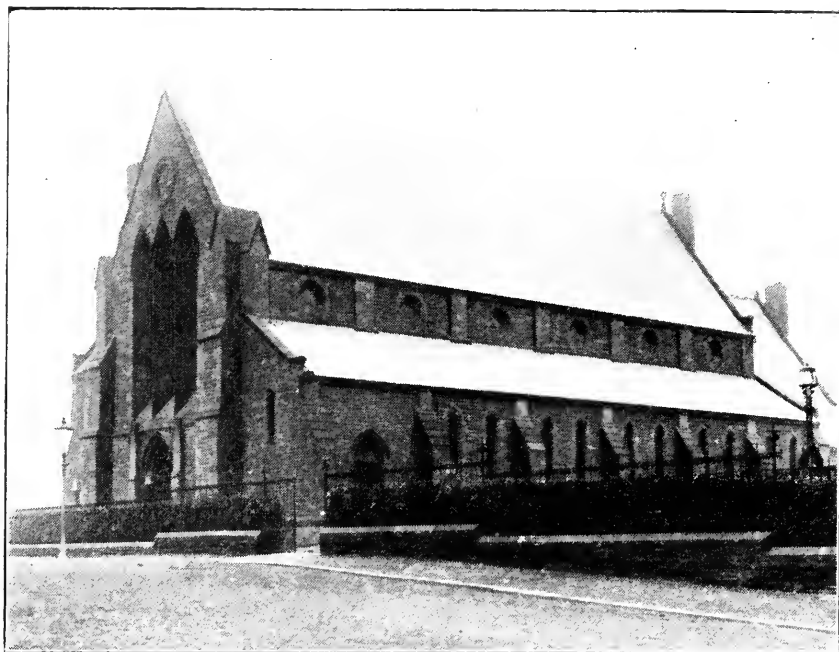
"JOHN POLLOCK."

It was during the sittings of the General Assembly of 1912 that the students who had passed through the Divinity Hall together, and who had finished their curriculum in 1891, met in a social capacity, and celebrated a reunion. As Mr. Mackinnon was the senior ordained man among them, he had been chosen chairman, an honour which greatly pleased him. Looking back now, it seems as if many things from this time onward were but leading up to that which was to happen in February, 1913. It was scarcely possible for those who watched him not to be conscious

of a strange sense of ripening. He was very happy, but in a wistful sort of way sometimes ; eagerly planning out his work, looking forward with hopefulness, and apparently quite ready for any difficult task which might lie before him. And indeed the future seemed bright with promise. Only a year before this time a Glasgow doctor had pronounced his heart to be as sound as any he had ever tested. But he was frequently very tired now, yet could not see his way, when urged, to give up any of his duties.

After the Assembly, Mr. Mackinnon paid his annual visit to Tiree ; he seemed to have caught a chill going, but held out against it, hurrying home the same week in time for his Sunday duties. In June he was much better, except for the catarrh, which was now causing us great anxiety. One evening he said he would like to take us all to Campeltown next day. The boys had never revisited their birthplace, and we are glad to think that they can look back upon having done so with their Father so shortly before he was taken from them.

There had never been any abatement in the coming and going of many people to the manse, numbers of them from outside of the parish altogether, to see the minister about something or other. No matter how busy he might be, he had always time to be courteous and kindly ; very often when he was just about to start for a meeting, or to catch a train, he had no alternative but to invite his visitor to walk down the road along with him. Sometimes there would be a marriage party in each of the three public rooms downstairs, and others waiting outside the manse door. Happy young people mostly, but now and again the conditions were sordid enough. Once a very young man had come a considerable distance, on two evenings



THE PARISH CHURCH, SHETTLESTON, OF WHICH MR. MACKINNON
WAS MINISTER FROM 1905 TILL 1913.



THE PARISH CHURCH, ISLAND OF EIGG, WHERE MR. MACKINNON
PREACHED, AND DISPENSED THE COMMUNION, FOR THE LAST
TIME IN THE HIGHLANDS, DURING HIS HOLIDAY OF 1912.

successively, to ask the Minister to marry him, but each time had failed to find him at home, even after long waiting. We suggested that he should write instead of coming a third time. But he preferred to come in person, and he "wisna working ony wye." Was it not a pity to get married when he was out of work? "Oh no," he explained; "you see, it's cheaper keeping two than one!"

In July we went to the little island of Eigg, and no one enjoyed the stay there more than the Minister himself. "Feel the freshness of that breeze now!" he cried delightedly the first day we went out. Quiet and peaceful, set in the sea, and the beauty of the surrounding hills—northwards rose the majestic Cuchullins of Skye; nearer, just across the water, towered above us the sombre "domes" of Rum; and further out westward, across the sea, lay the islands of Coll and Tiree; while from the opposite side of Eigg stretched out the blue misty mountains of Mull—it was just the very spot for a tired minister. There were long rambles together; "Daddy" and his boys climbed the highest hills, and were twice at the top of the Scur; but wherever we went, the Minister always carried a book, and did more reading in Eigg than ever he had done on any previous holiday. On two occasions he returned to Shettleston for a day or two, and each time was eager to get back—"longed to fly north." The church at Eigg had been without a minister for four years, and the Sunday services in the pretty little church were being conducted by a student-missionary. There were only about 200 people on the island altogether, we were told, and of these 100 were Roman Catholics. Just before Mr. Mackinnon left to attend the Keswick Convention, a request was made to him to preach in Eigg. He said certainly

he would do so on his return, and it was arranged accordingly. On the way back from Keswick, he stopped at Morven to assist with the Communion there, getting home on the Monday very tired. But he was quite rested before the following Sunday, and looked and felt so well when he preached in the Eigg church, which was quite full, there being a number of visitors. On Thursday evening of the following week a telegram was received asking him, as a great favour, to dispense the Communion in Eigg. How eager he was to be of service anywhere !

The only possible Sunday for him was the one following, so although it was nearly dark when the message came, we set out to see if it could be arranged. Next day word was sent round from house to house, and in the evening a preparatory service was held. Sunday was a day of perfect beauty and calm as we took our way to church ; but it is scarcely possible to describe that service. The visitors had gone, but the church was completely filled with the island people—" old men were there, and youths and simple maidens." The service, as usual, was in English, and the steady, tense way in which they listened, showed that the Highlander himself, in intellect and spirituality, is greater than his language. In front of us sat a handsome, patriarchal-looking old man, stone blind, but indicating by the unconscious and continuous assent of the head how eagerly he was taking it all in. The sermon, from the text, "*Be of good cheer !*" was one which had helped far more people than the preacher knew of ; then as we gathered at the table, it seemed for a little as if there really was "*no more sea*" ; and there were tears on not a few faces as we walked down the hill together from that solemn service. It is good to think that the last Sunday he passed in

his beloved Highlands was thus fittingly and beautifully spent.

We had from the first seen a good deal of the caretaker of the manse, an old Campbeltown friend, who, we were told, had cherished all the years a letter the Minister had written her after the death of her daughter. She and her husband had both been at the Communion table, and on Monday evening the boys called to say good-bye to her—she had known them “when they were babies,” she used to tell them. “Good-bye, boys,” she said kindly, following them outside, “and I hope I’ll be spared to see you both preaching in a pulpit.” Three hours later, almost without warning, she had passed “through the gates into the city,” where there is no night. The shock to us all was very great. We were just preparing to leave, and the last thing the Minister did was to visit a sick man who was dying, and who had greatly appreciated his former visits. So once again we turned our faces to the city, with its toil and turmoil, feeling better and braver for the lessons which can sometimes only be learned in the solitude of the hills. Shettleston Church had meanwhile been under repairs of considerable magnitude, and the congregation were worshipping in the hall. The Minister was anxious lest the church might not be available for the Communion services on the first Sunday of October, and it was probably due to pressure that it was ultimately got ready in time. The winter’s work was just beginning when, with a shock of pained surprise, came the announcement of the sudden death, from pneumonia, of the Rev. David Rollo, of Springburn. Never had we seen the Minister so much affected by anything outside of his own family circle. Returning from Springburn the same day, he told us, with his eyes brimful of

tears, how, just before the end, Mr. Rollo had murmured, "Oh love that wilt not let me go."

For days afterwards a shadow seemed to brood over the manse of Shettleston. From this, until the time of his last illness, the Minister was in the hands of a specialist, who had told him that the catarrh from which he suffered could only be cured by removing, from time to time, portions of bone and thickened membrane from the back of the nose. This meant more pain than we like to think of, but it was quietly and bravely borne. He had absolute faith in his doctor, and was pathetically confident of cure. One day off duty, after each operation, was the doctor's order, and the Minister obeyed it implicitly; only, as the diary shows, he had to work far too hard between the times. Headaches began to trouble him now, which we both took to be the result of the anæsthetic; and sometimes he would place his fingers on his wrist in a way we did not like. With haunting uneasiness we noticed too that he was troubled because he had not been able to "save anything." It had been easier once; now and again when difficulties loomed ahead, the giving of a *tenth only* would be suggested, but, said the Minister, that would mean we would then be giving much less than we are now doing, and so the matter ended. For here in the city many of the poor are too poor, not *always* through their own fault; and just so long as there continued to be poor, so long as there was any one known to him struggling with adverse circumstances, and in need of a helping hand, just so long would it have been impossible for him to hoard up anything. For him one of the supreme uses of life was just gloriously to give it away.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth;

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice ;
And whoso suffers most has most to give."

With all of his own he used an even larger generosity, always gave more than was asked for, and went the second mile with unfeigned cheerfulness.

The Minister looked upon the increasing activity and earnestness of the members of his various church organizations with a deep, quiet gratitude. In November the Woman's Guild was making a *special* effort on behalf of Missions, the initial arrangements for which were a two days' Sale of Work in the manse, the results of which we have already recorded. The manse had just been sold, and many have recalled with peculiar pathos how, in announcing the Sale, he used a playful persuasiveness in urging them all to come, as it would probably be their last opportunity of visiting the old manse.

Twice during this time Mr. Mackinnon was pressed to accept a call to Edinburgh, and surely it was by the good hand of our God upon us that he was unable to see his way to do so. During the latter part of December he contracted a chill, resulting in a "very bad rheumatic throat," which confined him to bed for eight or nine days. When he was able to be up, the doctor recommended a six weeks' rest, which the Minister thought outrageous, as he felt "quite fit for work."

He agreed, however, to go to Crieff for a week, and we all accompanied him, returning home on December 26th, as there were many marriages and other engagements. After this he was undoubtedly much better, and did a marvellous amount of work in January. With deep thankfulness we noted that he was coming in earlier now, his work during these eight years having necessitated habitually late hours ; for in the modern church there is noise of much machinery,

and ministers may scarce hope to see the completion of their day's toil even when, like Nehemiah of old, they labour at it from "the rising of the morning until the stars appear." Almost up till the last Mr. Mackinnon was engaged with the work of the Committee on the Ice-cream Shops' By-laws, and also with that of the Chapman-Alexander Mission Committee. On January 6th he had paid his last visit to the specialist, and was, after this, so much better and brighter, that we were just about to send the good news to his mother.

On Sunday, 19th, he preached a remarkable sermon from the text "Be strong." Many of us afterwards, in looking back, felt as if he had been preparing us for what was to come. Reading it on the Saturday evening, we had been strangely moved, feeling somehow the presence of a new note. Two passages have been specially recalled by many who heard them:—

"When men and women cease to believe in God, they are incapable of the highest strength; they are cowards in the face of what they call necessity, fatality, doom. Having lost faith in a faithful Creator and a loving Redeemer, they are weakness itself in their struggle with the severities of life and death. Faith in God as revealed in Christ, and that alone, makes a strong nation, a strong church, and a strong soul. . . ."

"The *tenderness* of Christ ought not to obscure the majesty of His strength! Delicacy, softness and sweetness, a melting pity and grace are often found in the most lion-hearted men. There never was born into this Scotland of ours a stouter heart than that of David Livingstone—*never*—I repeat that. Yet he was fond of children, and entered into their joys and griefs. He wept like a child at sight of his father's empty chair, and was crushed with unutterable sorrow on the death of his wife. He broke down again and again at sight of the woes suffered by the inhabitants of the Dark Continent. General Gordon was in many respects a replica of Livingstone. 'Kiss me, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson. . . ."

Just a few days before this Mr. Mackinnon had lectured to the Literary Association on "David Livingstone," whose centenary was to be celebrated in March, so that he too paid his tribute to that good and great man.

"Only on January 23," says the Minister of St. Silas Episcopal Church, "he kindly came and spoke at my Communicants' Union, and left a blessing behind him. I ever listened with delight to his spirituality, his fire, and his clear exposition of the Word of God"

One evening in these last weeks the Minister was sitting with us in the dining-room, busily writing an article for the *Church Union Journal*. The boys were at their lessons, and when they finished, began to whistle as usual. Presently "Daddy" threw down his pen, saying, "Oh, I can't write here; first one boy, then another boy,"—and here he imitated the whistling in such a manner that we all laughed, himself in a way which showed that he was very glad indeed to have whistling boys!

But during the ten days before his illness he was somewhat depressed, more than we had ever seen him, with regard to the results of his work and preaching. There was absolutely no ground for such a feeling; but he had done a great deal of hard depressing work, it had been a strain on the heart, and now, after he had been the means of cheering so many people, he was in need of encouragement and cheer himself.

On the last Saturday evening he brought down as usual his sermon prepared for the following forenoon—Hebrews xi. 22, "By faith Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing of the children of Israel, and gave commandment concerning his bones," the last clause being underlined. A little inward shiver passed through us, just narrowly enough escaping notice, for

we two had long since arrived at being able to read each other "like a book." And as we read on, we were strangely stirred ; what was this nameless something between the lines ? What were these mysterious undercurrents of thought and feeling in the minds of both which could not be spoken. When we finished we laid the manuscript down in silence, so that the Minister said in the quick nervous way he sometimes had—" Well ? " Then we spoke, falteringly enough, words which we must always be thankful we had yet another opportunity of speaking before it was too late, " Well—I don't know at all why you should speak or feel as if you were doing no good. You are preaching now, and have been for some time, as you did not use to preach. There is something in those sermons of yours which was not there before, and you don't know how you will help people." Then the Minister rose from his chair, and sighed, but did not say a word. Next day, from this text, he preached indeed as one who stood between the living and the dead. He was yearning over his people for the last time, although he was far from knowing it. His attitude then may very well be imagined from Myers' lines :—

" Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,

Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented with a show of things ;

" Then with a rush the intolerable craving

Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,—
Oh, to save these ! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all !

* * * * *

“ Quick in a moment, infinite for ever,
Send an arousal better than I pray,
Give me a grace upon the faint endeavour,
Souls for my hire and Pentecost to-day ! ”

The theme of the sermon was *Faith* ; it was not that anything new was said, it was more *the way in which the old things were said*. The preacher pleaded for *the old faith*, which can believe, in spite of all that may tempt to the contrary, that God is, and that He is working out His purpose throughout the ages—the faith of “ the fathers.” . . .

“ Let us live so that our influence may be helpful to those who come after us, . . . for in a little while we shall be ‘ the fathers,’ . . . how anxious and earnest *we* should be to leave behind us a legacy of truth and purity, and nothing else. . . . ”

Then he closed his ministry in something like the following sentences :—

“ Once again, beloved, whatever may be the surprises of the future, whatever may become of us, Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever ; and God abideth faithful, His Word cannot fail. The old landmarks may seem to disappear, Pharaohs may arise who know not Joseph, but God remembers His people, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against them. His Covenant standeth sure. The dying words of Joseph, ‘ He will surely visit you,’ may be translated thus : ‘ He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life.’ This is the covenant of grace, and this is ‘ the faith once for all delivered to the saints.’ ‘ There is no “ if ” or “ perhaps ” about it, and no modern guess or supposition is worthy to take the place of a hope which is founded on God’s Yea and Amen.’

“ And now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”

He then gave out Hymn 339—"For all the saints who from their labours rest"—and many of us wondered why he read the first *three* verses instead of only one as usual; and when the singing was over, he raised his hands in blessing on his people for the last time.

In the evening he spoke in the city, returning home rather late and tired, but very bright and happy. On Monday he had several meetings in town, and had also arranged to see the architect about a new manse; we were supposed to be removing that week to Buchanan Gardens, and the men had been packing all day. On Tuesday, as we were getting ready for a marriage at twelve o'clock, he seemed so glad about something that we asked if he had been hearing any good news. He was the brightest of all the wedding party, and when it was over, some of the gentlemen asked him to come and have a game at golf, which he could not do, as he had engagements in town. It was very cold and damp as we were returning home between two and three o'clock, and on the way the Minister suddenly stopped, and said in a quick way, "I've caught a chill." We begged him to hurry and get in, which he did; and after reaching the manse, he seemed to feel better, but could not be persuaded to remain in and go to bed. "Oh no," he said, "I must do my duty. I could not break engagements in that way; this is passing off." Just before going out he waved a bright farewell, saying as he did so, "I won't get back until twelve."

We would fain lay down the pen now; but many of his friends, in Scotland and elsewhere, have begged to be told "how the end came."

The Minister returned home at nine o'clock, very, very ill. He was just able to tell us that he had called on the doctor on his way home, and to state the instruc-

tions given ; then he cowered down and was overwhelmed from the first moment of his illness. All the remedies were still at hand, notwithstanding the preparations for removal, and there was endless hot water. So we worked away for hours ; but oh, he was so ill all night, and towards morning seemed to grow worse. More remedies were sent for, and we longed for the doctor to come ; the Minister did not want his letters that morning, but about 10.30 he said in a wearied, anxious way, " I have a funeral at 11.25, and it is not arranged for." The assistant had just come in, and he took charge of this duty, after which the Minister lay very still and quiet, making no complaint—we wished he would. The doctor then arrived, and ordered a change of medicine, but nothing seemed to have any effect, and with wild alarm we saw that he was drifting away into unconsciousness. The boys came in from school, but he did not seem to know them ; and the grief of the young is a very pitiable thing to behold. We had been ringing on the telephone for the doctor to come again ; he had gone out, but before long hurried up to the manse, and did not leave us again. No nurse could be got, and the doctor advised instant removal to a nursing home. This was hard, but it seemed as if there was no alternative, and the doctor assured us it was the best thing ; there would be no danger in the removal, and he himself would accompany us in. The Minister continued to lie quite still with closed eyes, and just as he was about to be carried down to the ambulance, the doctor, at our request, told him where he was being taken. He seemed to understand, and assented with a motion of the head, as if he thought it was the best thing to do. Several times on the way in, we spoke to him, and he always answered, yet, two days later, he told us he did not

remember at all being removed. When we reached the nursing home everything was in readiness, and the matron and night-nurse in charge at once. A restless night followed, and next day there was no improvement, but the matron assured us that she felt *quite sure* he would get better. Hugging this comfort to our hearts, we turned home again, for one room at least in the new house, which had just then been vacated would have to be got ready to bring the Minister back to. Shivering with terror and cold, the three of us drove to Buchanan Gardens to see what could be done, when the wife of one of the elders intervened, and said, if we would only leave it to her she would see to everything. From that moment she and others never flagged in their loving care and attention for the manse household. How they worked, with high hearts, to get that house ready for the home-coming of their minister! Early the same evening we were all summoned back to the nursing home, as a consultation was to be held. No words can describe the situation now, so we merely outline the events which followed. Some one compassionately went in with us, and afterwards took the boys away to her own home. The result of the consultation was that the specialist took "*a very serious view of the condition. Nothing very definite can be made out. Probably there is an acute irritation of the brain, following the influenza. Everything human is being done, but we are all agreed as to the gravity of the illness, and we think you ought to be prepared for the worst.*"

The nurses still were hopeful, and we clutched at that. Then the boys were allowed to go up, but their father did not know them. As the night wore on there seemed little change—although nurse thought he was "very well"—until about two o'clock, when we were

sure there was an improvement. After that, every time nurse left the room he would waken up and look at us with such a world of meaning in his eyes, for he was too weak to speak. Towards morning, just as the light was coming in, he began to take notice of things in the room, and seemed puzzled; then he raised himself a little and looked round: that was not his furniture; where was he? So we explained, and asked him just to rest a little yet; he then seemed satisfied, and with a great gladness we watched him slowly getting more and more like himself. When the doctor came in at nine o'clock, he was greatly pleased with his patient, and said, "Much better this morning, especially as compared with last night. Much clearer in mind. There is no further development of symptoms—there is bronchitis, but *no signs* so far of pneumonia." We asked if the danger was over, and the doctor replied, "Not in so dangerous a state, but still very weak." When the doctor had gone, Mr. Mackinnon began to talk a little, and was quite rational; he even noticed that the strain was beginning to tell on us, and said earnestly, "I think you should go home." Seeing that he was so well, we returned to the manse at one o'clock, to find that one of the boys was now ill, but was being cared for by relatives, who had always come to the rescue when we were in trouble. Then we collapsed, and were not allowed to go in to the nursing home next day; the others went, but as the Minister was sleeping they were not permitted to see him, so that we had to be content with the telephone messages—the nurses being very good in sending these.

On Sunday we went in; nurse met us downstairs first; the Minister had just been asking for us, she said, and would we be careful not to let him know

that any of us were ill, as he had not been told ? He had been wandering a great deal, and much of what he said was inaudible to the nurses,—broken sentences of prayer, murmured so low, meant only for the ear of God.

What a change ! The Minister was lying with a smile on his face, but so weak and helpless that he was like a little child. He did not even look either sick or ill, but—*but other-worldly*. At first he said he could hardly remember us, but rallied instantly, and began in a hurried sort of way to ask many questions—the boys ? the services ? the people ? was that house all right ? and would we bring his watch and his diary, he *must* have them ? When we had soothed him, he was quiet, and seemed to rest satisfied. The smile never left his face ; but we felt that only a miracle could save him ; he seemed so like one going into the Kingdom like a little child. So that he might not hear, we wrote on a piece of paper to the nurse, “ Oh, but he is dying.” “ Oh no, he is not, he is not,” wrote back nurse. Then the doctor came in, and told us that “ the temperature was much better, the mind clearer, but the breathing bad ; there were no new symptoms, and he was making such a good fight and holding his own, that on the whole he was very much more hopeful than he had been on the Thursday night.”

Presently the Minister asked again for his boys, and was so pleased when the younger one was brought up. But “ *where* is Donnie ? ” he pathetically repeated. So we had to explain that he had a little cold. He spoke too of his mother, and had even asked us on the Friday not to tell her of his illness. Once we whispered to him that his people were remembering him in prayer, and he seemed so gratified. The nurses had been most assiduous in their care and attention, and on

more than one occasion he warmly expressed his appreciation of all they had done. He himself never once hinted by word or look that he thought he was going to leave us. Even as we sat quietly beside him now, he assured us of his own accord that he expected to get better, and was very anxious about his work, his people, the removal, and if there would be enough money until he came home. By and by he appeared so tired that we thought if we left him he would sleep and be better ; and when we said we would come to-morrow, he eagerly reminded us about " the watch " and " the diary," adding, " Now I'll preach on Sunday fortnight." He had never been at any time, and was not now, tired of living ; life to him was worth while, well worth while ; he was eager to live and labour, eager to come back and take care of his own. So we said good-bye " until to-morrow." " Good-bye, sonny," said the Minister ; " now I expect you two boys *always* to do what your mother tells you"—words he had been in the habit of using to his boys. At the bedroom door we turned to wave, and before we could do so, his whole face lit up ; we think now that he was transfigured before us as, with uplifted hand, and a look of intense love and tenderness, he smiled on us for the last time.

After this he drifted back into unconsciousness, and was preaching in delirium throughout Monday. We were now very ill, but as the telephone messages continued to report extreme weakness, we resolved to get up and go in on Monday evening. The nurses, however, said they did not think there was any need to do this, but suggested our asking the doctor, who was just then expected at the nursing home. At eleven o'clock the doctor said that there was " no more danger now than there had been all along," and he did not

think there was any need for us to go in. In a most kind letter the doctor afterwards explained :—

“ I think that if you had been at the Home on Monday, your husband would not have known you, and my feeling on the matter was, that as you were ill and the ordeal would probably make you worse, and as Mr. Mackinnon would not know you, that therefore I was bound not to send for you, especially in a disease like pneumonia, where one is never justified in saying that all hope was lost.”

So we waited and watched ; very shortly after two o'clock the summons came—“ Much worse, could we all go in ; they were sending a cab.” Just as the cab reached the manse door, where we were all waiting, the telephone bell rang again. The Minister had just passed away. Then we went out into the night.

Our readers will suffer us to draw the veil a little as we kneel again in thought beside our Beloved Dead.

For the unresting brain, the loving heart and busy hands were indeed still. The brow, which for years had been so deeply furrowed by incessant thought and mental toil, was smooth and placid now. And the feet which had been so beautiful upon the mountains would carry no more the message of peace.

* * * * *

“ My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.”

* * * * *

Once more we stepped blindly into the night. And as the dawn crept slowly in over our desolation, we knew that the Long Waiting had begun, and that surely strength and courage would be given for the patient performance of the duties which yet remained. “ *Just slept peacefully away,*” nurse had said. We knew, that

had choice been given him, he would have chosen to meet the last enemy with open eyes, but we thank God he was taken thus ; for him there had been “ no moaning of the bar,” and that deeply loving heart was spared the anguish and “ sadness of farewell.”

CHAPTER VII

AFTERWARDS

“ By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death ; and was not found, because God had translated him ; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.”

SO little it is that any of us know of what a day may bring forth, that the morning after he had left us brought the accustomed pile of letters for the Minister, amongst them being one with a request for a *Thanksgiving Service*, from his early friend, who occupied the vacant pulpit on the Sunday following ; and one from a clergyman of the Church of England beginning, “ My beloved Brother.” And lying beside these were the Minister’s own papers, just as he had laid them down, in his sore sickness, on coming in for the last time, one at least bringing a strangely significant arrest of thought—copious notes, beautifully and clearly written as ever, on the subject of “ Non-church-going ”—what we imagine had been, or was to have been, the foundation of his last address in the Presbytery—concluding thus :—

“ Reliance upon Divine sources of power.
God will honour faith.
No need for despondency.
God is in His Church.”

Then into the desolated home streamed the Minister’s stricken people, men and women in the abandon of an

overwhelming sorrow ; for to all who knew him he had been as “ an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” Blank despair filled every heart, as we bowed our heads in face of this crushing blow. His Session-clerk and elders, who had so nobly stood by him in his strenuous toil ; his friend from Kingussie, who seemed suddenly to have grown old ; his brother ministers of the neighbourhood and from the city—all seemed bowed and broken as they gathered round us in the first hours of anguish. Dr. John Watson, in his *Cure of Souls*, says truly that “ No man in human society gathers such a harvest of kindly feeling as the shepherd of souls ; none is held in such grateful memory.” So that there came to us too, in these first hours, one who had sustained long years of widowhood, in whose countenance was the soft light of much companying with the Angel of Sorrow, but in whom the long years of waiting had not dimmed the brightness of that “ sure and certain hope ” ; who told us gently and firmly that just as soon as “ everything was over,” we must rise and come away ; in whose home we found *Sanctuary* and “ shelter in the time of storm.” It was a Christ-like deed. And there must be many who with us will recall the Minister’s own words, when he preached from the text, “ *He stayeth the roughness in the day of His east wind.*”

From all parts of Scotland,—to the Highlanders who had been so justly proud of him it was a sore blow, a strange reversal,—from England, and from Ireland where he was known, and later on from the colonies where he had many friends, came letters and telegrams of sympathy and appreciation, all testifying to the shock of pained surprise, and the deep sense of personal loss which were universally felt. For Hector Mackin-

non was more than a preacher, he was a good and a great man :—

“ He held his place—
Held on thro’ blame, and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down,
As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.”

“ A great preacher of Jesus Christ,” a friend of the poor, a father in God to countless numbers who to-day are still longing for the “ touch of the vanished hand, and the sound of the voice that is still.” In a volume of this size it will not be possible to publish any of the *private* tributes to Mr. Mackinnon’s memory ; it would indeed be almost impossible to make any selection for publication, as all the letters are touchingly beautiful—a precious heritage for those who come after him. A melancholy interest attaches to some of these, as within a very short time their writers had also passed away—the Rev. J. Wallace Mann, Mr. Mackinnon’s esteemed and attached friend, the neighbouring minister of Eastbank United Free Church ; the Rev. Dr. Gillan, his co-presbyter ; Mr. Grant, of Hylipol ; and Mr. Carrick, of Newbattle.

Mr. Mackinnon’s own Presbytery have recorded him as,—

“ . . . A man of winning personality, of unwearied zeal, of wide sympathy, of evangelical earnestness, and of high spiritual tone ; and in consequence his influence was felt beyond his own church and country ; his services being often in request at conventions for the quickening and deepening of spiritual life. His eloquence as a preacher, both in Gaelic and English, secured for him a unique position in the Highlands and Lowlands. In his own parish of

Shettleston, as a faithful pastor and sympathetic friend, he was beloved by all. In Presbytery he was always helpful, and stood out as a strong advocate of everything that would tend to the good of the people. The Presbytery mourn his loss while yet in the prime of life, when giving great promise of future usefulness, and at a time when strong faith and Christian courage are so much needed in the Church. . . .”

“ Mr. Mackinnon was very dear to us,” wrote the secretary of the Presbytery Club, “ and we miss him more than I can say. The loss which the Church has sustained by his death is very great.”

The Rev. Dr. Brown, in paying a fine tribute to his memory, said, “ He was ever an advocate of truth and righteousness, a true comrade, and as loyal a soldier of Jesus Christ as the Church of Scotland ever had. . . .”

The Moderator of the Presbytery of the United Free Church, in which he was “ as much honoured and loved as in his own,” made reference—

“ to the exceptional sorrow which has befallen the Church of Scotland in the death of the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, of Shettleston, suddenly cut down at the prime of his age and usefulness. He was a Brother beloved not only in his own Presbytery, but by many friends in our own and other Churches. Indeed all who knew Mr. Mackinnon esteemed him very highly for his warm evangelic fervour, his wide sympathies, and his love of the things which make for peace and union. A ministry like his enriches all the Churches. As a Presbytery we deplore his untimely removal and offer our sympathy to the Presbytery of the Church of Scotland in the great loss which they, and we, and the City have sustained. . . .”

The leading bodies of almost all the other denominations, of Lodges, Associations, Committees, Boards and Unions all bore eloquent and touching testimony to

the love and esteem in which he was universally held.

The secretary of the Clan Mackinnon Society records that—

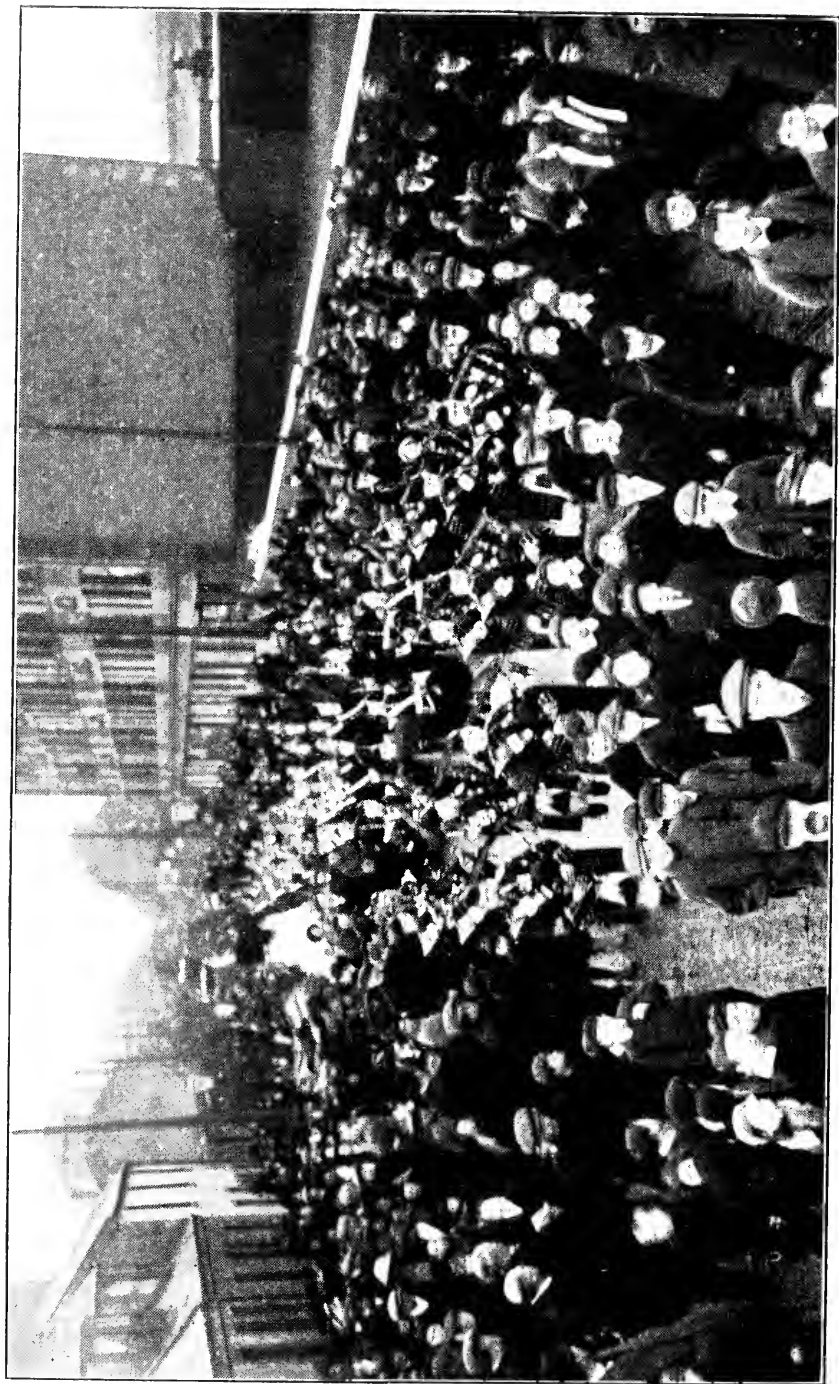
“ We have experienced this year, by the death of the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, perhaps the greatest loss sustained by the Society since its inception. We can only gauge the loss by comparison with the influence for good he was in our midst, and that was immeasurable. His great abilities as a preacher and a speaker were known to all Highlanders, and these, combined with his vigorous personality, his frank and genial manner, his broad-mindedness and untiring zeal for any work he undertook, made him the most popular and powerful minister in the Church of Scotland. . . . His worth has been recognized, and his loss regretted by people of all classes and denominations, and while we are proud that he was a Highlander by birth, we must recognize that at heart he was a cosmopolitan. . . . ”

The following account of the last solemn rites is taken from the *Oban Times* :—

“ The funeral of the Rev. Hector Mackinnon, minister of Shettleston Parish Church, who died on Tuesday last week after a short illness, took place on Friday last to Sandymount, Shettleston. The obsequies were marked by many tokens of the affection of his parishioners, and of the esteem in which he was held by the whole community.

The Chief of the Clan MacKinnon (MacKinnon of MacKinnon), accompanied by his son, honoured his departed clansman by walking on foot in the procession from the church to the place of burial.

The Town Clerk of Glasgow (Mr. John Lindsay) and the representatives of Shettleston Ward on the Corporation, as well as members of Glasgow Presbytery and Shettleston School Board (of which the late minister was Chairman), were present, as were also a detachment of the 9th H.L.I. Territorials (the Glasgow Highlanders), of which regiment Mr. Mackinnon held the office of hon. chaplain; and the



A GLIMPSE OF THE MOURNERS AT MR. MACKINNON'S FUNERAL.

Company of the Boys' Brigade attached to the Parish Church.

The schools were closed, and many of the shops in the district were shut during the time of the funeral.

A short service was conducted in the manse by the Rev. William H. Rankine, Titwood, and the Rev. Norman Maclean, Park Parish.

IMPRESSIVE SERVICE

The coffin was then conveyed in a hearse to the church, where an impressive service was held. It was timed to begin at three o'clock, but long before that hour the church was filled to overflowing, and crowds lined the street outside, unable to gain admission. The coffin was borne into the church and placed in front of the pulpit by the following members of the session: Messrs. John Murdoch, William Allan, Alex. Potter, Alex. Porter, W. Cook, and Hector Maclean, Tolcross. There was present a large representation of the Glasgow Presbytery, including the clerk, the Rev. Robert Pryde.

The Moderator of the Presbytery, Rev. David Jack, Wardlawhill, presided. The Very Rev. Dr. M'Adam Muir, of the Cathedral, and the Rev. Dr. John Brown, Bellahouston, read the lessons, and the Moderator and the Rev. Norman Maclean conducted the devotional exercises.

The service concluded with the singing of "Now the labourer's task is o'er" and the benediction. To the strains of the "Dead March" in *Saul*, played by the organist, the coffin was carried out to the hearse, the following members of Presbytery acting as pall-bearers: The Moderator, the Rev. Dr. M'Adam Muir, the Rev. Dr. Brown, the Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, the Rev. Robert Pryde, and the Rev. Norman Maclean. The procession was then formed. The pipe band of the Glasgow Highlanders, followed by the Boys' Brigade, preceded the hearse, and to the solemn strains of the lament, "The Flowers o' the Forest," the cortège proceeded to the cemetery. A large number of carriages brought up the rear. All along the route the streets were lined with sympathetic crowds. At the grave-side the prayer was offered by the Rev. Dugald

Macfarlane, Parish of Kingussie, who also after the coffin had been lowered pronounced the benediction in Gaelic. The pipers then played "Lochaber no More." The pallbearers were: Masters Donald and Somerled Mackinnon, sons; the Rev. D. Macfarlane, Kingussie; Mr. John Mackinnon, Tiree, brother; Captain MacEachnie, Glasgow, and Mr. Dugald Campbell, Glasgow, brothers-in-law; Mr. Adamson, Crieff, father-in-law; the Rev. Allan Munn, U.F. minister, Kirkhill, cousin; MacKinnon of MacKinnon and his son; the Rev. Dr. John Maclean, St. Columba's, Glasgow; the Rev. Norman Maclean, Park Church, Glasgow; the Moderator of Glasgow Presbytery; Mr. David Lawson, session clerk; Colonel Fleming, commanding the Glasgow Highlanders; a representative of the Tiree Association; Mr. John Murdoch, senior elder; and Captain Grey, commanding the Boys' Brigade. A large number of wreaths were sent.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

SHETTLESTON PARISH CHURCH

A funeral service for the late Rev. Hector Mackinnon, Shettleston, was held on Sunday in Shettleston Parish Church. The church was crowded, and about 400 people, who were unable to gain admission, assembled in the Church Hall, where another service was conducted.

At the service in the church the preacher was the Rev. Norman Maclean, Park Parish Church, and the lessons were read by Rev. G. E. Thomson, assistant in Shettleston Church.

At the conclusion of his sermon, which was based on Hebrews, chapter 12, verse 23, "The spirits of just men made perfect," Mr. Maclean paid a tribute to the late minister, whom he had known for thirty years. They knew what Mr. Mackinnon was as minister of Shettleston, but his power and his influence went far beyond his parish. There were all over Scotland and beyond it men and women for whom life would never be the same again because he was gone. In no place would he be mourned more deeply than in the islands of the West and throughout the Highlands. He was a great preacher in English, but

he was greater in Gaelic. He was a great gift of God to his generation. The power of the man lay in this—that his heart was so big. He was interested in everything that pertained to the Kingdom of God. There never walked a truer friend than he was. He gave ungrudgingly and always, and it was because he never spared himself that he died ere the day's work was done. †

SHETTLESTON PARISH HALL

The service in the hall was conducted by the Rev. Dugald Macfarlane, Kingussie, who also gave a touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of his departed friend.

A CAMPBELTOWN TRIBUTE

As a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Rev. Hector Mackinnon, of Shettleston, who was formerly minister of the first charge at Campbeltown, the bells of the parish churches of Campbeltown were tolled on Friday during the funeral hour, while flags were at half-mast on all the shipping in the harbour.

REV. HECTOR MACKINNON'S FUNERAL

There are funerals which arouse public interest and evoke public sympathy, quite apart from the spectacular with which they may be accompanied. Hector Mackinnon's funeral was of this kind. Men, women, and children crowded the streets of Shettleston, and surrounded and followed that long, mournful procession to the grave, not because they wanted to see it, but because they felt that here was the last they would see of one whom they had all learned to respect, and whom many had learned to love. It was natural and fitting that his great congregation, with its varied organized activities of workers, old and young, should be there. Fitting, too, that the Highlanders of Glasgow should be there; and only natural that the great Presbytery of Glasgow and scores of ministers of all denominations, from various parts of the country, should be there. That was to be expected. He was a beloved pastor. He was the friend of every Highlander.

He was a co-worker with every minister, and had given personal service and help to not a few. But to see the grimy collier, the toiling foundry worker, the common labourer and the street loafer, with their women-folk and their children, stand to attention, reverently salute the passing bier, and with subdued and sorrowful mien whisper to one another their thoughts and feelings—that was the most eloquent testimony that this man had touched the hearts of the common people. And it meant that the common people instinctively recognize when a man of God and follower of Christ labours in their midst. Hector Mackinnon's place in the hearts of those who knew him, and among whom he worked, was the place that the Gospel always makes for itself when it is earnestly preached and faithfully lived.

An old minister, walking behind me in the procession, declared : “ There has not been the like of this since Glasgow followed Norman Macleod to his grave.” It was the same cause that made both these funerals the occasion of a spontaneous expression of public interest, sympathy and respect.

From *The British Weekly*—

Such a funeral as took place to-day has surely never before been seen in Shettleston. The large church crowded long before the time of service ; the waiting thousands outside ; the tears and sobs as the procession passed on—all bore testimony to the greatness of his influence. The chief of the Mackinnon clan was there ; and the pipes of the Highlanders wailed their lament. It was a stately dirge, and gave expression to the pain that throbbed in thousands of hearts. Dr. Hamilton, writing of McCheyne, says, “ The death of this young, sainted servant of God did more to advance the Saviour's Kingdom than the labours of his life.” May it also be so in the case of Hector Mackinnon. Looking on these gathered thousands to-day, one could not but try to account for such an immense tribute as the people paid. Several things can be truly said. He preached with great earnestness the Gospel of Redeeming Love with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. He visited diligently, and his homely manner and kindly way

ensured an open door wherever he went. He preached in churches of every denomination, and frequently at conferences and mission halls. It is pathetic to see bills in the city announcing him to preach on a special occasion on Sunday first.

Many have told us how, just as the mournful procession reached the entrance to the cemetery, the sun suddenly shone out on what had been a day of storm and cloud, "and it seemed like a prophecy when immediately a beautiful rainbow appeared encircling in its arch that sorrowing throng in the grave-yard and the mourners in the manse near by." "There has been no funeral like it since Norman Macleod's," they told us ; we had known it would be so, for the people felt the power of *a life given*. And to the broken-hearted mother far away the Minister's friend sent the swift message—"Our sorrowful task is done, but thousands came to witness it, forming a great and mourning company. And my best friend has been laid to rest amid remarkable scenes of public sorrow. Glasgow has been stirred to its heart, and showed it."

The time came when we found ourselves in—

"The empty aching home,
Where the silent footsteps come,
Where the unseen face looks on,
Where the hand-clasp is not felt,
Where the dearest eyes are gone,
Where the portrait on the wall
Stirs and struggles as to speak,
Where the light breath from the hall
Calls the colour to the cheek,
Where the voice breaks in the hymn
When the sunset burneth dim,
Where the late large tear will start
Frozen by the broken heart,

Where the lesson is to learn
How to live, to grieve, to yearn,
How to bear and how to bow.
Oh, the Christmas that is fled !
Lord of living and of dead,
Comfort Thou ! ”

Do God's promises break down when we come face to face with some overwhelming crisis in life ? Is our Christian faith a reality or an illusion ? Do Christian people believe all they profess to believe about immortality, and the future life ? Now and again we meet with those who, in speaking of the life after death, say with startling candour, “ I don't believe that, I don't see how it can be ” (as if we could limit the Almighty !) ; and you will find, too, that these have only said what some others were *secretly* thinking. In the hope that it may be used to comfort any who with us are “ companions of the sorrowful way,” or to strengthen any who find it hard to believe in a God who veils Himself from our mortal vision in what seem to us “ thick clouds and darkness,” we humbly and reverently give here what has been our experience in a supreme sorrow. In all the deep darkness and despair, the shattering, crushing heart-break of the weeks and months which followed—He did “ *sit by us and moan.* ” And, let us be honest, by us too was that cruellest of all enemies, ever ready in mockery and derision with the taunt, “ Where is *now* your God ? ” “ Where now is the faith and hope you so fondly cherished and clung to ? ” “ Doth Job fear God for nought ? ” “ Hast Thou not made an hedge about him ? ” It was a hard-fought fight, but the faith we wrestle for is the faith worth while.

“ What can we do, o'er whom the unbeholden
Hangs in a night with which we cannot cope ?
What, but look sunward and with faces golden
Speak to each other softly of a hope ? ”

Is it not the case with many that when one very near and dear to us is suddenly snatched away, and hidden for ever from our mortal eyes, that we, secretly, expect them to communicate with us, to make some little sign of assurance that they are not lost to us for ever? We know that they are with Christ, and *He is always with us*. May we not legitimately believe that *in Him* and *through Him* we are all the while in close and constant touch with our dear ones? May we not believe that they “look down upon us at our earthly tasks even now,” and that God, whom they loved and served here, still continues to make them the instruments in those ministrations of which we ourselves are the objects? We searched all the Minister’s books in feverish quest for certainty, but it was in his own sermons we found that which led us back to the now illuminated words of the Master—“*If it were not so I would have told you!*” And there we take our stand, firmer than before; learning more and more that it is the *things of the Spirit* that matter, and that God, who “sendeth the promise where He sends the pain,” has wonderful things to teach those who come close enough to Him. For the rest—

“How should I tell, and how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?”

When the stricken heart finds at last no other attitude but that of “Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,” it becomes no longer difficult to believe that the loved ones who have been snatched from us in “fiery chariots of pain,” are *even now* clothed in glorified spiritual bodies—not *changed* but glorified—and, with their Risen Lord, are alive for evermore, serving Him day and night.

“ Still on the lips of all we question,
The finger of God’s silence lies ;
Will the lost hands in ours be folded ?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise ?
Oh, friend, no proof beyond this yearning,
This outstretch of our hearts we need ;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.
Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o’er and o’er ;
Some day their arms will close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.”

On October 23, 1913, in the presence of a large company of people from Shettleston and Glasgow, the Memorial Stone, shown on opposite page, was unveiled in Sandymount Cemetery, by Mr. Mackinnon’s lifelong friend, the Rev. D. Macfarlane, of Kingussie. A short service was conducted, and, before dispersing, the company sang over the grave the hymn, which was the last Mr. Mackinnon had given out—

For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be for ever blest. Hallelujah !
From earth’s wide bounds, from ocean’s furthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, “ Hallelujah ! ”



SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HECTOR MACKINNON,
 MINISTER SUCCESSIVELY OF THE PARISHES OF THREE,
 STORNOWAY, CAMPBELTOWN, AND SHETTLESTON.
 BORN IN THREE 4TH AUGUST, 1866. DIED IN GLASGOW 4TH FEBRUARY, 1913.
 A great preacher of Jesus Christ, an earnest student, an untiring worker, and a
 man greatly beloved.
 "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."
 "Oir dhombh-sa bhi beò is e sin Criosd, agus bàs fhaotainn is buannachd dhombh
 so."—*Philip. i. 21.*
 ERECTED BY HIS SORROWING CONGREGATION AND FRIENDS.

CHAPTER VIII

FLOWERS ON HIS GRAVE

WHEN Mr. Mackinnon was called home, the news fell upon his friends with all the shock of a sudden calamity. Many of them had seen him and spoken with him but a few days before, and when they read in the newspapers that he had passed away they could scarcely realize that he whom they loved had for ever gone from them. This sense of loss—from the public as well as from the personal standpoint—was expressed not only in the Press but also from many pulpits. Much as we should like to include in this memoir the many references to Mr. Mackinnon, and the appreciations of his life and work, it is quite impossible to do so, but one or two of these appreciations have been selected.

Writing in *The Scotsman*, the Rev. Norman Maclean, M.A., of the Park Church, Glasgow, paid the following beautiful tribute to his friend's memory:—

“ ‘When he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death.’—*Essays of Elia*.

“When I heard that he was dead it seemed to me as if the day had turned suddenly dark. He was so big and so strong that one never thought of associating death with him. He radiated life; when he smiled it was like ‘sunshine in a shady place’; and he had that requisite of greatness—he could laugh with all his might. I have seen

him enter a room full of his fellow-islanders—exiles in the city—and I have marked how every face brightened at his coming. That was the secret of his power. Men and women were to him full of inexhaustible interest ; he met them on the ground of comradeship and gladness. What he received from them he rendered back fourfold. And as men knew him they marvelled at the joyousness of his face, and so desired to be numbered of his company. Thus it came that when he died men said one to another in dismay : ‘ Hector Mackinnon is dead.’ I never heard him spoken of but after that manner—Hector Mackinnon.

“ It was from the magic and the wonder of the western seas that he came. ‘ From the solitary place the springs come to drive the mill-wheels of the world.’ His solitary place was Tiree. The first time he left it he was fifteen years old. He had to go to Oban to an examination for a bursary. The day was stormy ; the boat was delayed ; he only got to Oban on the second day. The examiner pitied him, and let him do the two days’ papers in one. But he did not get the bursary. It could not be expected after that experience. Next year he was back again, and secured the prize. And that autumn he appeared at Inverness and joined the band of youths whom Dr. Alexander MacBain was training for the work of the world. It was there I first met Hector Mackinnon. Clean of limb and clean in mind, he had the joy and the music of life in his veins. He would wander by the banks of the Ness rolling forth the majestic periods of Milton from the store of an inexhaustible memory. They are scattered over the world now, that company among whom he was chief. Years afterwards one of them, a doctor, sent Hector a letter from far away China. ‘ Your religious divisions and contendings,’ he wrote, ‘ look very small and laughable when surveyed from Canton.’ And whenever anyone in the after years spoke of Donald Macaulay, Hector recalled that saying with gladness.

“ He could have chosen any career, such were his gifts, but he chose the ministry of the Church of Scotland. There was an experience behind the choice—an experience in the solitary place. Through that he was led, not to the faith, but to its very heart of fire. Thus it was that forms and trappings were as nothing to him ; he had felt the glow of

the hidden flame. That indefinable, inexpressible something by which a spiritual contact is established between the human heart and the Unseen found him in the mystic isle of the sea, and he set his face like a flint. He would be a minister; he would make his own people share his high experience. And so great was the power of the man that when the church of his native isle fell vacant, his fellow-islanders chose him to be their minister. He was but a youth, yet the young prophet found honour in his own island.

“It has been my lot to hear many preachers, but I can truthfully say that I never heard any preaching which could sustain comparison with the impassioned eloquence of Hector Mackinnon preaching in his native language—Gaelic. In the pulpit his eyes glowed with prophetic fire, and he stood forth the herald of the Unseen. The very tones of his voice vibrated with awe. ‘O awful, awful name of God!’ exclaimed Thackeray once; ‘light unbearable, mystery unfathomable; vastness immeasurable! Who are these who gaze unblinking into the depths of the light and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name that God’s people of old fear to utter—who are these that are so familiar with it?’ It was like that when this man stood in the sanctuary. Everything was mean and contemptible save Him—before Whom every faculty was prostrate. His preaching bore the hearer along like a flood. It was in vain to resist the spell. This man had something to say. He had a message from the land beyond the bridge. It was not the ‘religious teaching of Browning’ or the ‘doubts of Arnold’ that he proclaimed. There are men who so conceive the ambassadorship of Jesus Christ. The religion they preach is a nervous complaint, but it is not the evangel. This man knew. There was that experience of the heart of fire, and his consuming passion was that everybody should feel that great and only reality, and his words wooed and urged; the heart of things was depicted in language so glowing that the hearers were swept out into oceans of feeling and wonder and awe—realms hitherto inconceivable to them. I will remember to the last, summer days long ago, when I accompanied him on a preaching mission in Sutherlandshire. We crossed kyles, and journeyed many lonely

roads. But everywhere the heart went out to the preacher who spoke as one who descended from the Mount. I can hear still the sob that rose from the pew as men and women felt the electric contact with the Eternal. And as they gathered round him afterwards on the grass how his face would glow with radiance !

“This man rendered the cause of religion the greatest of all services. He made men realize that the gifts of God were not restricted to this or bound up with that. For fifty years the Church of Scotland in great stretches of the Highlands was a wilderness. Great men had arisen within it—the Macleods, Cameron Lees, Blair—but they could not endure the desolation. The South claimed them. Thus many said : ‘ There is no gift, no grace, in the Church Established. The way of salvation is not to be found there.’ Then Hector Mackinnon came, and when men heard him they said : ‘ God has visited again the Church Established ; a prophet is raised up within her ; she cannot be so bad as we thought she was.’ I do not say too much when I say that this young preacher, in his ceaseless journeyings, in his incessant labours, rehabilitated the Church of Scotland in the respect and affection of the Highlanders whithersoever he went. ‘ I never expected in this world,’ said an old man with tear-stained face, ‘ to hear the Word preached with such power within the walls of this Church.’ People felt that God had visited the valley of the dry bones. The Word had broken forth again, and the breaking forth was in the desolate places. God had not forsaken the desolate. And ministers who had grown disheartened heard Hector Mackinnon and felt as if they had received a revelation of what preaching ought to be. And they, too, began to preach. The power of the man wakened the dead.

“But Hector Mackinnon came too late. Slowly and sadly he realized it himself. The Highlanders were riven and divided into opposing factions. Not even an Apostle could level these walls of separation. Like others before him, he realized that only in the Lowlands could his word have free course. And he gave up the preaching of Gaelic and came to Glasgow to toil in the East End. Thus did the Highlands lose the greatest Gaelic preacher that had appeared for fifty years. And the prophet who drew his inspiration from the sea and the wind blowing over the heather was set

to climb the weary stairs and breathe the fetid air of closes. And now he is dead. For in our day the Church is so blind that when a prophet appears the Church prescribes for him this duty—the climbing of stairs. And the prophet dies ere the fountain of his prophecy runs wholly dry. With him the fountain ran not dry.

“He was just coming into his kingdom when he died. In a great city such as Glasgow it takes a long time for a man to make himself felt. But when you begin to hear men speak of anybody without using any prefixes to their name you know that these men are becoming a force. And Glasgow was beginning to speak of Hector Mackinnon just when he died. I remember him standing up in the Presbytery, a fearless figure four-square, and the words of his denunciation cut like a knife. It was the strange advertisements of Church services that he condemned. ‘By these unworthy means,’ he cried, ‘you can bring an audience into your churches; but you will never gather a Christian congregation.’ A Presbytery is a strange court; and the atmosphere of a city Presbytery does not often suggest that it is a depository of the Christian faith. But whenever this man spoke the Presbytery awoke and listened to him. There was reality in him; he had been near the heart of fire; they could not but hear what he had to say. And he had so much to say because he had so much at heart. How his face would light up when the hope of Church Union was discussed! He saw the good day coming when there would be a place yet for a Gaelic preacher. He might go north yet when that great day of the Lord would come. And far out to the ends of the earth his vision wandered, and he saw with a leap of the heart heathenism transfigured by the glory of Jesus Christ. How his eyes would glow then! And now he is dead.

“Had he lived, there is no honour the Church has to bestow which would not in due course have been his. Every great cause is poorer and weaker because he is gone. It is almost incredible that he is dead. Gone just when he was coming to fruition. But it is because he is thus gone in the height of his power that the great truth he loved to preach—that of immortality—becomes credible. The sowing must come to fruition somewhere. ‘We are all,’ said Frederic Myers, ‘booked for such a good thing in the

next world that it matters comparatively little how we fare in this.' It is because nothing this life can give is to be compared to that which is now his that those who knew Hector Mackinnon can bear the thought of his death."

Preaching in Paisley Abbey, the Rev. A. M. Maclean, B.D., made reference to Mr. Mackinnon's departure, and at the conclusion of his sermon on the text, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" he said:—

"I have been moved to speak to you to-night of this consoling doctrine by the seemingly untimely death of one of the very best ministers of the Church of Scotland. I do not suppose many of you knew Hector Mackinnon, but in this ancient and historic church it is always fitting to remember those who have deserved well of their country, and who have rendered exceptional service to the Church of Christ. He died last week at the early age of forty-six, in the full maturity of his powers—a man amongst men, so radiant and strong that it is impossible for those who knew him to realize that he is gone. Had he lived he could scarcely have failed to become one of the most commanding figures of his time. Short as his life has been, he made an impression upon his countrymen which is sufficiently remarkable. He was laid to rest last Friday amid such scenes of sincere and unaffected emotion as are very rarely witnessed. Thousands upon thousands lined the long mile from his church to his grave. All business was suspended. Public works were closed. And far away in the isles of the west, and in the straths and glens of the north, wherever the Gaelic tongue is still spoken, multitudes of men and women bowed their heads in sorrow, and were present in spirit, as Hector Mackinnon was borne to his Lowland grave; through the wail of the pibroch ringing along the silent streets, one seemed to hear the passionate lamentation of his race. What had this man done to move men's hearts with a sorrow so strange and rare? He was a good minister of Jesus Christ. That and nothing more. He did the one thing that was given him to do with all his might, and he had his kingly reward. His first parish was the parish where he was brought up as a boy. Those who knew him best were the first to perceive his worth. And wherever he

went he struck home with his heart of fire, his passion for truth, his devotion that never grew weary or faint. How he despised the men who seek to win an audience by the trick advertisement of incongruous themes! The Gospel of Jesus Christ was good enough for him, and in his native Gaelic he flamed out his message with a concentrated power which won for him the name of the Spurgeon of the North. He came to Glasgow for a season, and when men met him on the streets they saw in dreams the bloom upon the heather and the opal tints of the plunging Hebridean waves, so reminiscent of his race was this strong son of the sea. Yet the Lowland folk took to him like his own countrymen, though they, perhaps, never understood the witchery of the mountains and the sea that made him what he was. But they did understand his message—the love of God in Jesus Christ, and for that they loved him as if he were their own. Faint hearts in these days often lament the growth of religious indifference, and mourn over the declension of the age. Such a life as Hector Mackinnon's should be enough to shame them into silence. Preach the Word which you believe, preach it fearlessly, preach it lovingly, preach it as the Word of God unto salvation, and the multitudes will listen greedily enough. Out of the Rock of Eternal Truth this man hewed his message, and he built it into the lives of men and made them strong, and against the Temple of his work the idle theories of a passing day are but the spume that breaks upon the reefs and cliffs where the Atlantic comes surging shoreward against the sunset isles. Who shall say that this man died untimely? He did his work and God took him because he had need of him elsewhere—and for the rest the Church of Christ in Scotland gives thanks to God for that he lived, and until they meet him in the lovelit land he will never be forgotten by the multitudes whom his spiritual genius quickened."

To the *British Weekly* the Rev. A. W. Fergusson, B.D., of Dundee, contributed the following:—

"Like leaves in wintry weather ; so has it seemed to some of us during those last months—some of us who were in the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh University in the early 'nineties.

“Three months ago it was Rollo of Springburn and Buccleuch, cut down in the midst of his abundant labours. Last month, in Heidelberg, after a long, rough road of pain, it was Frazer, son of Blair Atholl Manse, and brother of Sprouston—Ian, the chivalrous, the gallant; as sweet of blood and pure of heart as any we have ever known; a knight of the Table Round, who sought for heavenly truth as those of old did for the Holy Grail. And now, this last week, as in a moment, “Hector,” as all men called him—Hector Mackinnon; of pneumonia; aged forty-six.

“When I remember all
The friends so linked together.

“Overwork. Taking too much out of himself. The sword fretting its scabbard to decay. There lies all the secret of his untimely going.

“Just think of his ordinary Sabbath day’s journey, as one of his great flock gave it to the writer the other night. ‘He would never miss the morning fellowship, and would always say something. Then, at twelve, he had his service in yon big church—every bit of it, and he never spared himself. Often he would have to go into the city for some afternoon service; they were always wanting him, and he was always willing. Back home again, and into the Sabbath-school to see us all. And his full evening service to finish the day with—though that didn’t always finish it. For often he would be visiting his sick folk on the road home.’

“Remember all this. And that he preached with overwhelming, overpowering energy—his whole being aflame with spiritual passion; a light and a torch to others indeed, but to himself wasting and destruction. Remember also that he was busy all the week besides, in parish, presbytery, and what not. For he was a father in God to all the 1,700 members of his flock. And, like Johnson, and unlike not a few Highlanders, he loved business, loved to have his wisdom actually operate on real life. An excellent committee man. For some years the honoured and trusted chairman of his School Board. And remember, above all, that Glasgow is full of Highlanders—that none are so clannish as the Highlanders of a great city—and that there was never a meeting of them all that was complete if ‘Hector’ was not there, Hector, the ‘biggest human’ of

them all—as big as Shettleston Kirk. Hector with the laugh of a giant and the heart of a big boy.

“So that though he was a very rock of a man, and knew not the meaning of fatigue, slowly but surely all this overstrain must have been eating in on his capital funds—and when the pinch came he had no reserves of vitality sufficient to carry him through.

“Licensed in 1891. Ordained next year to his native parish of Tiree, which he left two years later for Stornoway. Three years in Stornoway, and then colleague to Dr. Russell in Campbeltown till 1905, when he was called to succeed the present minister of the Barony in the great and growing parish of Shettleston. This is the abstract and brief chronicle of that big, brave, passionate, tender ministry of his—that ministry which meant more than will yet be told for many days to the Church of Scotland in the Western Isles. For this was the great outstanding feature of his life’s service—that he revived the work and the name and the fame of the ‘Established Church’ in the Highlands during these latter years.

“He was the greatest preacher of his generation in Gaelic. Of that those who are best able to judge have left us in no doubt whatever. And of that the pride and joy in him of every devout Highlander that one has ever met, and the way in which they flocked to hear him, have been more emphatic proof. A son of the people, he could lay his mind alongside theirs with the most extraordinary sympathy and understanding. Deep in the general heart of the Gael, his fame was laid and will survive. ‘The Spurgeon of the North’—that was their name for him.

“At college he told one of us how much better he loved to preach in his native tongue. ‘You could just lean over the pulpit, and re-e-eason with the people in Gaelic.’ So we may fancy he would lean and reason to begin with on the Sabbath day. But as he warmed to his subject, there was no more leaning, and the reasoning became the appeal of the whole man aflame with heaven, and rapt in the vision of the Unseen. A whirlwind of moving eloquence. A torrent of passionate appeal, on the breast of which men were carried, whether they would or not, into the very Presence Chamber of the Father.

“It was something of a surprise when he came to Shettle-

ston, but every one felt that it was the best possible appointment. For there had been sore fighting with some of the heritors for years over a new church—fighting that had issued in the erection of that beautiful church costing some £14,000. And now that the fight was over, the opportunity had come for the man with a ‘healing disposition.’ And Mackinnon was that man. And from the beginning his word was the word of Peace. There can have been few ministries so richly blessed as his in Shettleston these last eight years.

“And now this crowded hour of glorious life and service for the Master is over, here. But only here; in some higher sphere of love and opportunity he must surely be carrying on his beneficent work. And not even here; for in the hearts of a great host his work will live on, increasing, fructifying. In the lives of those made better by his presence—heartened by his life and message—redeemed by his simple Evangel.”

AN T-URRAMACH EACHANN MAC FHIONGHAIN NACH
MAIREANN.

By the Rev. Donald Lamont, M.A.

Bu bheag ar dùil an uair a thòisich sinn air duilleagan a’ mhìos so a sgrìobhadh gu’m bitheamaid a’ deanamh iomraidh annta air bàs ar caraid, Eachann Mac Fhionghain, ministear cho fiachail’s a bha eadar dà cheann Albainn. Cha ’n ’eil ùine no cothrom againn an tràth-sa (oir feumaidh so a bhi ann an làimh a’ chlà-bhualadair an diugh) air a chliù agus a sheirbhis innseadh gu réidh, socrach, mar bu mhaith leinn. Cha do ràinig an sgeul bhrònach sinn gus an robh àireamh a’ mhìos so cheana crìochnaichte; ach is feàrr leinn na tha sgrìobhte a ghearradh sìos seach gu ’n rachadh leabhar na h-eaglais a mach air a’ mhìos so gun fhacal air chor-eigin ann, air cho goirid’s ’g am bi e, mu ’n fhear nach maireann a bha cho foghainteach is eudmhor anns an t-soisgeul.

Cha mhòr d’a chomh-aoisean a rinn uiread seirbhis anns an eaglais ri Eachann Mac Fhionghain; agus faodar a ràdh le firinn gu robh e a’ fas an neart, an gliocas, an dìlseachd, gach bliadhna mar bha dol seachad, air chor agus na ’n d’ fhuair e sìneadh làithean gu robh e cinnteach air àite fhaotainn am measg maithean na h-eaglais.

Rugadh e ann an eilean Thiriodh ann an 1866. Thàinig e o stoc Baisteach agus o dhaoine diadhaidh, agus bha e air gach dòigh coltach ris a' chreig as an do ghearradh e. Ged a bha inntinn gheur fhosgailte aige, agus a bha e eòlach air gach seòrsa bheachdan ùra a tha an diugh air an teagasg mu 'n Bhiobull cha do chaill e riamh cinnteachd nan nithean anns an do theagaisgeadh e le 'athair agus le Donnchadh Mac Phàrlain. B' e sin stéigh a neirt. Thàinig e fo bhuaidh na Fìrinn aig àm dusgaidh a bha ann an Tiriodh o chionn beagan bhliadhnachan ar fhichead, agus air dha eòlas fhaotainn o fhiosrachadh fhéin air gràs Dhe is cumhachd an Spioraid Naoimh ann an iompachadh an anama, shearmonaich e an soisgeul sin do dhaoine eile agus shoirbhich an Tighearna leis gu mòr. Cha deachaidh e riamh air beulaobh sluaigh ach mar theachdaire aig an robh sgeul aoibhneach ri labhairt. Cha chualas riamh o Eachann Mac Fhionghain fuaim neo-chinnteach a thaobh peacaidh is fireantachd is breitheanaidh, no a thaobh éifeachd na h-ìobairt a thabhair an Slanuighear air son pheacach, is cumhachd an Spioraid Naoimh. B' e sin an t-aobhar gu 'n éisdeadh sluagh anns gach àite ris le tlachd is aire. Cha d' fhàg e as a dhéidh searmonaiche Gàidhlig cho comasach. Theireadh cuid de dhaoine gur e fileantachd a chainnte, is drùigheachd a ghutha, is neart a bhodhig, is dùrachdas a spioraid, a bha deanamh a theagaisg cho ciatach 's a bha tàladh ant-sluaigh 'ga ionnsuidh; ach ged a tha sin ann an tomhas fìor agus a chuidich na nithean sin leis, tha sinn cho cinnteach 's a tha am peann 'n ar làimh gu 'm b' e an fhìor aobhar air cumhachd agus soirbheachadh an duine, gu robh e 'n a dhuine diadhaidh agus 'n a fhear-teagaisg soisgeulach. Ma bha e fileanta ann an Gàidhlig, agus bha e sin da rìreadh; ma bha e treun 'n a bhodhig, agus bu tearc ministear a bha cho mòr, foghainteach ris; choisrig e na tàlannan sin le 'uile chridhe do sheirbhis an Tighearna, agus cha do chaomhain e a ghuth no a bhodhig ann an obair na h-eaglais. Cha robh boinne de 'n leisg 'n a fhuil. An uair a bhiodh rud r'a dheanamh cha b' ann am folach am measg na h-àirneis a bhitheadh e; bhiodh e ri aghaidh a' chatha.

B' e sgìreachd Thiriodh a' cheud àite anns an do shuidhicheadh e, agus cha bu bheag an teisteanas air a ghiùlan gu 'n do ghairm a dhaoine fhéin e gu bhi 'n a mhinistear dhaibh. A Tiriodh chaidh e do Steòrnabhagh, á Steòrna-

bhagh do Cheann-loch, agus á Ceann-loch do Shettleston an Glaschu, far an d' thàinig a' chrìoch air.

Bha bàigh againn ri Eachann Mac Fhionghain mar fhear-dùthcha, is meas againn air mar dhuine tuigseach, fìrinneach ; ach cha 'n ann air a shon sin a tha sinn a' deanamh iomraidh air anns an àite so, ach a chionn gu robh e 'n a shearmonaiche soisgeulach aig nach robh ni eile anns an t-seal ladh ach peacaich iompachadh is treud Dhé a bheathachadh. An uair a bhiodh cuid d'a choimhearsnaich a' labhairt ri cluasan tachasach mu obair nam bàrd is nithean eile air nach 'eil coslas na diadhaidheachd is aig nach 'eil buintealas rithe, bhunaich esan air a theagasg a tharruing o na sgriobturan naomha, oir bha meas aige air Facal an Tighearna agus bha e dearbhta gur e sin a mhàin a tha comasach air daoine a dheanamh glic a chum slàinte. Bha eud is beatha 'n a theagasg agus bheannaich Dia a shaothair. Cha b' aithne dhuinn duine eile aig an robh uiread de 'n Bhiobull Ghàidhlig air a mheomhair, agus am measg na ginealach òg cha robh iad ach tearc a labhradh cainnt am màthar le uiread blas is saorsa.

Bha meas mòr aig ministearan eile air, oir bha e 'n a dhuine còir. Ged nach robh e gabhail air a bhi 'n a àrd sgoilear bha inntinn làidir, fharsuing aige, agus co dhiu a chòrdadh a bheachdan uile riut no nach còrdadh, theòghadh do chridhe ris air son an dùrachdais leis am bu ghnàth leis a bhi cur impidh air peacaich a bhi réidh ri Dia. Bu duine e a bha daonnan ceart is neo-eisemeileach 'n a chainnt 's 'n a ghiùlan, gun cheilg no leam-leatas. Searmonaiche comasach, is duine diadhaidh, ris an d' éisd am mòr-shluagh le tlachd ; b'e sin Eachann Mac Fhionghain.

At the annual gathering of the Clan Mackinnon, with which the late minister of Shettleston was so closely identified, the Chief of the Clan, the MacKinnon of MacKinnon, Dalcross Castle, made the following reference in his speech from the chair :—

“The outstanding event of the past year, as affecting the clan, has been of a very sad nature, as it records the death of the late Rev. Hector Mackinnon, the most distinguished clansman, I think I may say, of our day. Wherever he

was able to be present he elevated the tone and character of the meeting, while his eloquence and evident sincerity first attracted and then won the confidence and affection of all those with whom he came in contact. His life affords a pattern and example to all those of our young clansfolk who have entered, or who are just entering, the threshold of their careers. Hector owed nothing to social position, wealth, or influence. He was a country lad, born in Tíree, determined to make the best use of the abilities with which the Almighty had endowed him. By sheer hard work and perseverance, he had won bursaries to the extent of £475, and step by step he mounted the ladder, until he became the minister of one of the most important churches in Glasgow. He died in the prime of his life, for he was but forty-six years of age ; but even then he was one of the pillars of the Church, and undoubtedly he would have gained the highest post in the Church of Scotland had God been pleased to spare him. I was present at the funeral and had the honour of being one of the pall-bearers, and I shall never forget the attitude of parishioners and friends who lined the road from Shettleston Church to the cemetery, a distance of over a mile, and who showed, by their tearful faces, that they were drawn there not out of curiosity, as is so often the case, but because they had come to bid one last farewell to one who had ever been their friend and sympathizer in all their joys and in all their sorrows, Hector Mackinnon."

PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF MR. MACKINNON'S WHICH WERE ALREADY IN PRINT

VOICES FROM PATMOS

(A series of papers written by Mr. Mackinnon for *The Life of Faith*, and reproduced in this memorial volume at the special request of many friends.)

I. THE SEVEN SPIRITS

St. John was an exile in Patmos "for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ." During the persecution to which the Church was subjected in the reign of Domitian he was forcibly removed from the city of Ephesus, which had, for long, been the scene of his life and labours, and his lot was now cast on this barren island of the Ægean Sea. It brought him great sorrow to be separated at such a critical juncture from the congregations submitted to his care; but he was not left uncomforted, for there was granted him, in the loneliness of his seagirt prison, one of the most glorious visions vouchsafed to mortal man. On a certain day—it was the Lord's Day—there appeared to him "One like unto the Son of Man," apparelled in heavenly garments, and wearing the symbols of heavenly majesty, but the identity of whom John could not for a moment mistake. It was his exalted Master Himself, come to assure His servant that, despite appearances to the contrary, all was well as regards the interests of His Kingdom, and to show him that there was no justification for the depression that had settled down upon his spirit. The Lord also entrusted him with a message to each of the Churches of his province, and then drew aside the veil that overhung the future, so that John was able to write in a book much of what in coming ages was to transpire

in the experience of the saints and in the history of the world. Of the authenticity and trustworthiness of this revelation the Seer was so certain that he unhesitatingly claims for his narrative a place in the canon of Scripture. This is really the significance of the benediction which he pronounces over the reading and hearing and doing of the words of his prophecy. That place the Church, as a whole, has never withheld.

The things he saw and heard on this memorable occasion he proceeds to describe in epistolary form, beginning his treatise with the customary apostolic salutation. He invokes grace upon those to whom he writes—God's free favour as the outcome and expression of His love; and peace—the peace which is the result of the influence of that favour upon the believing soul; grace and peace from Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The terms by which he names the Persons of the Trinity are, however, different from those commonly used by apostolic writers. He designates the First Person "Him that was and is and is to come"—that is to say, "Him who is from everlasting to everlasting, who is the Source and Centre of life, who unfolds His character and purpose in the events of history, and for whose glory all things are working together."

After the First Person he mentions the Third by a designation upon which I am to dwell in this paper, and to the Second Person he accords the third place because he wishes space to enable him to express in one of the grandest doxologies of Holy Writ his own feelings and those of all His saints towards Him. To that doxology we shall return in the paper that will follow this one. But meanwhile we take up for consideration this appellation, "the Seven Spirits."

The Book of Revelation is a book of numbers; but seven is the number that predominates, occurring as it does no fewer than fifty-four times. To the Hebrew mind seven was the number of unity and completeness, and it is not to be wondered at that in a volume in which symbols are so prominent the author should use this number whenever he had occasion to express the ideas that were associated with it in the thought and speech of his Jewish fellow-countrymen. In any case, there is little doubt that by "the Seven Spirits" John meant his readers to

understand the Holy Spirit in His various operations upon and in the souls of men, and that in the sense in which I shall now speak of the expression.

It is interesting to observe, in passing, that "the Seven Spirits" are represented by the Apostle as being before the throne of "Him that was, and is, and is the coming One." Or to put the matter more intelligibly and helpfully, a throne on which sits the eternal God is behind the Holy Spirit, suggesting that, back of the procession and activities of the Spirit, are life, power, control, and royalty beyond all compare.

On this, however, we cannot linger. What we are specially concerned with is that by this designation—"the Seven Spirits"—John would have us recognize the manifoldness of the activity of the Spirit. Indeed, the different aspects of that activity are more numerous than the number seven can literally signify. But it will aid our thinking on the subject if we try to gather up under that number these different aspects. I venture accordingly to draw attention to a sevenfold manifestation in Christian experience of the Holy Spirit's operations.

The first aspect to be referred to is that of CONVICTION. "When He is come He will reprove the world;" and in the forefront of the work of conviction is conviction in relation to sin. Without conviction in relation to sin no headway is possible for the grace of God in the soul. Lack of conviction with reference to sin is the principal cause why the redemption of Christ is so little appreciated by many to whom it is continually proclaimed. It has been remarked that erroneous views about sin are responsible for nearly all the heresies that have afflicted the Christian Church in the course of the centuries, and that is probably true.

But it may be said with equal truth that nearly all refusals to accept Christ as a first step in the Christian life are due to the absence of this conviction, to which I am referring, in individual souls. As long as men do not recognize that they are sinners they will not lay hold of salvation. Now of this recognition human nature is of itself incapable, and the Spirit's work of conviction is absolutely necessary if men are to be saved at all. How grateful, then, ought we to be that God has not only provided

salvation for us, but also creates by His Spirit in our consciousness the conditions that will shut us up, so to speak, to utilize His provision to our advantage. It is the business of the Spirit to press home upon our consciences and hearts a conviction of our guilt, and defilement, and impotency, and thus constrain us to seek in Christ what we cannot find in any other quarter.

This brings to our notice the next aspect of the Spirit's work which one ought to mention, namely, Conversion. There is a correlative on the Divine or superhuman side to conversion—regeneration—in which are elements of mystery which we cannot unravel. We must content ourselves with the statement of Scripture, that is, of our Lord Himself—"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." There are undoubtedly movements of the Spirit in the work of regeneration which transcend experience. Actual conversion, on the contrary, is within the sphere of human consciousness. Convinced of our need, "we are," as the Westminster Confession puts it, "persuaded and enabled to embrace Jesus Christ as He is freely offered to us in the Gospel." The persuasion and ability are within our direct knowledge, however little we may understand the processes of which these are the results. Conversion is a turning—a turning towards Christ away from the former ignorance, apathy, and hostility. That comes to pass with our own cognisance, and through capacities of intellect, affection, and volition, with the exercise of which in other directions we are quite familiar.

And yet, even in conversion, we must recognize the dominance of the activity of the Holy Spirit. No doubt He uses the ordinary capacities of soul, which I have mentioned, as the channels through which His converting energy proves its power. But without Him and His Divine help it is absolutely impossible for us to turn. From the beginning to the completion of this great spiritual change His activity is indispensable. Of ourselves we can do nothing, and we owe to the Third Person the force, the application of which to our spiritual condition changes once for all our attitude towards God and His Son Jesus Christ.

Again, converted souls have within them, in varying degrees admittedly, but very really, the witness of the Spirit, by which they enjoy the assurance that they are children of God. Of our sonship in relation to God we are not directly conscious. Just as the conviction that we are the children of specified earthly parents is not an intuition, but rather an inference based upon a revelation of parentage associated with a certain person or persons, so that the conviction that we are the children of God does not arise within us intuitively; but it having been declared to us that God is our Father in Jesus Christ, and we having entered into a relation towards Him which enables us with simplicity and sincerity and, most important of all, spontaneity to address Him as "Father," we infer with a certainty which nothing can slay that we are God's sons and daughters. As St. Paul teaches in Romans viii., we have received the spirit of adoption (as a result of our faith—that is implied), whereby we cry Abba, Father, and, having received that position by the help of the Spirit, it at once follows that the Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are the children of God. The prior step is to say, "Father" to God, and then it is borne home on us that we are God's children. It is difficult to separate in thought the one act of our spirits from the other, but there is a distinction, and it will help us in our dull moments if we keep this in mind.

And now, having been convinced of sin, having been led to accept Jesus Christ, and having come by the assurance of salvation, the great work of sanctification may proceed in our souls and lives. There is a sense in which we are sanctified, or set apart, once for all in Christ, but the practical efforts of that setting apart are progressive. At conversion the old nature is neither eradicated nor suppressed. It remains possessed of all the strength and possibilities of development it previously had, but through the counteraction of the Spirit, by whom Christ dwells in us, these are continuously overcome; that is to say, if we, by faith, accept this counteraction, and live in the power of it, we have the victory which the New Testament consistently represents as an essential part of the blessing of the Gospel. This victory is so real and so complete as long as we walk by trust and obedience, that it is no pre-

sumption whatever to say that we have it. Indeed, the presumption would be to say that we do not have it. The victory is just as complete as the conviction, or the conversion, or the witness, although like these it will increase in comprehensiveness with the passing of the years.

Having all these, however, we may now go another step, and say that we have also what, in Scriptural phrase, is known as the comfort of the Spirit. This comfort is not merely comfort in the sense in which we ordinarily understand that term. It is the encouragement of the Spirit for us to go forward in line with the experiences already mentioned. The Holy Spirit is our Comforter not only in giving us good cheer, but in leading us, and at every point of life's journey giving us boldness to face without fear every emergency that may arise. "We are borne on," as the late Bishop Westcott has put it, "to perfection with that mighty influence which waits only for the acceptance of faith that it may exert its sovereign sway, borne on by Him whose unseen arms are stretched out beneath the most weary and weakest, borne on by Him who is the Way and the End of all human endeavour."

Of this comfort what we usually call enduement is an essential and prominent part, although it is capable of such differentiation in thought from comfort as to warrant our regarding it as a special instance of the Spirit's seven-fold activity. To this enduement our Lord referred when He said to the disciples: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." No doubt the Master in uttering these words had present to His mind chiefly the great business of preaching to which the disciples were appointed. But all cannot be preachers, and are not meant to be preachers in the sense in which the disciples and many since were. Yet in the work of witnessing for Christ, in which all Christians are expected to bear a part, the enduement of the Spirit is the heritage of every child of God, however humble, obscure, or weak. That work may be done not only through speaking, but also through living. And when all has been said, and justly said, in magnifying the importance of testimony by speech, it has to be added that testimony by life is not less important. In fact, what gives lip testimony its value is

that it is concurrent with the testimony of the life. The testimony of the lips, when not reinforced by the testimony of the life, has not the convincing power which it was meant to have ; but the testimony of the life, whether it finds expression in association with speech or with action, is the grandest possible exemplification of the Spirit's power in enduing for the work of witnessing.

One other aspect of the Spirit's work remains to be referred to—the intercession of the Spirit. This also may be regarded as a part of the comforting activity of the Spirit, but it, at the same time, merits separate mention. “The Spirit itself making intercession for us.” Some people think prayer easy. They little know what prayer means. True prayer is the most difficult and severe of all exercises. It cannot be done except in the power of the Spirit. We do need the Holy Spirit as the Spirit of prayer. There is no connection in which our infirmities more need to be helped than here. Besides, prayer in the Spirit will surely be heard, and answered. No other prayer will. Seeing, then, the Spirit is ready to give us His Divine aid in this as in every other task or duty, let us count upon Him in order that we may fulfil, to the approval of God, the delight of our own souls, and the benefit of the Church and of humanity, the intercessory function of our great office as priests in the house of our heavenly Father.

II. THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED

In his salutation to the seven Churches at the beginning of the Book of Revelation St. John gives the third place to the Second Person of the Divine Trinity, because of his desire to give special expression to his own feelings and the feelings of the redeemed generally with regard to Him in the great doxology which we now take up for consideration. He cannot refer to that dear name—Jesus Christ—without going on to say that the Being to whom it belongs is the Faithful Witness, the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince with whom none can compare, and then adding the following :—“Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed us from our sins by His blood ; and He made us to be a kingdom, to be priests unto God and His Father ; to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever.”

There are four things presented to us here—first, the transcendent fact that Jesus Christ loveth His people (“Him that loveth us”); next, the chief outcome of that fact—emancipation, and enfranchisement as citizens of a great commonwealth (“He loosed us from our sins and made us to be a kingdom”); then, the purpose of His love and of its unfolding as that purpose is fulfilled in the priesthood of believers (“to be priests unto His God and Father”); and lastly, the effect which the whole should have, and has, upon those concerned (“to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever”). In this paper I shall remark upon these one by one.

First, the fact—“Jesus Christ loveth us.” Some copyist, allowing grammar to obtrude itself unduly, changed the present tense here into a past, and that is why the Authorized Version of Scripture locates this love more in the past than in the present. But modern scholarship has outflanked the copyist, and restored for us the true import of this grand term. “He loveth us.” That covers past, present, and future. The love of our Redeemer stretches from eternity to eternity. It had no beginning, and will have no ending. It is unchanged, unmodified, untouched, either by lapse of time or variation of circumstance. Utterly inexhaustible, it flows incessantly in undiminished and indiminishable tide into the lives towards which it is directed.

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never ebbing sea.

It was this love which at the first created us. By the Son, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews points out, God made the worlds. The Second Person of the Trinity, for reasons unknown to and inexpressible by us, is Mediator in creation, as well as in redemption; and in the discharge of His mediatorial functions in relation to creation He was, and is, animated by the same motive that actuated Him, and continues to actuate Him, in connection with redemption; Christ, so to speak, loved us into existence. In love He fashioned our members and built up our faculties, and placed us in a world in which these might be developed until they might at last reach their appointed perfection.

But the principal, and crucial, outcome of His love, we must never forget, has been our redemption. "He loosed us from our sins," and invested us with the privileges and prerogatives of a citizenship the scope and glory of which exceed all power of thought.

The mention of "loosing" suggests bondage. The New Testament writers never allow us to let out of mind that we were once slaves. And who can describe the bitterness and hopelessness of that slavery? Yet all of us know something of them. We were the creatures of sin and guilt and corruption, like men in a dungeon, bound hand and foot, shackled to a wall, with a hell of coming judgment yawning at our feet, which no resource of man or angel could close or cover. How fell we into such a pitiable plight? The Bible explains, and our own consciences confirm its testimony. We disobeyed God, and by our disobedience lost communion with Him, and brought ruin upon ourselves. We sold for nought to an implacable enemy the powers and possibilities which, at our creation, were conferred upon us, and that enemy imposed his cruel yoke upon us, binding us with chains of unreason and selfishness and misery, which, try as we might, we could never cast off. But Christ loosed us, by His own blood! No complete theory of the Atonement of our blessed Lord has yet been formulated. How could it? Our sin in relation to God assumes an infinite significance, and our finite minds cannot grasp or fully appreciate that significance or the bearing upon it of a propitiation the sweep and value of which have been infinite also. The Spirit of God is, no doubt, throwing more light for us, from age to age, upon the subject; but it will take us a whole eternity to understand how our Saviour redeemed us, to estimate the relation of His passion to our guilt on the one hand and to God's unbending justice and spotless holiness on the other, and to express in terms of human thought and language the greatness of the debt which we owe Him. But the fact itself is before us. It springs out of every page of the Bible—the indubitable fact that we have been redeemed—redeemed once for all out of our bondage and wretchedness and helplessness—"redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ." His blood—that is to say, His life given for us upon the Cross—is the price and the

instrument of our redemption. "He loveth us," and went—could not but go—to Golgotha, to loneliness and shame, to anguish and death, in order to release us from our sins.

It was in accomplishing this mighty task that His love was tested to the uttermost. Our creation did not test it so. But when we had lifted up the heel of rebellion against our Creator and Benefactor, this love was placed on its trial. The question came to be—would our blessed Lord, in the face of our defiance of His authority and abuse of the powers which He had conferred on us, despite our ignoring of His just claims and our trampling underfoot the revelation He had given us of right and wrong, persist in His love toward us, and by submitting for our sakes to suffering the intensity of which human thought can never fathom and human speech can never express, work out for us a salvation which we could do nothing to merit or procure? This question was answered by Himself in a triumphant affirmative. After a preparation which extended over many centuries He at last entered the conditions, and took upon Him the limitations of earthly existence in order to give His life a ransom for us. He died upon Calvary a death the passing through which by one who had never sinned, in a world ruled by Divine justice and omniscience, must remain for ever inexplicable except upon the theory that He died the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God. Even from the point of view of reason and logic no other explanation is adequate. But we have experience of the fact that by this death we have been loosed from our sins. We know, by faith, that Jehovah laid upon Him the iniquity of us all, for that iniquity has been lifted off us for ever, and we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. It is one of the deepest convictions of our souls—as deep as our conviction of the reality of our own existence—that the Lamb of God has taken away the sin of the world, for through Him we have received a reconciliation without which our spirits could never have true rest or joy—

Oh, the love that sought us !

Oh, the blood that bought us !

Oh, the grace that brought us to the fold,

Wondrous grace that brought us to the fold !

This leads to the thought that while we have been redeemed by His blood, this redemption is not a mere escape from the woeful bondage in which we lay. We have been emancipated, but we have been enfranchised as well. "His grace brought us to the fold." "He made us to be a kingdom." The thought expressed here appears first in Exodus xix. 6, where we read, "Ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation." It is found again in 1 Peter ii. 9, "Ye are an elect race, a royal (or kingly) priesthood." In these two verses, the latter of which only reproduces the first, it is the fact that God's people have a kingdom that is prominent. In the doxology before us the fact is emphasized that they are a kingdom. Three things characterize every kingdom worthy of the name. First, there is rule; next, there is unity; and, thirdly, there is a purpose. And so Christians are a kingdom under the rule of the Lord Jesus Christ. In releasing them from the captivity of a usurper He has also subdued them unto Himself. Not by compulsion, mark you, but by attraction. He said to His disciples, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." Here is the whole truth in a single sentence. He draws as a king, and, indeed, manifests His kingship in the very drawing. But let it be remembered that the power by which He draws is His love—that love the supreme, the all-conquering manifestation of which was His death. Under the spell of this drawing His redeemed people accept at His hands the liberty which He confers, and of their own free and joyous choice they become His subjects. His will forthwith becomes the law of their lives, and His sovereignty is established over them for ever. But because of this common relation into which they have entered towards one Head they become united one to another. And seeing love is the bond that joins them to Him, love is also the bond that joins them one to another. They are all one in Christ Jesus. More than that. He has sent His Spirit into their hearts, and that Spirit brings them together into one great fellowship of citizenship. Emancipated and enfranchised, they form a great commonwealth, of which Jesus Christ is King. They have one aim—that of obedience to His will and the extension of His sovereignty. It becomes their high prerogative, as also their unspeakable privilege, to

promote the interests of His kingship, not only in their own lives, but in the life of the world as a whole. Even to the principalities and powers of the heavenly places their ministry extends, for unto these ranks and dominions are to be made known through the Church the manifold wisdom of God.

But in becoming a kingdom they have also found, individually and collectively, their kingdom. In submitting to the control of their Divine Master they have gained control over themselves. In placing themselves under His influence they have become the dispensers of an influence greater than that exerted by any earthly monarch. In receiving from Him the spiritual power which He bestows, they obtain continuous victory over every enemy. They are "more than conquerors" through Him that loves them. The last enemy itself—death—has been put under their feet. For whereas this world's potentates have not infrequently to meet that enemy with trembling and dismay, these warriors go down into the valley of the last conflict conscious of their triumph in Christ, and with the exultant shout on their lips, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" So that if they are, on the one hand, subjects, they are, on the other hand, kings, already set in the heavenly places with Christ, and by and by to be manifested with Him in glory. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, as I also overcame and am set down with My Father in His throne."

But they are priests as well as a kingdom and kings. There is, indeed, no other priesthood than theirs. Those who pretend to any other priesthood than that of believers in Jesus Christ are either self-deceived or deceivers. There *are* such pretenders, and that is why this appellation and the office it denotes have gone down so much in the estimation of many. But in the whole Christian economy there is nothing grander than this name and office, and the very application of the name to men and women in Christ, and their investiture with the office, only indicate to what a height of privilege and dignity they have been raised. Under the Old Testament *régime*, priesthood had, broadly speaking, two functions, and these functions, amplified and transfigured, are also exercised by the royal citizens of the kingdom of Christ. The one was the offering of sacrifices,

the other intercession. In order that they might fulfil these functions the priests of Israel were granted access into the Holy Place, and once a year the High Priest entered the Holy of Holies.

Thus we enter by faith a Holy of Holies beyond the visible, and of which the visible was only a type and shadow—we enter it by the blood of Jesus to offer unto the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving and dedicated lives. We present to Him “the calves of our lips.” We give Him our bodies as living sacrifices, holy and acceptable, which is our reasonable service. All that we receive and possess and achieve in virtue of our kingship we offer in virtue of our being priests, so that what came from God Himself at the beginning returns unto Him multiplied a thousandfold in the end. And what is not less significant of our royal priesthood, we engage in intercession. We draw near to the throne of grace—and may have our place there continually—to intercede for the Church and for our fellow-men. It has pleased our Lord thus to associate us with Himself in the fulfilment of the duties of His High-Priestly office. He “prays the Father,” and we are permitted, exhorted, commanded to pray also. Thus are we in the most real sense “priests unto God and His Father.”

Now, when we consider, as we have been doing, this great love, and its immeasurable outcome, as well as the purpose at the realization of which in our life and experience the movements of it aim, surely we shall gladly acknowledge that the final effect upon us should be that, as our text puts it, we should ascribe unto our Lord and Saviour glory and dominion for ever and ever. The due performance of our duties as kings and priests involves this ascription. But, in closing, let me say that we shall do well to bear in mind how obligatory upon us it is to exalt Him. The obligation under which we lie in this connection is of the highest—there is none higher. Let us, then, be faithful to it. Let us exhort each other to proclaim His worth and make His name great. Let us call upon heaven and earth, upon the sun, moon, and stars, upon the creation, animate and inanimate, intelligent and non-intelligent, to acknowledge His dominion and show forth His glory. For the whole creation owes Him a debt which it can never repay.

But let us never forget that no appeal of ours to fellow-creatures to praise Him, no attempt on our own part to tell forth His glory, will be acceptable to Him unless these include our giving Him complete dominion over our hearts and lives. It is our duty to crown Him Lord of all in our own lives and characters. Let it also be our joy ; for does He not deserve, to put the matter on no other ground, that we should magnify Him without any reservation in spirit, soul or body ? Unto Him, then, that loveth us and loosed us from our sins by His blood ; and He made us to be a kingdom (kings), to be priests unto His God and Father—to Him be the glory and the dominion for ever and ever from every one who may chance to read these paragraphs. Amen and Amen.

III. THE ROYALTY OF SAINTS

A mighty change had passed over John since the day, well remembered by him, I have no doubt, on which he and his brother James, at the instigation of a fond mother, proffered to their Master the request that they might sit, the one on His right hand and the other on His left, in His kingdom. At that time the beloved disciple had only a very imperfect understanding of what the kingdom was to consist of ; nor did he foresee clearly either the circumstances in which, or the qualities of soul by which, that kingdom was to be won.

But many things had happened in the interval. Chief among these was the crucifixion of Jesus, which His disciples had come to regard as the highest manifestation of His royalty. They were convinced that the cross of their Lord was in very truth His throne, and it was borne home on them irresistibly that whoever would share that throne must in some way or other also share that cross. They had come to learn that pre-eminence in the kingdom was to be determined by other principles than those which governed promotion in the kingdoms of the world. That lesson had been burnt into John's own soul in the school of experience. He, like his Divine Master, had to bear the contradiction of sinners and to suffer persecution at the hands of enemies. He was now a prisoner in the Ægean isle for the sake of the great commission wherewith, like his fellow-apostles, he had been entrusted. He had never doubted that it was the good

will of the Father to give him a place in the kingdom, but he knew by this time what he was ignorant of on the memorable day just referred to, that tribulation was to be the lot in this world of every child of the kingdom, and that it was by patience similar to his Lord's he was to win that leadership which at the first he so ardently coveted.

So that we are prepared for the terms by which he designates himself in addressing, from the place of his confinement, his great Epistle to the Seven Churches. We have these terms in Revelation i. 9, and we shall now try for our own benefit and edification to grasp their significance. "Your brother," says he, "and partaker with you in the tribulation and kingdom and patience that are in Jesus." He places himself absolutely on the same level as his comrades. There is not a trace, either in his words or demeanour, of the assumption that characterized his old-time request.

Commentators acknowledge their inability to explain the order of the words in this expression. All they feel able to do, led by Dean Alford, is to refer us back to Acts xiv. 22, which states that one of the notes of the preaching of Paul and Barnabas on the first missionary journey was that "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God." Some of them discover in the words of John an echo of the preaching of Paul. There is, however, no proof that John, in the use of this expression, was indebted to his brother apostle; but there is abundant evidence that both John and Paul owed to a common Christian experience the education which led them to formulate their ideas in the language before us.

Without, then, attempting to deal with the order, we shall find it helpful to take up for consideration the thoughts themselves which these words enshrine, and I accordingly proceed to speak, first, of the kingdom as the dominating thought; next, of the tribulation, as indicating the circumstances in which the kingdom is to be gained; and lastly, of the patience mentioned, as unfolding to us the condition of mind in which our quest of the kingdom is to be pursued, which condition is also to constitute our attitude of soul towards these circumstances.

But before doing this let me emphasize that phrase, "that are in Jesus." If it be true that God has given us a kingdom to win through tribulation and by patience, it is not less true

that that kingdom is to be won by us because it has already been gifted to us in Jesus Christ. The kingdom is His, having been granted Him by the Father, because He laid down His life for its sake, and He shares it with all who will identify themselves with His cause and purpose. The emancipation and enfranchisement spoken of in a previous paper He confers upon every one who accepts them and who proves his acceptance by personal adherence to Him as his King and Saviour.

But to come to the kingdom. Having already treated of it, in a measure, I shall here confine myself to the distinctive benefits which it carries with it for all who are members thereof. There is a royalty wherewith it invests every citizen—a twofold royalty—a royalty of power on the one hand, and a royalty of dignity on the other.

Take, to begin with, the royalty of power. It manifests itself in the first instance in self-control. It had been said that "he that ruleth his spirit is better (or stronger) than he that taketh a city"; and if he that taketh a city is to be regarded as a ruler, much more he that has gained the mastery over himself. Let us see how this self-mastery is acquired, and for illustration let me use the case of the rich young man who came to our Lord as an anxious inquirer concerning eternal life. What did this man really lack? We see this from the reply which the Lord gave to his query. "Come," says the Master, "follow me." It was one whom he could follow that was this young man's greatest need. He was young and wealthy, regular in his life, and admirable in his religious habits; but the powers and forces of his nature were not yet co-ordinated into a unity as the result of control, and he was destitute accordingly of true rest and peace. What Christ meant him to do was to submit to the only control by which this co-ordination could be brought about, and that control was Jesus' own. It was the kingdom that is in Jesus which, however blindly, he was so strongly craving for. We do not know whether in the long run he followed or not, but of one thing we are certain, that if he did, in making Jesus Christ his Master, he gained that control over the potentialities of his nature which he had previously, despite all his laudable efforts, striven for in vain.

And thus it is with every man and woman. Accept the kingship of Jesus and you at once become a prince, possessed

of that first and essential element of strength—self-control ; and self-control in Jesus will bring you that unity and peace, that power and joy, along with it, which will mean for you eternal life and prerogatives of sovereignty which are the unmistakable characteristics of eternal life—

My heart is weak and poor
Until it Master find,
It has no spring of action sure,
It varies with the wind,
It cannot freely move
Till Thou hast wrought its chain ;
Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

Again, this royalty manifests itself in influence, or as one might almost put it, power over others. I fancy that the sons of Zebedee desiderated influence when they came to Jesus in early days to present their petition. All men cherish the ambition to be influential, and it is a worthy ambition, provided it be set and kept in right relation to eternal things. But it is the children of the kingdom whose ambition in this connection comes to fruition and satisfaction. Alexander and Napoleon had their ambitions. Each had a quenchless longing to become master of the world. They both became masters on a very great scale, but in spite of all their conquests and renown, they lacked true royalty. In contrast with them stands St. Paul, or St. John himself, for that matter. These were the real conquerors, the real masters, the real kings. They turned the world upside down by a power far mightier than the sword. And their influence abides. It spreads with the lapse of the centuries on to the end of time. The influence of their lives and of their works is bringing the whole race of mankind increasingly within the sweep of its power, until at last their dominance in Christ will be complete.

And when we consider the influence of Christian men and women generally we must admit that whether we regard them individually or collectively their influence transcends all other influence. It is sovereign. It may work quietly and unobtrusively, like the frost or the dew, but it achieves more

than the combined efforts of all who work out of relation to the Great Centre of power. The whole world has gone after the children of the kingdom because they in turn have gone after the King of kings. Thus, in influence over others, as in control over themselves, the royalty of the saints is exemplified.

Take now the royalty of dignity which the followers of Christ inherit. It was said of the children of Gideon that they looked like kings. But more than any son of Gideon are the redeemed of the Lord kings even in their appearance when that appearance is properly regarded. They are invested with a royal robe—a robe of finest linen—the righteousness which is in Christ Jesus. His name is in their foreheads. That is to say, that in all that constitutes kingship in its grandest aspect they are kings—I mean, in character. There is a moral majesty about them which proclaims them heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. The fruit of the Spirit evidenced in their lives is, to all, the sign-manual of a royalty which far excels any royalty known to the sons of earth. And this royalty, be it remembered, is at present only in its initial stage of development. “It doth not yet appear what we shall be.” To the possibilities of amplification that lie hid in our royalty there is no limit. “When He shall appear we shall be like Him.” That is all we can say. “Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived” the height of the dignity to which believers in Christ are yet to rise. Some of them are not like kings as the children of this world estimate kingship, but they are the real potentates all the same, and howsoever obscure their position in the scale of earthly precedence, yet there belong to each of them a glory and a beauty of which human vision, even from the summits of a Pisgah or an Olivet, has not yet dreamed.

We must, however, pass on. What about the circumstances in which this kingdom has to be won? Tribulation—a pregnant term. How paradoxical it seems that a kingdom with so great a glory is to be won in tribulation! But every kingdom is, and the kingdom of God’s grace is no exception. Let us, however, make sure of our ground here. Once again I submit that no effort of ours could or can secure for us propriety in this sovereignty. That

comes to us by the free favour of God in Jesus Christ. It has been the goodwill of our Father to give us the kingdom, and to that goodwill we shall remain for ever indebted for our inheritance. But it hath also pleased the Father to make us fit for possessing and enjoying our kingdom, as well as for exercising the high functions of our sovereignty. And just as He made the Captain of our salvation perfect by suffering, so He brings about our completeness or fitness by suffering also.

Wherein, then, consists our tribulation? In a word, it consists in bearing the cross. When our Lord said to the rich young ruler, "Come, follow Me," He also said, "Take up thy cross," and that is the law for all. What means this cross-bearing, then? It means suffering and self-denial. The most prominent feature in it for John and his congregations at the time of his writing was the persecution inflicted on them through the decree of Domitian, and from age to age there is an element of persecution in this cross-bearing—not necessarily persecution the issue of which, as in John's day, frequently involved forfeiture of limb and life—but persecution in a real sense all the same. The offence of the cross has not ceased. The cross still galls. Those who bear it have still to suffer. The enemies of Christ, who are the enemies of His people, have in these latter days adopted more refined methods than their predecessors of embodying their enmity. They prick with pins when not with nails. They cut sufficiently deep, however, to cause their victims pain.

It were easier, one sometimes thinks, to bear the nails once for all than to bear the pins all through a lifetime. Our Lord had to bear both; His people nowadays have to bear only pins, but their trials are quite sufficient to bring home to them the truth that tribulation still constitutes the circumstances through which they have to live in order to obtain their crown. The talking down, the belittling, the social and ecclesiastical ostracism to which they are subjected make up for them a heavy cross—so heavy that were it not for the absolute sufficiency of the grace of their Master they could not endure at all.

But apart from the tribulation which includes the infliction upon them of positive, gratuitous pain—gratuitous, at least, as far as those who inflict it are concerned—there

is the self-denial which they have to practise in relation to their work, whether in school, or office, or warehouse, or workshop ; in relation to the little things and great things of experience, whether in home, or church, or social circle. In every one of these connections suffering is their lot. They cannot do as others do. They have to bear worldly loss where laying down the cross would bring worldly gain. They have to bear " the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," because, at all costs, they must be faithful to their Master, and to the ideal of living set before them in His life and Gospel. A man is not long a Christian before he finds that throughout life—daily and hourly—he has to tread in the blood-stained footsteps of the Great Forerunner, and through much tribulation to enter into, and remain in possession of, his royalty in Jesus Christ. No Christian can escape trial in some form or other if he is to be faithful to his name and calling. The words of our Lord which He uttered when He said, " In this world ye shall have tribulation," are true for all time.

But the game is worth the candle. The kingdom is worth the sacrifice. And throughout all we are only being prepared for our royal heritage. Kings require a kingly training, and this our blessed Master is prescribing us. But we suffer in good company. Our tribulation, as well as our kingdom, is in Jesus, and Jesus is in the tribulation with us. We may have to walk in mud and mire, as the Egyptians have when they sow their seed in the track of the Nile, but very soon there comes an abundant harvest. " The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." Though we bear pain to-day, we shall be crowned to-morrow with everlasting joy—yea, we rejoice even to-day, because we know what the fruit of tribulation in our experience will be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

Let us persevere, my readers. Not only is our Master's eye upon us to take pride in our endurance, but we are

compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, whose applause, if not heard by the ears of our bodies, is like the sound of many waters in the ears of our souls. And with one voice they assure us that the struggle is worth maintaining, for that "He is faithful that promised."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless ?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer—"Yes."

This brings us to our last point—the condition and attitude of soul which we are to maintain in relation both to the prospect of the kingdom and to the circumstances in which that prospect is to be realized. It is here named patience. It means endurance and perseverance. It implies that we are not to surrender our kingdom because of the difficulties that beset our path to it, and of the self-denial necessary to our effectual pursuit of it. Many are driven away from Christ and come short of their heritage on account of the tribulation which perseverance involves. They have not a due apprehension of the purpose of their trials, and they accordingly take these in a wrong spirit ; and so, instead of tribulation doing its perfect work in their case, there fall on them sourness and cynicism and spiritual paralysis and failure. Instead of the trial of their faith being found to praise and honour and glory, it worketh in them disappointment and dejection and despair. This is, I fear, because their faith is not a living one. Wherever there is true faith it will stand being tested ; it will lead to endurance, and those who cherish it grow in strength and beauty by the very proof to which tribulation puts them. And only true faith becomes those who look forward to, and already, by believing, possess, an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and unfading ! They will not with the profanity of Esau barter away their birthright for a morsel of meat, or for a barnful, for that matter. Concentration will be the keynote of their lives. They will attend to the one thing of pressing forward to their royalty in Christ Jesus, for they recognize, as Christina Rossetti has said, that "One high above them in the kingdom of heaven heads their pilgrim caravan," that He will give grace sufficient for their need, and strength proportionate to their day,

until at length the last post is left behind, they mingle on the glassy sea with the multitude which no man can number, and they come into actual, conscious, undisputed, irrevocable possession of their kingdom, and royalty, and throne.

IV. THE SUPREME GROUND OF THE BELIEVER'S CONFIDENCE

There were two sides to the revelation of the risen, ascended Christ which was vouchsafed to John in his island prison. It was, on the one hand, a revelation of majesty. So overwhelmingly grand and awful was the vision that in presence thereof the seer instantly threw himself down at the feet of Him whose unearthly splendour had so suddenly burst upon the scene of His servant's tribulation. But, on the other hand, it was a revelation of condescension and sympathy, for the exalted Being, who had so unexpectedly unveiled His glory to the astonished eyes of John, drew near and touched him, at the same time addressing him in the terms upon which in this paper I wish to dwell.

It was not merely a touch, however, which the Lord extended. I seem to discover in the phrase which describes the outgoing of the Redeemer's hand the suggestion that His arm embraced His beloved Apostle (as I have no doubt it did more than once in former days), as He spoke to him these inspiring words: "Fear not; I am the First and the Last, and the Living One, and I was (or became) dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and I have the keys of death and of hades."

One may remark, even at this early stage, that the revelation of the glorified Christ, as it comes to His people by the Spirit, is always twofold. They behold Him in the incomparable power and dignity of His exalted life, and are so overcome by the vision that if there were nothing else to see they would remain for ever in a position of prostration and helplessness. But they behold Him also in His marvellous love and faithfulness, and so they take heart and look up. Indeed, as they continue to gaze, they find that His greatness, coupled with His lowliness and sympathy, constitutes the supreme ground of their confidence for this world and the next. They recognize that He is both able and willing to lift them above all circumstances that weigh them down;

and instead of feeling crushed in His presence, they gain a buoyancy of spirit in the strength of which they can confront and conquer every foe.

John had been in fear—affrighted probably by the grandeur and suddenness of the sight which he saw, but in deep concern also for the safety and well-being of the Churches from which he was now separated, and much exercised in soul, moreover, regarding the possible effects of the fiery persecution inflicted by the Roman Emperor upon the fortunes of the great cause, for the furtherance of which he had been called to be an Apostle ; and it was in order to remove his apprehensions and calm his troubled spirit that this mighty exhortation was poured into his ears.

To that point, however, we shall return. Meanwhile, let us proceed to consider the description of His own Person and history and prerogatives—a description which, though brief, overflows with meaning—which the glorified Saviour in these words set before John, and through John before us.

“ I am the First and the Last.” This designation goes back to Isaiah xlviii. 12, and to other portions of the Old Testament, where it is found as a title of the God of Israel ; and its appearance in this passage implies the assumption by and the ascription to Jesus Christ of the name which belongs to Jehovah alone. But this is not the only place in the New Testament in which the same claim is advanced. When our Lord inquired of His disciples, “ Whom do ye say that I am ? ” Peter, speaking for the company, replied, “ Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,” and Jesus at once accepted this declaration as true to fact. It accorded with the witness of His own consciousness to the Divinity of His Person and the eternity of His antecedents. When discussing this subject later with the Jews, He explicitly told them, “ Before Abraham was, I am,” thus virtually asserting that He existed before space and time. Other passages might be quoted which show how He either definitely claimed to be the Son of God in a sense in which none other was, or spoke and acted upon the conviction that He stood in a relation to the Highest which no creature sustained or dared to claim.

Worthy of special mention in this connection is the fact that He invariably accepted from all who offered it the worship which belongs to God alone. When John fell down

to worship the angel, he was promptly told to desist, and to worship God. But the Lord Christ never forbade any one to worship Him. To accept the adoration due to God was quite natural for Him, and that could be only because of His own perfect identity with God. Those who came into the closest touch with Him recognized that His claim was just, and that is why they hailed Him as the only begotten of the Father.

What I have thus said is only a fraction of the proof that His life and qualities and powers belonged essentially to the sphere of Deity. But I have made this reference in order to emphasize the august truth that Jesus Christ was and is Divine in the sense of sharing to the full the substance and prerogatives of the Godhead. This is a truth which needs to be insisted upon anew in our own time, when doubts regarding our Lord's Deity are insinuated in quarters in which we might least expect it, by men, too, who profess to be His followers, and name themselves His representatives. We hold aloft this truth, not only because it is one of the deepest convictions of our souls that His words and works proclaim Him God, but also because we feel certain that none but a salvation wrought by God Himself directly could cope effectually with the sin and misery of man. There is no hope for the world now or in the future, we are sure, except in a God-executed redemption. The redemption of the Gospel was carried out by God, manifest in the flesh—otherwise it would not be sufficient to meet the spiritual needs of the race.

He is the First, then, existing as God before all worlds. There has been no moment in the great eternity behind us when He was not. He was and is the second Self, so to speak, of the All-Father, possessed of all the perfections of Divinity and all the attributes of Godhead. He is revealed in history as the Second Person of the Trinity, and in Scripture there is this further light cast for us upon His position in the realm of Godhead that He was and is the natural Mediator of the great "I am." By Him God created the worlds. He was and is the Arm of the Divine Nature stretched forth to call into being, and maintain in being, every creature which God has made. It was He who in the beginning made the heavens and the earth, and He created man in His own image—a fact which suggests that from the

beginning man had such an affinity with Him as led to the work of the redemption of man devolving specially upon the Second Person. This consideration, I take it, is calculated to strengthen, if possible, the bonds by which His salvation has bound us to Him.

But He is not only the First, but also the Last. The meaning of this may be that just as He was Mediator in relation to beginnings, He is also Mediator in relation to endings. To Him at last will it fall to wind up the affairs of this universe, "when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God even the Father—when He shall have put down all rule and all authority and power—for he must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." But apart from this, may we not regard Him as the Last in the sense that for His glory all things are working together. All things, mark you! Science, art, husbandry, industry, commerce, national life, religion are striving in combination, however unconsciously sometimes, to show forth His praise. And when I say religion, I mean not only the Religion which He Himself specially founded, which is the Absolute Religion, as we believe—the antitype and fulfilment of whatever is true in any or all religions—but other religions as well. In affirming this, one is not to be regarded as putting all religions on one level, or any other religion on the same level as Christianity. Far from it. But in the non-Christian religions it is undeniable that there are rays of light which could have come only from Him who is the Light of the world. Not one of these religions can fill the place of Christianity or be put side by side with Christianity, as if Christianity were only one of several religions amongst whom men may make a choice as it pleases them.

But under the influence of some, at least, of them it can hardly be questioned that men have exercised, and still do exercise, the same faith which Abraham exercised of old in Ur, or Cornelius at Cæsarea—men who, although they have not yet heard the Gospel, see Christ's day dimly from afar, and who, whenever He is presented to them for their acceptance as Saviour and Lord, will turn their faces towards Him in trust as naturally as a flower turns towards the sun. In ancient days He was proclaimed as "the Desire of all nations," and in the light of these words he would be a bold man who would deny that there are in the

world outside the Christian area those who seek Him, ignorantly it may be in large measure, but yet to His own view with genuine faith.

This seeking, if there be such, one may claim is for His glory even now, and will be for His greater glory hereafter. "They shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of heaven with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob." These words, one need not stop to argue, refer not to the final results of missionary effort, but to the merciful fact that outside the pale of special revelation there are, and have always been, men and women who live by faith and by faith are justified, all "to the praise of His glory, even the glory of His grace."

"The First and the Last and the Living One." He is the Living One—the One who is all life, who alone has life absolutely independent and underived. In Him was, and is, life, and from Him cometh life in all spheres, on all planes, and at all stages of development. Physical life, psychical life, spiritual life, eternal life, are all in His gift. In Him we live and move and have our being, whether or not we have laid hold of His salvation, and if we possess the life in abundance of which that salvation consisteth, it is from Him we have received it.

But He could not have bestowed the abundant life upon men in the same way in which life in other manifestations has been given. And we come now accordingly to His appearance upon the field of human history, as that is associated in our minds with the paradoxical statement, "I was (or became) dead." Is there anything more amazing of which the annals of time or of eternity speak as this—that He who is the First and the Last and the Living One—He who was from all eternity, Who created and creates all things, inanimate or animate, non-intelligent or intelligent, the glory of whom the whole universe exists in order to display, and who is the alone Fountain, the inexhaustible Fountain of life—should become dead? It transcends all thought and conception in its very possibility, not to speak of its realization. But such is the fact—the indubitable fact—that in the fullness of the times, "for us men and for our salvation," He, who was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of the Father's Person, became

man and died upon the Cross. It is the greatest mystery, but also the greatest reality, ever presented to human or angelic thought.

There are those who say that because of the mysteriousness of the proceeding they cannot accept it. Fools, they. If a thing is to be rejected because of its mysteriousness, all things in heaven and earth will cease to have any reality for the human mind. We cannot understand in all its relationships even "the flower in the crannied wall." If the acceptance of a truth depended upon our fully understanding it, there is no truth which we could accept at all. The truth set forth here, no doubt, transcends reason, because it is a truth of infinite significance, but it is a truth which faith is capable of grasping, and the method of faith is the method which we must adopt if our souls are to find rest and satisfaction in relation to it. Once we have accepted it by faith, however, this mighty truth will fill us with greater wonder than before. The more closely we study it, and the more earnestly we apply it to our own moral and spiritual needs, the more completely overwhelmed we shall be with the greatness—the immeasurable, unsearchable greatness—of our salvation. Here we shall see the Divine Nature more gloriously revealed than anywhere else. Here we shall behold the Divine love for man more conspicuously set forth than in any other connection. For Christ became dead out of love for us, and in order to save us. Love was the motive, and salvation the purpose, of His dying.

If there is anything at all comparable in marvellousness with this transaction, it is the circumstances that rendered it necessary and the results which it has brought about. And yet these only serve to intensify our wonder at the transaction itself. Man had sinned. He had brought dishonour on his Maker and ruin upon himself by his disobedience. But through the atoning death of the Son of God the sin of man was taken away, an everlasting righteousness was provided for him, and the way was opened for God to construct out of humanity a temple in which He Himself might dwell, and, by dwelling in which, cause life in abundance to reach every man and woman who will receive it. Thus, "where sin abounded grace did much more abound; that as sin reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through

righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." These are things which even angels desire to look into, and when they look into them they wonder at them, but our wonder ought to exceed that of the angels, and it does.

"And, behold, I am alive for evermore." That word "behold" is significant. The Lord as much as says to John, "Look at Me, John. Don't you see that the signs and symbols of My resurrection life cover Me like a garment?" But His resurrection and resurrection life are not matters of mere appearance, but of history and of experience as well. He rose from the dead, as He foretold His disciples. No fact of history is better attested. It is as well authenticated as His crucifixion and death, the coming to pass of which nobody questions. There are here to be kept in view not only the empty tomb and the consequent confusion of the Jewish authorities, but the rally of the disciples, not one of whom expected his Master to rise, the fulfilment upon Pentecost of the promise concerning the Spirit, the establishment of His Church, and the history of that Church for well-nigh nineteen hundred years. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, and the only adequate explanation of the events that led up to, and undoubtedly followed, the proclamation of Christ's resurrection is that that resurrection was all that His followers asserted it to be.

But the faith of centuries has put the matter to the proof, and to-day there are in the world millions who can bear witness with joy that they have felt the touch to which the heart of John thrilled, and know the power of the grace which the glorified Lord dispenses from His heavenly throne. It is said that Constantine, on the eve of his fateful battle with Maximilian, saw a flaming cross in the sky, surmounted by the words *τοῦτο νικά*—"By this conquer." But the vision of Constantine, even if the tradition concerning it be genuine, revealed only half the truth. The Church has conquered by the Cross, but it is the Cross backed by and enshrining a dynamic which only a living Christ could bestow. And the whole truth is, "I became dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." "*Vincit veritas*" ("Truth conquers"). And this being truth at its greatest and strongest, it has won its way among men, it continues to win its way, and will sooner or later embrace within the

sweep of its potency all mankind from the rising to the setting of the sun.

“And I have the keys of Death and Hades.” Of course ! They hang at His girdle, because He triumphed. By death He overcame death. He spoiled the principalities and powers of darkness, and they are now under His jurisdiction. “He openeth and none shutteth, He shutteth and none openeth. O Death, where, where is thy sting ! O Hades, where is thy power ! Upon this considerations of space will not permit of my enlarging, and I must draw my paper to a close.

But before I conclude I wish to add that we are now in a position to appreciate the value of the initial words of this exhortation : “Fear not !” As I have already pointed out, John was afraid—afraid not for his own personal safety—he was too brave a man for that, lonely though he was, and exposed to danger—but afraid for the present circumstances and future prospects of that great cause of which he was one of the foremost champions. But he needs fear no longer. His Master was walking amid the seven golden candlesticks, and in His right hand were the seven stars. Or, to discard symbol, He was present in and with every congregation of His Church, and all the power of His right hand and arm was beneath and behind the leaders of His people. Nothing could befall them without His knowledge. And as of old, He sustained His people in the day of trial, so now He would perfect His power in the weakness of those who were passing through the scorching persecution imposed by a heathen emperor.

How gloriously true the great Head of the Church has been to His words the Church survived and still survives to testify. Why, then, should we be afraid ? We are disposed to lose heart and give up the struggle in which we are engaged when we contemplate the number and strength of the adversaries arrayed in our time against the Lord and His anointed. But “greater is He who is with us than all who may be against us.” He is the Everlasting One, and He is supreme. Though He worketh in the leisure of eternity and His purpose takes long in fulfilment, yet He is working in the serenity of omnipotence, and what He hath said He will do, what He hath promised He will make good. If this great and adorable Being submitted to the

cross for our sakes, surely, now that He is alive for evermore, He will not leave us or forsake us. Be strong and of a good courage, O Christian ! Here is One who controls and directs all the forces of nature, all the events of history, all movements of thought, all mainsprings of action, and He is thy *Friend* for ever and for ever. It is the goodwill of the Father to give thee the kingdom, and the Father's Other Self will take care that that goodwill is abundantly executed.

THE LIFE THAT IS LIFE INDEED

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A young gentleman once visited Jesus, and put to Him an important question. The question was—"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He possessed everything usually regarded as going to make life worth living. He was rich, at least according to the standards of his time. He had a good position in society, being a ruler of the synagogue, and thus a magistrate in the community. He was exemplary in his conduct, for when the principal commandments were enunciated in his hearing he was able to look calmly into the face of Him who was the embodiment of Eternal Goodness and to assert that he had kept these from his earliest days. He was religious, too, and we cannot affirm that his religiousness was a mere pretence, for according to the narrative which describes his interview with the Saviour, it was reverent, orthodox, and earnest. Withal he was so amiable in disposition and so attractive in demeanour that the heart of the Lord warmed towards him in the very conversation which they carried on with each other.

And yet there was a deficiency in his life which required to be dealt with, as Christ was compelled to point out to him. Indeed, he himself was conscious of a lack. He felt that there was something present in the life of Jesus which was absent from his, and which it would make all things new for him to obtain. That is why he came to the Lord presenting the problem which has just been referred to, and it was because of his conviction that "this Man" with whom he conferred was able to enlighten him with regard

to what was wanting that he sought a conference with Him at all.

There is one point which may be remarked upon in passing, because it is so positively settled by the case of this young man. We live in a time when the acquisition of material substance and the improvement of one's social circumstances are looked upon as the things to be coveted above all else. The millennium will be ushered in, we are told, when all men become well to do. Righteousness and purity, peace and brotherhood and joy will become the common heritage of the race when its members generally become each the owner of a goodly share of this world's goods. But here was a man and there have been and are many like him, whom worldly circumstances highly favoured, and upon whom fortune had always smiled, and he is farther from happiness than many who had not a single shekel to call their own. If circumstances could make a man content, then indeed he ought to have been content. But he was not content. On the contrary, discontent was consuming his soul; and his experience knocks the bottom out of every theory of living which makes contentment contingent upon the things which this world can supply. We grudge no man his heritage in the earth and all that it contains, but we contend that joy—abiding joy—must come from a quarter which is supra-mundane, and we base our contention upon a consideration of this youth's spiritual condition, and of the spiritual condition of thousands besides.

It was eternal life he was after—life on the plane of the infinite. Life on the plane of the finite was already his in all fullness. But he had come to the conclusion—was forced to the conclusion—that this was not life in its widest range and highest possibility, and hence his anxiety to come by that life which a great apostle has accurately termed "the life which is life indeed."

Herbert Spencer has defined life for us. He calls it the "correspondence of an organism with its environment," and, as Henry Drummond has observed, eternal life in that case would be the perfect correspondence of an organism with its environment. If we regard man as the organism and God as the environment, as in this connection we are bound to do, then a perfect correspondence on the part of

man with God constitutes eternal life, or at least the condition on which eternal life may be obtained. Our Lord Himself in the great intercessory prayer of the 17th of John expresses the same truth, although not in terms of science—"This is eternal life, that they might know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." It is interesting that the Greek construction in this verse in the original version of the New Testament indicates that the latter clause states the condition upon which the contents of the first clause become real in experience. "That they might know Thee, etc.," is that condition. To know God—that is to say, to be on terms of acquaintance, friendship, intimacy, with God—is to correspond with God, and this knowledge is the necessary condition of eternal life according to Jesus; so that there is here a coincidence between evangelical doctrine and scientific statement which is very helpful to us in our consideration of this subject. What the young man of whom we are speaking stood in need of accordingly was the establishment between him and God of a perfect correspondence, heart to heart and will to will. Proper adjustment to the ultimate Reality of existence was what his spirit yearned for, and neither his wealth nor his position, neither his morality nor his religiousness was capable of effecting this.

How, then, was this correspondence, this adjustment, to be brought about? Our Lord explains, "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow Me." Did Christ mean him to understand the former part of this exhortation in a literal sense, and did He expect him to act upon such an understanding? Most undoubtedly He did. What was wrong with this good young fellow was that his wealth had so entwined itself about his heart that with all his morality and all his piety he was not right with God, and could not be right until the stumbling-block of his riches was taken out of the way entirely. An act of renunciation was one part—the negative, but not the less necessary part of the condition which Jesus imposes. He must surrender that which he treasured most fondly if he was ever to breathe the exhilarating air for which, it is no exaggeration to say, his soul was panting.

There was, however, a positive side as well, for our Lord adds, "Come, follow Me." It was a significant command viewed with other commands which our Lord gave in the course of His ministry, and it casts a flood of light for unprejudiced minds upon the consciousness and personality of Jesus. It was a command which distinctly implied that in this matter of eternal life Christ was the Mediator, the only Mediator between God and man. In short, to follow Him was to be reconciled to God. Only in Jesus Christ, but in Jesus Christ very really, God and man can meet on terms of correspondence and friendship. He is the Daysman between the Divine and the human, who can put His hand upon both. The practical import of the command as far as this young ruler was concerned was that he must submit to a control to be exercised by Jesus—a control which, despite all his goods and goodness, he had not yet acknowledged in any practical way.

Did he sell and did he follow? We are left in the dark as to this, but the importance of our Lord's words is not touched by our ignorance on this point; for these words were not only pertinent to the spiritual condition and needs of the youth whose photograph the Gospels so effectively set before us, but are also pertinent to the spiritual condition and needs of every man, young or old, who ever desired to inherit "the life of the ages." Let me go over the matter briefly in its bearing upon all who may read the article that I am now writing. How can you and I inherit eternal life? Only by the ready fulfilment of the two-sided condition which we have just been considering. There must take place on our part a great and definite renunciation. It may not be material substance that has captivated our minds and gained possession of the citadel of our souls; but something else has done it—perhaps our cleverness, perhaps our pedigree, perhaps fashion, or dress, or pleasure, or popularity. What is that upon which we most often congratulate ourselves, upon which our minds chiefly dote? That thing we must cease to take pride and put our confidence in. We must pluck out the right eye if need be, or cut off the right arm, for "he that will save his life shall lose it; and he that will lose his life shall find it." Do you consider this hard? Do not overlook the compensation, "Thou shalt have

treasure in heaven ” ; nor yet the words of Jesus to Peter and the disciples immediately after the young man had taken his departure, “ Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house or parents or brethren or wife or children for the Kingdom of God’s sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.” The principle here set forth is that whatever loss we suffer for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven and eternal life will be more than made up for even here and rewarded a thousandfold in the great hereafter.

And we must submit to control. What we need above anything at the centre of our souls is to take upon ourselves the yoke of Jesus Christ—to accept from Him a control which will so co-ordinate and unify the disordered elements of our spiritual nature that these co-operate one with another and each with all towards the destiny which in His ineffable goodness He has set before us. This control, be it noticed, brings into prominence the kingship of our Lord ; and that is as it should be, for His kingship is in danger of dropping nowadays out of the sight of even His own people. It is interesting to recall that in His birth and in His death His kingship was held aloft. “ Where is He that is born *King* ? ” “ This is Jesus the *King* of the Jews.” He is a King without question, and our salvation and all the blessings which salvation brings depend in the last resort upon our standing in a right relationship to His kingship. His kingship includes everything—Saviourhood and all. The way of salvation is still the way set by St. Paul before the jailer at Philippi, to whom he said, “ Believe on the *Lord* Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” The man who forsakes all to choose Him for his master has by that forsaking and choice become adjusted to the Infinite Environment, fellowship with which causes eternal life to permeate the soul. We need some king—our nature is so constituted as to demand direction and control. Whom shall we make our king if not Jesus Christ ? Do the annals of the world speak of any other entitled to take His place ? Is there any other name than His at which we feel that we can bow ? If not, let us place that name above every name in our thinking and acting. Let us each say with *intention*, as William Law would say, “ Thou art the King

of Glory, O Christ. I accept Thee as my King. I give up everything for Thy sake. In my life Thou wilt ever have the pre-eminence." If we say this we already feel in our hearts the pulsations of eternal life, and our souls have been linked to the powers of the world to come.

“THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH”

THE SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT A PRAYER MEETING
AT KESWICK IN 1907.

Let our starting point this morning be 1 John v. 4 : “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” There is a victory which does not overcome—a victory which wins only in a minority of contests, and wins then only with difficulty. That is not the victory spoken of here. It is not by such an insufficient victory the Lord Jesus Christ desires His people to overcome, and makes provision for them to overcome. He grants a victory which does not leave it for a moment in doubt in which direction the tide of conquest is moving ; and this victory, blessed be His name, may be experienced by all who believe on Him. It goes without saying that the victory which He gives is the only victory worth having.

Two Powers have been known to war one against the other, the one being victor only in a small number of engagements, while defeated in a large majority of battles. There can be no satisfaction in such an issue. It is thus in the spiritual life. We may have just enough success there to make us miserable. But when “God always leadeth us in triumph,” our joy is “unspeakable and full of glory.”

It is important to remember that the Christian life is a warfare—a prolonged campaign, not a single battle, or a few battles. The arm of flesh cannot carry us far in the war “from which there is no discharge,” and our resource for victory is not in ourselves. At best the arm of flesh is only flesh, and, “that which is born of flesh is flesh” ; so that the seeming victory to which the flesh attains is no

true victory over the forces of evil. If we are to be conquerors, we must "render up our sword"—not only the sword by which we may have been fighting against God, but also the sword of flesh-energy by which we have been trying to do battle for God.

It is a truism to say that in living in Christ we have enemies against which we have to contend. One is mentioned here, the world—that mysterious and insinuating stream of deadly influence which the orderly arrangement of material things by which we are surrounded exerts over human life, when the unseen and eternal is lost sight of and disregarded. But it is not of the enemies that I am minded specially to speak now, although we shall do well to never let out of memory that they are many and mighty. It is rather to the weapon of conquest that I desire to direct attention. "This is the victory that overcometh . . . even our faith." Faith is, indeed, the weapon of our victory in Jesus Christ.

In this chapter you will observe that it is related both to past achievement and to present need. Faith had already prevailed in the experience of those to whom John wrote this Epistle. That is implied by the verse before us, the literal rendering of the portion under consideration being : "This is the victory which overcame the world, even our faith." And in the following verse the Apostle points out that the weapon which overcame is also the one which overcometh. "Who is he that overcometh, but he that believeth?" etc. Or more literally : "Who is he that keeps on overcoming, but he who keeps on believing?" etc. Faith is everywhere, and always, the instrument of victory.

Now, there emerge here two important considerations, viz., the Object towards which faith is directed ; and that action of the soul in which faith consists.

The Object is Jesus Christ. We think this simple enough, no doubt ; but how often is it forgotten that for the Christian there can be no exercise of faith which is not directed towards the Lord Jesus Christ ! We do ourselves harm if we confine our attention, or direct our attention chiefly, to the movements of our own minds apart from the Blessed Lord. We are not infrequently tempted to make faith its own object, so to speak. But there is no faith on the Lord Jesus Christ where He is lost sight of as

the Object of Faith. True faith "rests upon Him alone." The moment we turn the eye of the soul away from our Redeemer to rest on any other object, that moment faith becomes null.

Attention has been called to the figure of a ladder under which Christ represented Himself. It is a very suggestive and illuminating figure. We must take our place and retain our place on the ladder, whether it be to begin or to continue the ascent heavenwards. But not a few have their foot on the Ladder—and on something else. And not a few are trying to reach the ladder by constructing for themselves steps by which they suppose they can reach it. This will not do. In no sense will victory ever be ours by adopting this method. We must allow our faith to step on to Christ Himself, and nothing must come between us and our Saviour—not even our faith. Rests and steps other than Christ Himself are worse than useless—yea, they are a positive hindrance to our fighting the good fight. The good fight is a fight of faith. We are to look unto Christ, not unto anything we are capable of doing or making. Just as we looked unto Him at the beginning of our Christian career, so are we to continue to look to Him in order that we may go on and triumph, for we receive the "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We come now to the other consideration mentioned—i.e., in what overcoming faith consists. Well, there must be first of all a clear recognition that the Captain of our salvation is Himself with us in this warfare. He is our "Leader and Commander," and He is ever at hand. His presence with and in His people is the most glorious of all the facts of Redemption. It is His presence and activities amid the seven golden candlesticks that have sustained His Church, and secured for her the triumphs that have attended her march all down the centuries. Calvary is precious, and the Atonement once for all there wrought. The empty grave is precious, and the power of which it is the index. But acceptance of these facts and contemplation of them, would not have sustained the Church in her warfare. It is Christ, true to His own declaration, "Lo! I am with you alway," that has been the source of her strength and the secret of her conquests.

What is true of the Church as a whole is true of every

member of that Church. Christ over you, and in you and with you—this is what makes victory a glorious possibility, and a still more glorious realization. It was said of Henry of Navarre that while the feathers in his helmet remained in view of his men, they were strong to fight and win in any battle or number of battles. Beloved, we have far better than feathers in the distance! We have our Christ at our side on the field. He is within us, and without us, immanent and transcendent, in possession of all power. Why should we be disheartened? Long ago He overcame these foes of ours within the sphere of His own human nature, “spoiling the principalities and powers of darkness.” He has now carried the battle into the enemies’ camp, giving unto each of His followers who believes victory within the sphere of each one’s individual life. Oh! let Him conquer in and through every one of us henceforward!

In order to do this, there is a condition which we must fulfil. It is a condition with which every soldier on service, no matter what the nature or the circumstances of the service, must comply. It is, in a phrase that can be easily remembered, “Trust and obey.” One could content oneself with simply saying, “Trust,” for, after all, obedience is only the practical expression of true trust. But it is better to say, “Trust and obey,” because obedience is also the test of true trust, and to couple obedience expressly with trust puts the matter more clearly.

You have then to rely upon Christ to do in you and for you what He has promised to do. You must take up your position on victorious ground in Him, and adhere, come what may, to that position. He has already fulfilled His promise, and proved His faithfulness, in the experience of multitudes, many of whom were quite as difficult subjects as you are. He will do the same in your case if you only trust him.

And as He reveals His will to you day by day (He will do this unfailingly, if you keep listening for His voice), see that you obey without demur or argument. He will never give a command which it will not be a sweet thing to obey. The more complete your obedience, the more deep and joyous your peace.

As you think of victory, however do not suppose that

the victory promised is that of external worldly prosperity. Our Lord Himself never had prosperity in the sense in which the world seeks and offers it. But on the eve of Gethsemane and Calvary He was able to say : " I have overcome the world." Appearances were against Him, but He had the experience and joy of triumph in His heart. Do not let us imagine that because appearances are against us we have lost, or are on the point of losing, in this war. Neither let us imagine that, because external circumstances are in our favour, we have won the day in the spiritual conflict of which I have been speaking. Victory here is something independent of either external prosperity or external adversity. It is spiritual victory—the victory of the spirit—a victory, sure and real, if we believe and continue to believe. Continuance in believing is important. Faith must be a sustained habit of the soul. Faith which is fitful and periodic will not suffice. The faith that overcometh is an attitude of soul best described in the words of an ancient prophet as " a staying of the mind " on God.

In a closing word, let me add that this faith has its rewards. The very victory which it appropriates and realizes is its reward. Scripture, however, condescends upon details. In the book of the Revelation several rewards are specifically referred to, and we shall do well to study the pertinent passages. But the reward which seems to sum up all the others is Life—" To Him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life." Life—that is your reward, O Christian conqueror ! Life, strong, buoyant, joyous, elevating, because found in Him, and from Him who is Himself Life. What a blessed Master we have, to reward us for that which we should never have come by, except through Himself ! But there it is—life—the life—the only life worth living, I venture to add.

Let us turn our backs upon the vain, disappointing, fretful, empty, fruitless life which some of us have been living. O beloved, look unto Him who giveth the victory. He is here ! He will never fail us ! As we look, and look, and continue to look, we shall taste the joy of " the victory that overcometh."

THE LAW OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

A PAPER CONTRIBUTED TO "THE BRITISH MESSENGER"

"The whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."—*Ezek.* xliii. 12.

THESE words refer in the first instance to the temple which Ezekiel foretold would be erected in Jerusalem upon the release of Israel from the captivity in Babylon. They were, however, never fulfilled in the sense in which the prophet expected, for the temple to which he looked forward was never built.

But his prediction has come to pass in a higher sense than he himself anticipated, for "*know ye not that ye are the temple of God,*" and that "the whole building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an *holy temple* in the Lord." "*Ye are the temple of the living God, and the temple of God is holy.*"

We accordingly connect the prophet's words with the temple of redeemed sanctified souls which God is now rearing, and in which He dwells, and intends to dwell. Every believer as "a living stone" has a place in this structure, and to the whole company of believers the verse before us applies. They have been called to holiness, all without exception.

The law imposed, however, has a bearing not only upon the structure as a whole, but upon every unit that goes to form it. If the whole limit of the temple round about shall be "most holy," so shall the whole limit of every stone that has a place in the building. Every individual believer shall be most holy.

I shall try to interpret these words with reference to ourselves. We have all, I trust, been set as stones in this temple, Jesus Christ Himself being the foundation and head corner-stone ; in other words, we have been united to Him by faith.

This, then, is the law of our lives—"the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy."

Here there is placed before us *the standard at which we are to aim* in life. That standard is indicated by these two words—"most holy."

Holiness, as every Bible student knows, means *separation*—separation unto God. *Unto God*, mark you ! This is to be emphasized. *Unto God*, first of all ; then, *from sin*, as a direct result. Not a few seek separation from sin first, and consecration to God afterwards, failing to realize that it is consecration to God that itself separates from sin. In thought and experience consecration to God precedes separation from sin, the latter, of course, following as a necessary consequence. It is by laying hold of God, through faith and self-surrender, that freedom from the domination of sin is obtained. God is *the object of the faith and the direction of the self-surrender* that extricate from the toils of the enemy.

We are commanded to be *most holy*—that is to say, separated unto the uttermost. Speakers at conventions are sometimes charged with preaching perfectionism to the people. If by perfectionism is meant the doctrine that sinlessness is attainable in this life, no such teaching has been promulgated, as far as I am aware ; but if by perfectionism is meant a *call to consecration, to God, to the furthest extent to which that is possible in this world for a believer*, then we do inculcate perfectionism. We appeal to God's children to be holy to the utmost limit of possibility. We hold that just as a plant, without yet reaching full maturity, may at any stage of its growth be regarded as perfect, provided it make the best of soil, heat, moisture, etc., so a believing soul which makes the most of all the conditions of progress may be said to be perfect—as holy as it is possible for it, in existing circumstances, to be. So that while we frankly own with Paul that we have not "already attained," and are "not already perfect," we at the same time claim the privilege of being "perfect even

as our Father who is in heaven is perfect"—He according to the measure of His possibility; we according to the measure of ours. And we teach men so. Yea, we tell every Christian man and woman here to-day that this is the standard which God has set before them in His Word, and that there is none other. God help us, not only to aim at it, but also to attain to it, through His glorious grace.

And here two or three things may be mentioned which we shall do well to bear in mind—

(1) *Genuine holiness will manifest itself within the soul of the believer.* There will be holiness of spirit, a surrender unto God in the innermost chamber of the heart. When God is enshrined there it follows that sins of the spirit will be departed from, and temptations to these sins will be successfully resisted. Pride, envy, jealousy, love of praise, and other sins of the spirit will be unreservedly given up.

(2) *Holiness within will result in holiness without.* Character and action will be most holy. Our lives will not be shaped according to a standard of correctness, in the sense in which that term is used in the polite talk of the day, but rather according to a standard of righteousness, as that is set before us in the Word of God. We shall consider it our duty to do not merely the correct thing, but the right thing, in all circumstances. These two not infrequently clash the one with the other. When they do, the latter is to be chosen at all costs by every faithful follower of the Lord Jesus.

(3) *This holiness is demanded from every believer.* There is only one standard for all. We are *all* called to be saints. Nothing would more astonish the saints of the Bible than to be told that one standard of life is to be expected from one section of Christ's followers, and another from another. It would stagger them to even have it suggested to them that one Christian may legitimately live on a lower plane of holiness than another Christian. In the matter of holiness all are on one level—the rank and file of the Church take their place alongside of the leaders. This is reasonable, for the whole sanctifying power which God has provided through Christ is at the disposal of each. While for special phases of service the filling of the spirit may be granted only to a limited number, for purposes of sanctification it is within the reach of all. We may depend upon it that God,

if He has commanded His people to be holy, will give, in exceeding abundance, the strength to obey that command.

Attention is called in these words to *the range which we have to cover* in living the life to which we have been called. "The whole limit thereof round about, etc."

In the case of the Jewish Temple one part of the edifice was regarded as holier than another part. There were the outer courts, the holy place, and the holy of holies. In the Temple of God not made with hands—the temple composed of redeemed human souls, of which we are speaking—gradations of holiness in this sense have no place. 'The whole structure is to be "most holy." The highest possible holiness is demanded from every stone in the building, and that in all sets of circumstances.

In all sets of circumstances—

(1) There must be holiness *in the home*, for instance. The home, one has sorrowfully to confess, is the last place in which, in the view of some Christians, the law of holiness applies; but if we do not live a life of holiness at our own fireside, beloved brethren, it is more than doubtful whether we live it genuinely anywhere else. The self-denial which a holy life implies must manifest itself firstly, and chiefly, within our own dwellings, and in the bosom of our own families.

(2) *Our Church life must be holy.* On the front of the turban of the High Priest of Israel were engraven on a plate of pure gold the words, "Holiness unto the Lord"—the intention being to limit the official activities of the chief religious officer of Israel to the worship of the One God. To no other God than Jehovah durst he render service. Every act of worship must have the glory of the Lord as its object. And, of course, the High Priest was only the representative of the people. Israel as a whole was bound by this law. Now, if the law of the religious life of ancient Israel was a law which demanded holiness, this is much more true of the law under which we live. In every act of public worship we should be separated exclusively unto God. Every time we assemble ourselves in God's house, as we take part in the praise and prayers and listen to the preached word, there should be on our part a conscious surrender of self—a setting apart of ourselves, and all that we have, to the will of the Lord.

The service which we render to Christ's cause as members of His Church would then be only a means whereby this self-surrender would be still further extended in range. Every word of kindness we might speak and every deed of charity we might perform would have as their principal end the glory of Him who called us out of darkness into His own marvellous light.

If Church worship and Church work were done under the dominance of this motive, all the materialistic accessories which in the Church of to-day so grievously mar the worship of Him whose worship should be "in spirit and in truth" would be set aside—all the shady methods resorted to in carrying on Christ's work would be relinquished. Both in Christian worship and Christian work there would be a more frank recognition of God Himself as supreme, His people would rely upon His spirit in a greater measure than they do, and in a less measure upon those external aids the use of which is to be ascribed to the fact that some Christians set before themselves too low a standard and too limited a range of holiness in connection with the corporate life of the Church.

And particularly in the matter of Christian liberality—the money contributed to support the Lord's work would be given with a pure heart and received with unstained hands. This would involve that much of the apparent success of Church work would have to go to the wall, but what a blessed harvest would follow!

(3) What holds true in the home and the Church holds equally true with reference to *our walk in society*. If we Christians made the will of Christ our law we would revolutionize society, and the progress of the Kingdom of Christ would be accelerated beyond speech. If in our going in and out amongst rich and poor we followed the example of conduct set by Jesus Himself, then indeed would the power that rested upon Him overshadow us, and our influence for good would be multiplied a hundredfold. Apart from every other consideration, however, *we are called to holiness*, and this is in itself a sufficient reason why holiness ought to be pursued and practised in all our conversation.

(4) And then *as regards our business and our work* we are to take the Lord into our confidence, we are "to serve

the Lord Christ." Our "merchandise and our hire" must be "Holiness unto the Lord." Upon the "bells of the horses" and upon "every pot" not only in the house of the Lord but also in our homes must be inscribed the same grand motto, "Holiness unto the Lord." There is no time to enlarge, but the very mention of these things ought to impress us with the extensiveness of the range which a holy life must cover. In fact, nothing in ourselves or in our circumstances must be left beyond the sweep of the operation of this law.

III. I now come to the last point which I desire to lay before you, and it is a very important one—the *resource which is at our disposal* for attaining to the standard and covering the range. The words before us do not refer to the resource, but we find it clearly set forth elsewhere in this chapter. In verse 7 I read of God saying to Israel, "I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel for ever," and in verse 4 "the glory of the Lord" is spoken of as "coming into the temple." That is to say, the indwelling of God as the glorified Saviour of Israel was to be the resource of Israel in the sanctification of the temple which they purposed building upon their return from captivity. This, translated into New Testament language, means for us that *the glorified Jesus will dwell in our hearts by the Holy Ghost* and sanctify the temple of our soul.

Let us grasp this truth by faith, fellow-Christians. Christ is glorified—possessed of all power. He is prepared to dwell in you by the Holy Spirit. Will you receive Him *into* your soul? Long ago you received Him as God's salvation *for* you, saving you from the consequences of sin. Will you receive Him now as God's salvation *in* you, freeing you from the power of sin—your sanctification from all that defiles?

The Holy Spirit is at the door of your heart. Perhaps He has been admitted into *some* of its chambers. But will you now throw open to Him *all* the chambers of your heart? Will you say, meaning it as you say it, "Take possession of every corner of my being. Then, blessed Restorer and Comforter, my spirit, soul, and body I give to Thee for ever to occupy and control"? Take for granted that once you have made this surrender the Holy Spirit *has taken possession*, and that so long as you maintain

this attitude He will continue His occupancy and control.

He will glorify Christ within you by showing in ever-increasing measure the attractiveness, suitableness, worthiness of the exalted Redeemer, and by applying these to every need of your life.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GROWTH IN GRACE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MR. MACKINNON AT THE KESWICK
CONVENTION OF 1911.

“Grow in the grace . . . of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”—2 *Peter* iii. 18 (R.V.).

According to the teaching of the New Testament, and according to the teaching of this epistle, there are only two alternatives of spiritual development possible for Christian men and women—either progress or retrogression. They are either going forward or they are going backward. The alternatives are put in this passage in this way. The apostle encourages those to whom he writes to grow in the grace, i.e., to increase their hold by faith of the things freely given to us by God in Jesus Christ. Or, if they do not grow in grace, they are in danger of falling from their steadfastness. As a ship drifts from her moorings, so are men and women who profess to believe in Christ, and do not grow in the grace which Christ gives, in danger of forfeiting their faith and their life.

Now, brethren, it is easy to see which alternative of these we ought to covet; and I take it that the presence of so many at this Convention is an indication that we all covet the better alternative, growth in grace; and it is because of the conviction that this is the desire of everybody present in this tent this evening that I venture, by God's help, to dwell, and to seek that you should dwell, in thought, upon the suggestions that may be made to our minds by these verses.

Beloved friends, it is impossible to overestimate the

importance of growth in grace. To healthy life growth is absolutely necessary. Indeed it may be questioned whether there is real, true life at all where there is no growth. It is true in other spheres than the spiritual, whether it be in plant life or animal life, or any other kind of life you choose to mention that—unless there be growth and development there are decay and destruction.

The Christian life is no exception to this rule, so that all Christians should aim at what St. Paul calls also in Ephesians iv. 13 “full growth.” The author of the epistle to the Hebrews, in chapter v. verse 1, also refers to it as “full growth”—“leaving behind us the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go forward to full growth.”

Without growing it is evident that we cannot serve. If we are not being helped ourselves, we cannot help other people; and we are not being helped ourselves as we ought to be helped unless we are growing in grace. There are a great many people who are far more concerned about the vineyards of other people than their own. But, brethren, we cannot keep the vineyards of other people unless we keep our own to begin with; and our own vineyards cannot be kept unless the love of God is flowing into these vineyards day by day. Without growth, again, the purpose of our salvation cannot be realized. The ultimate purpose of our salvation is the glory of God, the revelation of God's nature and perfections in His creatures; and unless we grow, not only will it be impossible for us to manifest God's glory here upon earth, but it will be impossible for us to reveal God's glory unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places, as St. Paul indicates we were meant to do.

You will agree with me, I am sure, when I now say that growth in grace will manifest itself specially along the line of holiness. Indeed it is to promote growth in grace along the line of holiness that this Convention has been called together. I remember when I was a student at Edinburgh University my Professor of Divinity used to tell us that the love of God was not a separate attribute of the Godhead, but a Divine force binding together all the attributes of the Godhead. It seems to me that holiness instead of being a characteristic of Christian men and women, a single, separate characteristic, is rather the element which gives colour and tone to every characteristic and

every virtue. Holiness ought therefore to pervade every department of thought, and every line of activity in which we are engaged. So growth in holiness implies growth in every Christian virtue.

Now I come to refer to the conditions on which this growth will be possible for you and for me, beloved. I venture to draw your attention to what St. Paul says on the subject of Sanctification in Romans vi. I do not wish you to turn it up. You know that what Paul says in Romans upon Sanctification is the classic upon the subject. In Scotland we used to hear and be taught that what the Epistle to the Romans was concerned with was justification by faith : but when you go to the epistle, and go through it, you will find that there is as much of it concerned with Sanctification by Faith as there is with Justification by Faith. Whereas Paul starts by setting forth the doctrine of Justification by Faith, he follows on to indicate how men are not only justified by Faith, but sanctified by Faith as well.

How does this come to pass ? St. Paul tells us that as Christ died unto sin we are to be dead unto sin. The implication is that in order to live death is necessary, and that is true. St. Paul refers to this in 1 Corinthians xv., where he says, " That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die." Death precedes life in relation to resurrection. But death precedes life also in relation to holiness. " Christ died to sin." I am not quite sure that I am able to express all that is meant by these words, but I do feel that Christ, in a true sense, was done with sin for ever when He made atonement for it on the Cross, and emerged out of the conditions that limited His Divine personality in the sphere of His human nature during the course of His earthly ministry. He was subject to temptation when He went about upon the earth ; after His death He was subject not even to temptation any longer. When He rose from the dead He could no more be tempted. There was now no liability, in the remotest degree, in relation to sin connected with the personality and with the character of our blessed Lord. Now, brethren, let us grasp this, that we who believe on Christ, that we, as far as the commission of sin and the indulgence of sin are concerned, died in Christ when Christ died unto sin upon the Cross. As St. Paul says in Romans, we have been " baptized into His death."

There is a sense in which His death is to cover us in relation to holiness and the practice of purity. "We are buried with Him . . . unto death." When we speak of our going down with our Lord into the grave, that is correct, if we mean by it that we have gone previously with our Lord to the Cross, and died upon the Cross along with Him. Then by faith we may be associated with Him as His body was placed in the grave. That is what I consider St. Paul has in view when he goes on to say to the Romans, "Even so reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin."

Now, brethren, when you think of it, are we not dead unto sin as far as the *penalty* of sin is concerned? Is there a justified man or woman within this tent this evening who is not ready to say, "I am dead to the penalty of sin because my Saviour and Lord bore the penalty, the consequence of sin in a mysterious sense, which I may be unable to understand, but yet a real sense. I am done with the penalty of sin because Christ bore my sins Himself in His own body on the tree?" I believe that all believers here this evening would say that. But, brethren, it is by the same faith, or by a like faith to that which we exercise in relation to justification, we grasp the blessing of being dead unto sin as *a power in our lives*. We become dead to the power of sin by the exercise of the same faith by the exercise of which we become dead to the penalty of sin. It comes about by faith upon the same Object, the same Person.

And we become dead also to the persistency of sin. You know that it is not taught in this Convention that sin can be eradicated from human nature. I do not think that doctrine is countenanced in the Book, which is the Law and the Testimony for us here. But we do teach this, beloved brethren, that while sin may persist in manifesting its force and power in human nature, it is possible for us to exercise in the Lord Jesus Christ a faith by which we shall be dead to sin in spite of its persistency and have victory over sin whenever it tries to lift its head in our nature from time to time. Or, to put the thing in another way, we died unto sin through Christ by going back in faith and thought to the Cross and passing sentence upon our own sins there, executing our sin upon the Cross, and in the light of that execution renouncing it and being done

with it for ever. The practical consequence of dying in Christ is renunciation of sin, of the felon, and thus being done with it for ever.

But that is only the negative side of the conditions to which I am referring. There is a positive side. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but *alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord*," or "in Christ Jesus," to be more correct, as the Revised Version puts it, and as the better readings have it also. "Alive unto God." What does that mean? It means, for one thing, that we are alive to the reality of God's being and presence. It means that we are alive to the attractiveness of God's nature; that we are alive to the claims of God upon us as redeemed men and women. It means, beloved, that we have a vision of God, a heavenly vision. We see God; although He is invisible to the eye of sense, we see Him by the eye of faith. We have communion with God, and we rejoice in the attractiveness of the Divine nature. We listen to God as He advances His claims, and we accede to those claims. We yield to them, i.e., we dedicate ourselves unto God according to the claims which He asserts over us in the Gospel.

I have now indicated, so far, how the conditions are to be fulfilled, by which we may grow in grace; but I must add this, and emphasize that it is "in Christ Jesus." "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God in Christ Jesus." If you will examine the epistles of St. Paul you will find that when the Apostle uses the term "Jesus Christ" he means Jesus Christ in the course of His earthly life before He died, and before He rose from the dead. But when he says "Christ Jesus" he means the risen, ascended, glorified Lord, the Lord invested with all authority and power in heaven and earth, in possession of all the gifts of the Spirit and all the possibilities of spiritual development which that Spirit may achieve and accomplish in the hearts and lives of those who trust Him. Well, now, here the phrase is, "in Christ Jesus." What does that mean? That as we go back in faith and resolution to die with Christ upon the Cross, and as we are alive unto God, we have at our disposal, in order that that may come about, all the spiritual forces now in the keeping of our exalted Lord and Saviour. We have all the grace

which the Father has committed to Him as the Dispenser. We have all the powers which God gives authority to Him to communicate unto us, as the Mediator of God's energy, God's Divine dynamic ; and he bestows that Divine dynamic upon us by the Holy Spirit of His grace. That is sufficient to enable us to renounce sin and to cleave unto God.

Brethren, are you prepared to do this this evening ? You must renounce sin. There is no progress, no sanctification, for the person who will not, by faith in Jesus Christ, and relying upon the grace which Jesus Christ by His Spirit supplies, be done with sin. Yet I must condescend upon some further points here, because it will help, I think, if I mention special hindrances that come in the way of some in relation to the matter to which I am referring. What is hindering you now, brother or sister, in relation to this death and this life which I have referred to as the essential condition of growth in grace ? Is there lust ? I do not mean lust in the coarse, brutal sense at all ; I mean lust in the sense in which Dr. Meyer referred to the matter last night. The Greek word for "lust" is *epithumia* and the *epi* seems to point to something over and above legitimate desire. Lust is the excess of legitimate desire, or the pursuit of a desire which is not legitimate according to the teaching of the New Testament. Is there, then, some excess in your life you do not want to give over, and which is coming between you and the blessing of this Convention ? It may be the lust of the flesh or the lust of the eye. The lust of the eye might be interpreted in various aspects, but it will suffice for my purpose if I say that appearances are the thing from which we need to be specially saved in this day and generation, and even when we come to this Convention. I fear very much that the evil which will bring down the Church, as well as the State, is the evil of being satisfied with appearances, with looks, with things on the outside. There may be some appearance in the way of dress or fashion, which is standing in your way, beloved friend, this evening, that will have to be given over.

Or perhaps the hindrance in some cases is the attempt to live by laying down certain regulations for your own life. You imagine that if you attend to these regulations

you will have the liberty associated with holiness in Jesus Christ according to the New Testament. Brethren, just as it is impossible for a man to obtain peace through an attempt at justification by the law, so it is impossible for a man to find peace in trying to secure sanctification by setting up for himself so many regulations and so many laws. Some say, "Well, I will read my Bible more when I go home from this Keswick Convention." Others say, "I will give up this habit, and that habit, and that other habit." That, of course, will have to be done if the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus is to obtain sovereignty in your life, but with all earnestness, and in all solemnity, I emphasize that the surrender of single things in this way will not be sufficient. You must go to the root of the matter; there must be an acceptance on your part of sanctification by faith in Jesus Christ, and then other things will come in due course. We have done with law, whether for justifying or for sanctifying purposes. It is the control, the yoke, the domination of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus that makes us free from the law of sin and death.

Then, are you doubting God's Word? Are you doubting God's declaration that He will do the thing which He has promised to do? That is a hindrance. You must believe, dear brother, dear sister. Or is there behind everything that self-will that has stood in the way of your surrender and presentation unto God all these years may be? Are you willing to surrender your will this evening unto God in Jesus Christ? Are you willing to say unto God in your heart, "O my God, this will of mine has stood in the way of the inflow of blessing into my soul and life for many a long day and year now, but I give it up to Thy will. I do not know the details of what I may meet in the future; I know nothing about the future. I know nothing of how things may develop and unfold in my experience, or what the unveilings of God's revelation may be in my life, but I give up my will to Thine evermore, as it may please Thee to reveal it by Thy Spirit, through the Word, from time to time, step by step, day by day. As Thy will is revealed unto me in answer to prayer, that will be the law of my life, the power to control my spirit and my soul, henceforward for ever."

There were other things to which I was going on to

refer, but I forbear, because my time is about finished. But, dearly-beloved brethren, my message this evening is—and I believe that the Lord has given me the message—that if you are to grow in grace there must be this root and branch operation performed by faith to which I have referred, and there must be the casting aside of these hindrances. It is possible. Why? Because, as I have already said, it is all to be done in Christ Jesus, in the ascended Lord, in the One whose love can flow into your soul and mine in such a fullness that victory will sit at our right hand from year to year, all through life; and we will at last go in victorious through the gates into the city. Amen.

Article written by Mr. MACKINNON for the *Church Union Journal*, only a week or two before his last illness (*see* p. 137).

THE FLOWING TIDE

“The flowing tide is with us.” There is no movement of our day in connection with which these words can be more legitimately used than in connection with the movement which aims at the union of the Scottish Churches. One cannot predict what the outcome of the negotiations now in progress may be, but the feeling has grown into a certainty in the minds of the people of Scotland that union cannot now be very long delayed ; and there are elements in our Scottish religious life which justify that certainty. To all of these elements public attention has already been called, I have no doubt, in the pages of the *Union Journal* ; but they are so clamant in their demand for consideration that it is the duty of every one who desires union, to do what he can to keep them before the mind of the nation. That is why I venture to refer to some of them in this paper.

SPIRITUAL AFFINITY OF THE CHURCHES

The first which I shall mention is the spiritual affinity of the Churches chiefly concerned. It is unnecessary to state of what this affinity consists. All that one is called upon to do is to emphasize the fact that it is there, and is growing. Not to speak of the interchange of pulpit courtesies, now so common, nor of the numerous instances of co-operation between ministers and between congregations of which one so often hears and reads, there is the significant fact that when members of either Church migrate from one parish

to another, while anxious in the great majority of cases to establish for themselves a church connection in the locality to which they go to reside, they are not nearly so particular as they used to be as to which of the Presbyterian Churches they become members of there. Disjunction certificates from the United Free Church find their way into the hands of ministers of the Church of Scotland, and Church of Scotland certificates find their way into the hands of ministers of the United Free Church. Time was when such passing from the one Church to the other was a thing not to be thought of. But we meet with it now in every part of the country. The point in which members of our Churches are most deeply interested, on the occasion of a change in their place of residence, is not so much the denomination of the congregation with which they become associated, but the suitableness to individual taste of the church services they attend, and the acceptability in their view as preacher and pastor of the minister whose flock they join. Some would probably ascribe this feature of present-day Church life amongst us to indifference, but such a construction of it would not be fair. It rather suggests that to-day the religious experience of the membership of the one Church approximates more closely to that of the membership of the other than it ever did before. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that the two Churches are now nearer each other in spirit and life than different sections of Scottish Presbyterianism were when as yet they were organically one. So that to cross from one Church to the other has become easy. The Scottish people feel equally at home in both Churches, so that the amalgamation which union is calculated to effect is a thing not only for which members of both are prepared, but which they have in aspiration and action begun to insist upon.

NECESSITY OF A UNITED FRONT

Again, there is the consideration that whereas formerly each Church regarded the other as its natural rival, if not, indeed, its enemy, there is now a widespread conviction that the primary business of the Churches is to present a united front to the forces opposed to both. Each is

eady to rejoice in any success which may attend the other in the war against evil which both are waging. We have travelled a thousand miles beyond the point at which one pulpit fulminated against the shortcomings, and envied the prosperity of its neighbour of the other Church, and at which, in this respect as in most others, the pew emulated the pulpit in words of uncharitableness and bitterness. What now impresses above all else is the Divine call which has come to the Churches to do battle as one great army against the selfishness and impurity and godlessness which to our sorrow are still so rampant around us. In combating these foes of God and of humanity it is felt more deeply than previously that union is strength—that one great united Church is bound to put forth more power and exert more influence than two less great Churches, however diligent, are able to do. Whenever a large public meeting is held to denounce some evil or champion some movement making for righteousness, ministers of the two Churches stand and speak shoulder to shoulder, and even the General Assemblies have conferred together on questions affecting the common weal. There are few but have come to the conclusion that Churches which can so constantly take up a position like this on matters in which both are interested, although these may be outside the spheres of their administration, ought no longer to stand apart in relation to internal matters, especially seeing they are already one in all essentials of doctrine, government, worship, and discipline. The fact is that we have begun to feel ashamed that we should waste our energies either in defending our own denominational interest or attacking the denominational interests of our neighbours, when so much land yet remains to be possessed for the kingdom of heaven and the cause of righteousness. We have begun to be scandalized at circumstances which necessitate the duplication of agencies and organizations and activities in a way that prevents us from making the best of our opportunities and discharging our responsibilities as trustees of the heritage of Christ in this land. We feel certain that the power which union would set free through the discontinuance of this duplication would go far to carry positions which the common enemy of both Churches occupies at present

without challenge. The Christian conscience of our country rebels against the fruitless expenditure in men and means which the existing state of affairs entails upon us. It demands with emphasis that this expenditure should cease and that the Church of Christ in this realm should be allowed to put forth all its strength in extending the boundaries of Christ's kingdom both at home and abroad. That is why so many of our fellow-countrymen in both our great Churches have grown sick of the ambition and craving for denominational advantage hitherto so prominent in ecclesiastical procedure. And it is also the reason why they are resolved that our divisions, to which they correctly ascribe the slowness of our progress in the fulfilment of our mission, should, as soon as possible, come to an end.

DISTINCTIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

Further, while it is true that the two Churches whose union we have at present in view have now more in common in the matter of religious affinity than at any previous stage in their history, it is recognized, especially by the laity, that each Church has its own distinctive contribution to make to religious thought and sentiment and activity. And it is felt that these contributions would benefit the country more widely and more thoroughly if the Churches were one instead of two. There is no desire that any type or school should perish. On the contrary, the hope is that whatever is true and lovely and of good report should not be confined in its serviceableness to a section, but should permeate and elevate the whole Christian life of Scotland. The United Free Church can give us of the Church of Scotland much that will benefit us here, and we of the Church of Scotland can bring an accession of edifying elements to the United Free Church. It is needless to go into detail, but I cannot refrain from calling attention to the excellent combination of the endowment and voluntary methods of providing Christian ordinances which would attend the consummation of a union. And what splendid equipment would be secured for the ministry of a united Church by the merging one with another of the theological colleges of the respective Churches; and, through a ministry so equipped, what additional confirmation in faith and

usefulness in service would come to the rank and file of the membership. For these and other improvements that would result from union the rank and file are longing. That longing receives articulate expression whenever and wherever Church union becomes a subject of conversation. There is a marvellous unanimity on the subject, and the laity of Scotland will not be satisfied until mere ecclesiastics bury their hatchets and the benefits of union are within the reach of all.

This brief paper by no means deals with all the elements that make for union. But those that I have specified are an appeal to the Churches to concentrate increasingly upon the attainment of this grand object. Mr. Augustine Birrell, in addressing a religious gathering of men in London some time ago, exhorted his audience not to be distressed overmuch about the things regarding which they were in doubt, but to lean with all their strength on the things of which they were sure. If Presbyterian Scotland is prepared not to be too much distressed (I mean in union negotiations) regarding the things as to which there is disagreement, and to lean with all its strength on the things as to which there is agreement, it will not be long before the former will settle themselves, and there will be in Scotland a Church greater and nobler than any known to our ancestors—united, national, free, powerful.

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